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J. B. WILSON, M. D.

A TRIP TO ROME

BY

J. B. WILSON, M. D.

President of The National Liberal Party, and American Delegate to the First International Freethought Congress, to convene at Rome, September 21, 1904.

Travel makes all men countrymen, makes people noblemen and kings, every man tasting of liberty and dominion.—Alcott.

Lexington, Ky.:
JAMES E. HUGHES,
Publisher.

[1905?
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PREFACE

It is the hope and dream of nearly every American, that at sometime in life, he wil be able to take an ocean voyage, and a trip through Europe, even though it be but a hurried one and he catches but a glimpse of all the wonderful sights to be seen in those lands of history, romance, and of ancient and modern civilization.

As this narrative will include the observation of a trip of only ten weeks, over an extensive territory, it cannot be expected that I will be able to give more than a superficial estimate of the people, and the social conditions, and only a passing glance at the great buildings, galleries, and other objects of historical and biographical interest. In this narrative, I shall address the reader, believing that direct communication, in the conversational style will add to whatever may be found interesting in it.

Let the reader, then, regard this as a good long letter from an absent to an expectant friend. It is not to be regarded as an attempt to write a book, but rather a record of my observations and impressions, hurriedly set down. My first aim has been to impart information, giving special attention to matters of church and state, and to those social conditions which I know to be of special interest to those friends, through whose kindness, I was enabled to make this trip. Since most travellers seem to look for the worst, I have aimed to see the good side, as well, of nations and of people. It is pleasant for me to give praise, where praise is due. If my estimate is not always correct, this is owing to the limited time in which I had to make observation, and form opinion. I have also aimed to jump quickly from one subject to another, and present a wide diversity of thought. I have aimed to hold the mirror up to nature, giving the reader a glimpse of sea and sky, of sunshine and storm, of mountain and valley, of landscape and city, of agriculture and manufacture, of history and biography, of architecture and ruin, of government and church, of poetry and art, of science and progress, of the moral and social conditions, and all of those objects most famous and commonly known to the American mind.

Most American writers, in their descriptions of Europe have always been disappointing to me, inasmuch as they omit the minor and common details of travel; besides, they either magnify, or do not tell the truth about matters of religion and art, and of the social conditions. Their magazine articles are toned down to such

a fine literary style that all the information is worked out of them. Some see only the good to tell, and thus magnify. Others have only fault to find, and thus misrepresent. I have aimed to avoid these errors, and while imparting information on the general subjects mentioned, I have mingled many of those small details of travel, incident and conversation, which are generaly most pleasing to all. I muchly regret, that for want of space, I have been compelled to omit many of these little details. Reviewing my trip, I now wonder, at my ability to acquire the materials for this narrative in the short time allotted. I could easily have made the book twice the size.

For the benefit of those who may read this book, and who are not acquainted with its object, I will state that the author was sent by the National Liberal Party, of which organization he was President, as American delegrate to the first great International Freethought Congress, which convened in Rome, September 21st, 1904. A fund was subscribed to meet the expenses of the trip, and for the publication of a book describing his journey and reporting the proceedings of the Congress.

I wish to incorporate in this preface my gratitude and sincere thanks to my many friends all over the United States, who so generously subscribed for this book, and who otherwise interested themselves in making it a possibility. THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

The Ocean Voyage.

On Wednesday evening, August 17th, we left the pier at New York. I will not attempt to describe the hurry and commotion and the farewell of friends and the waving of handkerchiefs and all the human interests and emotions incident to an occasion of this kind. This has been witnessed by many of you, and fully described by others.

I will mention one thought, however, which I believe to be dominant in all those not accustomed to travelling by sea—a thought not spoken, not even seen in every countenance.

Amid all the gaity and cheer and bon voyage, there hovers the dread of death over the minds of those who go down in great ships to the sea. It is a thought that comes instinctively to those who leave, and to the friends left behind.

Will the journey be safe? Will the loved face return again? are the secret thoughts of those who bid farewell.

Slowly we were towed down the bay, surrounded upon all sides by scenes of unsurpassing magnificence. The crafts of all nations, with thousands of our own, were steaming in every direction.

In the receding distance towered the monuments of human skill and irrepressible energy—the mighty city, greatest among nations—combining the genius of all the modern world.

Down the bay we drift, past great liners, fruit laden from the sunny South; past returning sloops and smacks, weighted down with the finny tribe; past great sails from India's spicy coast; past gay excursion parties, returning from a well-spent day among Nature's wilds; past ocean greyhounds burdened with human freight, both from arctic and tropic climes—on down past the great forts—past Sandy Hook, then out into the wide offing.

The great ship turns her prow eastward, sets all her mighty machinery in motion—throbbing, pulsating, straining, she cleaves and fairly seems to lift herself through the white fringed billows.

Gradually the land recedes from sight. The night is fast approaching. Silently, each of us stand, straining our eyes to catch the last sight of that blest land, of every land the pride—the land of our birth and home.

What a world of thought surges in every breast! In mine there arose the thought of friends, kind friends, young and old, scattered all over a continent, in city and town, by mountain and

vale, and in far prairie home—friends who had made this voyage possible to me. And I thought too of loved ones, in the far, fair west, upon whom the evening sun was still shedding his golden beams.

They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder—that it makes it full of memory—that it strengthens the affections—that it teaches the value of old familiar things—that it reaches o'er the dark parting—far o'er the moon-tinted billows, to friends and dear ones, who still keep our image in some kind dream.

It is a strange feeling one experiences, standing alone upon the deck in the darkness of the night—the ship cutting through the snowy banners of the inky waves—the sky and stars a million miles above you—ten thousand feet of liquid brine below, and only a plank between you and eternity; for though mighty and powerful the ship may seem—commanding our pride and awe, it is now, with all its freight of merchandise and human souls, but a speck upon the face of immensity. What a sense of littleness comes over us in such an hour!

Ah! 'tis then that memory wears a soft accusing brow. You will think of the tender word left unsaid—of the many acts of kindness that went unheeded. Half reproachfully, will arise many things left undone, and unrewarded; and too, you will realize how much you love, how much you are beloved. There is that feeling comes over you, as of the first faint whisperings of—Death, and you feel his chill presence all around you.

We are now plunging through the murky darkness. But far to the westward a sharp bright light is flashing at intervals. It comes from the great electric reflector on the tower above Sandy Hook, thirty miles away. It is the light that guides the vessels of all nations safely into harbor. Gradually it grows fainter and fainter, and is finally swallowed up by the inky darkness, and I say to myself, "I am glad that the last sight of my country was the flash of light that emanated from the brain of Infidel genius.

And so, "My native Land, Good-Night!"

I was early on deck to witness for the first time the sun-rise on the ocean.

Soon the pink and crimson streaks creep blushing up the whitening East, and presently the great red sun in his full round glory, seems to rest upon the polished bosom of the sea. High up he rises to the perfect day, shooting his piercing beams into old Ocean's darkest depths, awakening the voracious monster from his sluggish slumber.

To describe the emotions one feels the first time he looks upon, or rides upon the ocean, is not an easy thing to do. This great, restless, heaving, tempestuous sea—a link between nations, yet ever dividing them, beggars description.

It impresses people differently. Some gaze upon it the first time with awe, some stand rapt with astonishment, some are filled with a poet's enthusiam, some are overcome, and stand mute in the presence of such exhibition of quantity and power, some see only a great monotonous, wanton waste, some are entranced with faint visions and murmurs of eternity, and some give a look, tumble into a hammock, light a cigar and bury themselves in a magazine or novel.

The governments of the earth portion out the land, leaving no spot unclaimed or uncontended for. They intrigue and fight like wild beasts to gain unjust possession of that which is not their own.

But man cannot divide the sea. Free, unconfined and unclaimed, the waves of the interminable ocean, wreathe their crisped smiles. Free and unchecked, Neptune's white herds low loud o'er the bounding deep. The great sea is free to all, and in many ways is typical of humanity. Its listless chimes seem to breathe the sad undertone, the mourfulness, not only of ancient life, but also the heart sorrows of the world to-day. Its restless waves breathe the ever repeating disappointments which, unceasingly, are wearing out the lives of the toiling and despairing masses. Again, it breaks up the sealed fountains of our natures, and lifts the minds to thoughts as high and great as the jutting cliffs which beetle o'er its surge. It has its great undercurrents of discontent, its gulf streams of passion, its monsoons of violence, and like the apparently peaceful nations of men, no matter how smooth and peaceful its surface, war universal reigns in its depths below. There, too, the strong and powerful prey upon the weak and helpless, showing that in this respect, mankind has not evoluted far from the savage instincts of his scaly ancestors.

At first, man moved upon the water in a frail bark slowly urged by an oar. The sail at length, arose and spread its wings to the wind. To-day he controls and propels vast engines of flame and vapor, which through the darkness and solitude of the sea, as over the land, goes thundering on his liquid track.

Not only the mastery of the trade of the world, but the supremacy of nations has ever been, and will continue to be contended for upon the sea. Here, thrones will be won and lost, as they have been won and lost in the past.

On the fate of Actium, was suspended the empire of the world. In the gulf of Salamis, the pride of Persia found a grave, and the Crescent forever set in the waters of Navarino; while at Trafalgar and the Nile, and at Manila and Santiago, nations held their breath.

Strange that the sea, which is the giver of human and all other life should also be the scene of so much contention and death. As

I have stood looking into its beautiful blue depths, I thought not of the present and the living, but of the grave.

I felt myself tossing over buried islands, that in far ages gone, were blossoming paradises, and upon which men reared high their palaces and towers; over vast plains that once were dotted with great cities, teeming with palpitating, ambitious humanity; over riches incalculable, sunless treasures, scintillating gems, burning gold, bright things ne'er recked of—great argosies, through whose wrecks the sea-weed grows rank, and slimy monsters creep and glide, over groves of coral and halls of amber, where bleach the bones of high brave souls, the bones of countless thousands who went to sea, and for whose return, the light in the window burned bright and long.

The sea giveth and receiveth all life. It kisses the dry dead earth with its moist lips, and behold there is life. It rushes bounding through every leaf and vein. Its mists run into rills, and its rills run into great rivers, which ever return to the mother from which they sprung. Water, water everywhere—one great interminable, boundless expanse. Nothing ever so profoundly impressed me as this limitless life giving element, and being so inclined, quite naturally I broke into verse and expressed my feelings in the following lines:

THE CRADLE AND GRAVE OF ALL.

Thou'rt the very fountain of life, O Sea!
The mother of great and small;
The life thou givest returneth to thee,
Thou Cradle and Grave of all;
Thou moisteneth Earth with the kiss of thy lips,
Thou courseth through ev'ry vein,
Thy mists run to rivers bearing great ships,
As they speed to thy bosom again.

Thou't source of all beautiful thought, O Sea!
Since thou art the source of Life;
Each gem of the mind is crystalled in thee,
And is polished by thy strife;
Far down in thy sunlit caverns there spring,
The genius that lightens earth;
And in halls of amber where mermaids sing,
Music and Beauty find birth.

And there's naught in the world so deep, O Sea,
Naught, naught but a deathless love;
Which giveth and lavisheth all like thee,

And which cometh from above;
Like thee, too, Love neither pauses nor sleeps,
In its ever resistless flow;
And like thine, its secrets are buried in deeps,
No mortal can fathom or know.

On the third day out, a storm arose. The lightning zig-zaged right out of the heart of a thunder cloud, which hung over the eastern horizon. The dashing waves rolled high, and "The Almighty glassed himself in the tempest," as Byron would say. "Boundless, endless, heaving and sublime," was the sea, and heaving as well, were most of the passengers.

Every one crossing the ocean expects to be sea-sick, and a voyage without such experience, would lack one of the chief incidents of the trip. There is nothing more disgusting than a vomit, but that "make way for liberty" feeling becomes so universal and common, that a settled charity seems to fall on the passengers, for all those who spring from their seats, hurry to the rail, and benevolently bestow to the fish, the abundance with which their stomachs are supplied. I got my full share of this experience. I no longer felt inspired to write poetry upon the sublimity and beauty of the sea. All the high sounding phrases of Byron and others, which I had been wont to quote and rapturously dwell upon, became sickening and common-place. "Why," said I, "did Byron ever write—

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean roll.'

Wouldn't it roll anyhow without his commanding it to do so? I didn't want it to roll. I wished it would stop its infernal rolling. There's no poetry in rolling a man all over the deck, and out of his bunk. The poetical ocean and the real ocean are different bodies of water after you are a few days out.

Now there was Tennyson. He too, wrote poetry about the ocean.

Once upon a time, he stood on top of a high English cliff and commanded the waves to break themselves on the cold, gray stones when they came up to the shore, just as if they wouldn't do that anyhow, whether he commanded or not.

But there are some parts of that poem which peculiarly expresses my feelings at that time, and with your patience, I will quote it in full. I may not be able to give it just as Tennyson wrote it, but it reads something like this:

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK!

Break, break, break!
On thy cold, gray stones, O Sea,
But don't be bumpin' the biscuits,
And the puddin' out of me.

Oh! it's well for the fisherman's lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay;
But it isn't well, when I'm turning
My insides out all day.

And the stately ships may go on,
To their haven under the hill;
But under or over, little care I,
If only my stomach were still.

Break, break, break!
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
But oh! for the soup that is vanishing
Forever and ever from me.

No one need ever tell me again that Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break," or Byron's "Apostrophe to the Ocean," are either sublime, ecstatic or beautiful. But I must say that this great ship, ploughing its way through the billows, pushing them by like playthings, speeding through them almost as fast as a railway train over its smooth steel track, ever commands my increasing awe and admiration.

As I have stood looking over the stern railing, down into the raging waters, churned to a white foam, by the mighty twin screws, and have noted these many thousand tons of steel and freight and human life, speed through the billows, as a bird cleaves the air, and as I thought of the canoe and sloop of ages past, I said: Ah! here is thought unchained. Here is liberty and freedom symbolized as I have never felt it before. Here science sits enthroned. Here are invention, mathematics, application, energy, concentrated genius. How puny beside it seems the profoundest work of theoretical theology. How insignificant the biography of the greatest statesman. How trifling the victory of the greatest warrior.

How grandly, gloriously, gracefully she moves through calm and storm, through tempest and raging foam, never ceasing her motion for one moment—speeding, as Ingersoll says: "For three thousand miles without ever missing a beat of her mighty iron heart."

I will not have space to tell of the many incidents I exper-

ienced at sea, of amusing circumstances, of acquaintances made, and interesting conversations.

On the evening of the 23rd I was told that we would be off the coast of Ireland in the morning. I was up bright and early to catch my first view of the Old World. There lay the Emerald Isle not more than a half mile away. We were steaming right under her cliffs. The morning sun smiled on her green slopes and she was, indeed, a beauteous sight. My first thought was of Tom Moore and almost unconsciously I repeated to myself.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled.
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er,
And hearts that once beat high for praise
Now feel that pulse no more."

This feeling of pity for Ireland came upon me all the more as I swept the coast with my glasses and observed the low squatty huts, thickly dotting the exurberant earth, poverty in the midst of abundance, evidencing the degradation and blight of land-lordism.

Several young Englishmen coming upon deck, one of them addressed me saying: "Doctah, do you 'ear the pigs squealin"? "No," said I, "I do not hear any pigs squealin'". He put his hand up to his ear, looked intently over toward the shore and declared that he could hear them very distinctly.

I then caught on to Paddy's association with the pig and instead of amusing me, it touched me with considerable pathos. I do no think I could raise a pig in the house, make a pet of it, and then kill and eat it; and that such necessity is often an extremity with the Irishman to save him from starvation, touched me with the sense of English injustice, and I said to my questioner: "No, it is not the voice of the pigs that I hear, but I imagine I hear the voices of Robert Emmitt and Tom Moore; and as long as I love liberty and independence and free speech and common justice, and as long as my heart swells with the tender, the loving, the pathetic and the beautiful, I will love and venerate old Ireland for their sakes; so I cannot smile at your witticism, for I cannot help but contrast the reason for the differences in your surroundings, and that of the Irish lad who is compelled to feed upon the animal with which he lives."

But it must be confessed that Ireland's woes are largely her own fault. She contributes statesmanship and generalship to Great Britian, but is incapable of self-government herself. She is a

house divided against itself, and all on account of her capacity to imbibe superstition and bigotry. Her people will more quickly fight among themselves over matters none of them understand, than combine on the things they do understand and array themselves against their common enemy. As long as a people, actually starving, will send millions in Peter's Pence to Rome, they may expect from such ignorance and bigotry, to become an easy prey to the powers that be. There's just two things wrong with the Irish—religion and whiskey, both of which set them fighting among themselves, and necessitate to some extent, the strong arm of the overseer. While Ireland's demands are largely just, her own differences stand in the way of obtaining them.

One of the most beautiful sights I ever saw was that of the gulls following the ship. There were thousands attracted by the smell of the kitchen, and the refuse thrown overboard. They would hang about thirty feet over the ship, with wings outspread and never making a motion, the suction of the ship being sufficient to bear them right along with it without using their wings further than to balance them. When refuse was dropped overboard they would descend like a flash to the water, scrambling for the food, after obtaining which, they caught up with the ship, and assumed their former motionless position, directly over the deck.

Into St. George's Channel and through the Irish sea, past the rocky and indented coast of Wales with its many picturesque lighthouses, past the Isle of Anglesly with Mt. Snowden plainly in sight, we reached Liverpool at three p. m., giving me time to visit the famous docks and see some little of this great city. I was particularly struck with the great number of idle and wretched looking men lounging or sleeping about the docks, and around the monuments and public squares, where many remain all night.

I was also struck with the queer names of people and the names given to various classes of business, such as "Pig and Whistle," one of the most common names for a saloon. Most of the hotels bear the name of some bird or animal, such as "The Bee," "Hens and Chickens," "The Bear's Paw," "The Black Swan," "The Red Boar," and the like ancient names, reminding one of Robin Hood days.

My very first impression of England was, "Behind the times." I took a tram-ride, and saw a small portion of the residence and manufacturing districts, all of which impressed me with the business greatness of Liverpool. On this ride I passed an immense structure half built, which I was told was to be a tabernacle, to hold thirty thousand for the use of the great American evangelists Drs. Torry and Alexander.

"Are fools that thick over here," said I to the man, that you have to build such a structure to contain them. Why, I never

heard of those two men as being great evangelists in America, and they couldn't draw a crowd of five hundred over there. A building to seat thirty thousand is a surprise to me, but a revival is more a matter of lungs than of brains anyhow, and it will require a loud voice to reach all the sinful. I cannot understand though why Christians in my country, as well as yours, should import men to expound a gospel which is so very plain that a way-faring man, though he be a fool may understand it." The man looked at me as if I were a curiosity, and made no reply whatever.

I arose next morning at 5:30 to take the train for Stratford upon Avon, which left at 6:02. As I was hurrying to the station a newsboy ran up to me, crying: "New York on fire! New York on fire! How many papers will you have sir?" I took one hurriedly, and when I got settled on the train opened it to read of the great conflagration. There was absolutely no notice whatever of New York or America, except a three inch space of stock quotations. The arab had spotted me at once for a "Yank," and I found that he too was on to Yankee tricks, not only selling me the paper on false pretensions, but skinning me by charging double price to that marked on the margin.

The train I took, being an early one, was a working man's train, and I had opportunity to talk to the English laborer and mechanic for ten miles out and obtained a fair idea as to wages, labor and living conditions. In general appearance, they were undersized, and very inferior in face and skull to the average American laborer. In fact, such was their general appearance, that they awakened my pity. How can such, I said to myself, living on low wages, their bodies evidently poorly nourished, living and breeding in the sickening and stifling atmosphere of one room, ever rise out of such despairing conditions? With an aristocracy, backed by a mighty army on one side and a powerful church, teaching them to be content with their miseries on the other, what hope for these, and for those other wretched beings they bring into the world? The sight of these men made me more strongly a believer in Labor Unions which are now making great headway in England.

CHAPTER II.

Stratford Upon Avon.

I arrived at Stratford upon Avon at 10 o'clock. With three others I formed a party and took a cab for Anne Hathway's cottage which is a mile and a half out. I was shown the path which Shakespeare took when he went courting Ann, and the trees under which they sat. She was twenty-five and he was eighteen when they married. This is one of my reasons for doubting that Shakespeare wrote the plays.

Ann was ugly and plain and illiterate, and had a bad temper, and it seems unnatural that a man who understands the passion of love, like he who wrote the plays, should be such a sick fool even at the age of eighteen. While such a selection is not among the improbabilities, still most any boy of half sense would have better sense.

But with all these doubts, I felt a reverence and delight in the place, for Shakespeare has ever been a god of my idolatry. Here was still the peaceful Avon, gently flowing among reeds and lilies and along cowslip banks, upon which the youthful poacher, no doubt oft threw his line. Yonder stands the house where he was born, and there are the very streets along which he perchance was seen

> "With his satchel
> And shining morning face, creeping
> Like snail, unwillingly to school."

And here is the old grammar school that he attended first at the age of five and where he first saw a play enacted, and here is the very desk at which he studied. And here, too, is the church in which the great bard is buried.

The Ann Hathaway Cottage is the quaintest place in the world I believe. There is the bed and some of the bedding upon which she lay, and numerous other old and curious relics. There was the quaintest old fire-place I ever saw. It was about three feet deep and all the heat must have gone up the chimney. On either side was an ingle, a space cut in the rock wall just large enough for a seat.

In these, Shakespeare and Ann must have often sat when he came courting. To sit in them one has to step clear within the fire-place.

There was a middle aged lady present and I told her to sit in one ingle while I sat in the other and we would imagine some coals between our toes and I would play "Shake" and she could play "Ann." So we each took a place in the ingle and I, the "lover," began "sighing like a furnace with a woeful ballad to my mistress' eyebrows."

And I sighed and she sighed till all the party hurt their sides laughing.

There was about the same difference between her age and mine as between Ann's and Shakespeare's.

From the cottage I was driven back to the town and to the quaint old grave-yard and to the church where Shakespeare lies buried. The spot is under a flat stone right in front of the altar. The stone is old and well worn, the inscription being almost obliterated in places. The inscription reads:

"Good friend for Jesus sake forbeare
To dig the dust inclosed heare;
Blest be ye man who spares these stones,
But curst be he who moves my bones."

I asked the rector of the church if Shakespeare was the author of that epitaph. He said "No." This admission surprised me, as the preachers have long referred to this inscription as evidence that Shakespeare was a Christian. Any person of literary insight can see at once that Shakespeare never wrote such stuff for himself.

New cement flags have taken the place of all the other stones about the altar, but those over Shakespeare have been left, out of respect for the inscription I suppose. Throughout the church are battle and naval scenes and sarcophagi of Lords and Dukes on the top of which lie figured likenesses of the same, each with their hands clasped in prayer, and with swords hanging by their sides. The sculptures of course are of two or three centuries ago and look more like idiots than earls and dukes. It looked a little inconsistent to see so many swords and pikes and breastplates around an altar from which preachers prate of the Prince of Peace.

I was disgusted with the insignia of bloodshed and aristocracy; and the simple plain slab of Shakespeare gave relief to the scene. In a niche in the wall is a bust of Shakespeare which looks like a Dutch brewer—in fact nearly all the pictures of Shakespeare are either chromos or monstrosities. The commonly approved picture of Shakespeare, which of course is only ideal, makes him look like Christ. That, of course, was done for a purpose. If Shakespeare was a Christian what would be more natural than that he would have come out openly and declared the same. Instead, he makes no profession at all. Frequently he cusses, using

such swear words as "By-Jesu!" and "By St. Paul!" and in other places he puts religious words in the mouths of religious characters, but never any personal testimony.

He lived in a day when he had to keep still. He no doubt, saw through the Christian myth and while he said nothing against it, except to cuss, he said nothing for, and because he said nothing for, is evidence enough that he was against, and that he belongs to the great assembly of Liberal emancipators.

One of the great windows of stained glass in the church has this inscription under it: "The gift of the American people out of their great regard for Shakespeare."

In the center of the great panel is a picture of the Virgin and the child and on either side and all around are pictures of clergymen of the Church of England and Rome, and Kings and Angels, and Shakespeare standing in among them looking like a blooming idiot, and all with their faces turned toward, and piously adoring the Virgin and the Child. This is the gift of "The American people." The facts are that it is a private gift, the object being to make a Roman of Shakespeare.

I told a number present, that I, as an American, repudiated it, and that Shakespeare in that gang, looked like he would take thirty cents for himself. If the "American people" had made such a present, they would have grouped him with Washington and Franklin and Lincoln and Edwin Forrest and Edwin Booth and Charlotte Cushman and John Howard Payne and like representative, great people of America.

I haven't time to tell the half, so I must hurry along to the Grammar School. Here was where Shakespeare first went to school at the age of five. Here is the desk where he sat, all cut up, with figures and initials, but I could not find W. S. on it. Pinning the attendant down to the fact, he said it was the supposed desk. The seats are left all over the building the same as in Shakespeare's time, and it is still used as a school. You cannot imagine how quaint and odd were the buildings of that ancient time. There was no sawed lumber, and all the joists and other wood work were of round timber and very crooked, still they had the knack of making straight houses.

From the Grammar School, I went to the house of his birth. This has been remodeled on the outside, but left on the inside, as it was originally. Stone floors below, great fire-places, crooked joists and beams, rough hewn floors above, all go to make up an interior that must be seen to be appreciated. Here in a second story room the great bard was born—the nobleman of Nature— the Prince of Imagination, the Knight of Passion, and the Lord of Reason.

What are England's Dukes and Earls,
With their furbelows and curls.
To this master mind of earth?

Come forth, thou mightier than Peter or Paul, thou mightier than the bloody gods of men, thou mightier than warrior, king and priest—thou that touchest all hearts and makest them to leap with joy—come forth thou crowned monarch of the mind and receive the gratitude and praise of every human heart.

It was with a feeling of profound reverence, that I stood in this humble room. I expect to stand in palaces, and walk through halls of marbled magnificence; but on no other spot, do I expect to gaze, which will so fill me with reverence for genius, for motherhood, and for the possibilities of the human mind. Every square inch of surface in this room, on ceiling as well as on walls, has been covered with the names of visitors, the old lady who formerly owned the house, having made forty thousand dollars from this privilege. Here are names from all parts of the world, and in all languages. Even the small window panes are so thickly covered with names, scratched thereon with diamonds, that space for another can not be found. Several of these are the original panes, and on one are the names of Sir Walter Scott, Lord Byron, and Thomas Carlyle.

In a house adjoining the Shakespeare birth-place are several large rooms used as a museum. Here are gathered every memento in writing, picture, book, sword, tool, trinket and what not, identified in any way with Shakespeare.

There are a dozen portraits, all looking like different individuals, and all of them the commonest kind of chromos. They look as much like a genius, as John the Baptist looked like Bob Ingersol. One oil portrait by a celebrated London artist, is cased in a large box frame, with a door covering it. It is made to look like Christ, with a touch of genius added to that usually vacant face. Whether it is intended that Christ is to be complimented, by making him look as if he had the brains of the sheep stealer, and actor, or that the sheep stealer and actor is to be complimented by making him look as if he had the piety and meekness of Christ, I couldn't make out. Anyhow, it is apparent that since Shakespeare was endowed with a lot of brains, he is purposely made to look like Christ. Though he had no piety, and the church has always regarded the stage as impious, still the clergy claim him for their own. It is unfortunate that of these two good men, who have figured so prominently in the thought of the world, there are no real likenesses, and that they should be so outrageously caricatured.

Thirty thousand people register here every year, the majority being Americans. At twenty-five cents admission, to birth place,

and museum, a handsome income is derived which insures the future good care of the buildings, and which are owned by the government.

The marble monument, the tribute of the late George W. Childs of Philadelphia, which stands in a public place, is one of the most beautiful in all the world. It is twenty feet square, and about forty high, cathedral in design, and very ornate with statuary and bas relief illustrating Shakesperian characters. It is something for Americans to be proud of. In fact, America figures big in Stratford.

In the afternoon, I took a gig and drove out several miles, and all around the environs of Stratford, that I might see the landscapes which inspired the immortal bard ,to draw those wonderful nature illustrations, and I am satisfied that English scenery had much to do with the making of Shakespeare.

Stratford is a quaint, sleepy, dreamy, beautiful old place, so very clean, that it is not extravagant to call it spotless town. I called at the home of Marie Corelli, the novelist, but as she was in London, I did not get to meet her. I had heard that she likes Americans, so did not hesitate to call. I lodged at the famous old Red Horse Inn, and by paying a little extra, occupied the room, known as the Washington Irving room, he having lived here for a year or two. The furniture is mostly the same, as when he occupied it.

By sun-up next morning, I was on my way by gig to Warwick Castle, seven miles distant. One can always see enough and too much of towns and cities, but if he be a lover of nature, he can never see enough of the country. I saw the morning sun brighten the rich green landscape of England, and stopped to talk to farmers, and at the quaint road side taverns, the "Blue Gooses," and the like names. The English cling to their traditions and customs, and while they seem behind in some things, I cannot perceive that American swiftness would add to their happiness.

England, in the country is a garden, a dream—with her rich turf, her well trained hedges, beautiful shades, fine cattle and sheep, deep winding streams, and great mansions. There is a freshness about it, such as I have seen no where in America. Of coure, she has had a thousand years in which to cultivate and finish. There are flowers, and vines everywhere. Even the poor man's cot is a bower. As you approach a village, town or city, the railway is not lined for long distance with shanties and poverty stricken looking domiciles, as in America.

Warwick Castle is the greatest of all English castles. For a shilling, a guide took me through all, save the living rooms. I did not call on the Earl and Countess. As my time was precious, I hope they will not feel snubbed at my abrupt departure. From there I

went over to Kenilworth Castle, five miles distant. Kenilworth is in ruins. There is a stone here on which Walter Scott is said to have sat when he outlined his story of Kenilworth. It is well worn from people sitting upon it. I will not attempt to describe these great castles. I shall never forget my ride from Liverpool to London, and my day of straying about Stratford, Warwick and Kenilworth.

Ah! so lovely. No wonder Shakespeare could depict nature's very heart and leave so little for all other rhymesters to say, Beautiful! beautiful England! and fertile as beautiful. No wonder she has produced great poets, heroes and statesmen; for people are, in the main, as soil and scenery are.

CHAPTER III.

London.

Now to the heart of old London. I reached the big city at six in the evening, just at the time when every one was homeward bound. I mounted to the top of one of the double decked omnibuses and rode to my hotel some three miles away. Such a sight! It seemed like there were five hundred thousand vehicles of all kinds going in every direction and twice as many people. London, as you may know, has no street cars, except in the outskirts and the congestion is relieved by the omnibus, which is a two-story affair. Standing at a corner, you can see a thousand of these, at most any hour of the day.

I stopped at "The Inns of Court," a hotel in High Holborn street, an old hostlery, famous as the rendevous of the legal fraternity; a very pleasant place, but lacking the cheer and life of the American hotel. Very naturally my first object was to meet the Londoners, whose names are familiar to American Liberals, Holyoake, Watts, Foote, Robertson, Saladin (Stewart Ross), McCabe, Cohen and others. Some of these were out of the city, and I regret that I did not get to meet them, especially Holyoake, Foote and Ross, whose names stand among the very highest in American estimation.

I soon found my way to "Johnson Court," off Fleet street. I must tell you what a "Court" is. A narrow alley or hall-way leads off the main street, a hundred or two hundred feet back to a large open space around which are built structures for offices, etc. Here are housed lawyers, editors, insurance men and every kind of humanity engaged in small business. It is sometimes a little world of its own, and these Courts may be found everyhere.

Johnson Court is the most famous in London, and you will easily guess why, by the name given it.

Here, old Sam Johnson lived, and compiled his dictionary. Two tablets on the walls indicate the rooms he occupied. Here, then, is historic ground, and all the more interesting, because it is the home and headquarters of "The Rationalist Press Association," with George Jacob Holyoake, chairman, and Charles A. Watts, (son of the well known lecturer and author), vice-chairman, and Chas.

E. Hooper, secretary. Honorary members are Haeckel, Huxley, Sir Leslie Stephens, John M. Robertson, Dr. Paul Carus and others.

"The Rationalist Press Association," is doing splendid work, its last report showing the sale and distribution of 60,000 of their six penny publications, most of these being the lectures of Haeckel, Clodd, Laing, Grant Allen, Darwin, McCabe and others. The balance sheet for 1903, shows an expenditure of 7,072 pounds, or $35,000 in our money.

The Association occupies three large rooms, the furniture of which is all new and elegant. First, the office, next the director's room, which is parlor and office combined, and next the library, where is shelved every prominent Freethought author. Upon a large table is to be found every Liberal magazine and paper in the world. Before leaving, I had the pleasure of enrolling my name on its list of members.

In the afternoon, I was met at my hotel by my old friend, Mr. Charles Watts, the lecturer, well known to the whole world of Freethought. I saw him last in Cincinnati four years ago, when he was in the clutch of the grippe, and came near dying. He credits me with having saved his life at that time, and I am glad I kept him out of Limbo..

Mr. Watts is still the leading platform representative, and as popular as ever in England, being always in demand.

He is what we call in America, "a general-all-around- man," having the advantage over others in being orator, editor, writer, thinker and debater. Haeckel may go deeper into anthropology than Watts, and Beuchner deeper into cause and effect, but neither can do what Watts can do—orate and debate—abilities essential and rare.

After visiting my friends, I went to the Bank of England and Stock Exchange, neither of which I will attempt to describe, as most Americans are familiar with such institutons. From these I next went to St. Paul's. This great church was begun by Christopher Wren in 1675 and was 35 years building. Its interior is 500 feet long and 118 feet to nave. As it is built in the form of a cross, its transepts or arms are each 250 feet in length. Its inner dome is 250 feet high, and height to top of cross 404 feet. Such a monstrous pile of stone, such vast columns and arches and wondrous interior architecture must be seen. They cannot be described. Pictures of them do not give you even a faint idea, as they leave out all detail.

The immense building is filled clear up with statuary and paintings. Most of the paintings depict only sacred and bloody scenes. Jesus, of course, is to be seen on all sides, and right beside him, Kings and warriors in armor clad, fighting to the death. Beside the cross and the "Prince of Peace" is seen the battle-ax and spear,

and the deadly conquest—Kings, Queens, war and ghastly carnage upon every hand. Here you see plainly depicted the meaning of the union of church and state.

The statuary, especially the modern is good, while most of the old wouldn't make good scare-crows.

But, since St. Paul's is much like Westminster, I will not describe it in detail. I will only say that I saw the statues of Gen. Packenham and Lieut. Gibbs, whose lights were put out by Old Hickory at New Orleans, stuck away back in a dark corner where Americans couldn't see them. There was a big statue of Cornwallis, and a long inscription giving his great deeds, but no mention of his American career. Old banners and flags, trophies of blood and death hung every where.

There was some relief to all this barbaric show for here and there was a statue of some eminent civilian, such as Sir Astley Cooper, surgeon, and Joshua Reynolds and Frederick Leighton, artists, Hallam and other poets, writers and historians, but all those in the killing business took precedent. All around the great halls were placards which admonished people to be reverent, and not use loud speech. The placards started off with "Surely you are in the house of God," etc.

I read this over several times and finally I looked all around at the Kings and Queens and bloody battle scenes, and I said to myself, "Am I?" Is this truly God's house?

Here was where Wyckliffe was condemned to be burnt for heresy , and where many another foul plot of state and church has been hatched. If all the history of these grand old temples of God were known, men would shrink from sight of them with horror. Of the building itself, I can say with Hawthorne, "unspeakably grand and noble;" but of the uses to which it is put, the glorification of battle and bloodshed, I must say it is a house of Fear and Dread. For when religion glorifies strife, there can be no hopes of peace among men.

Much that I have said of St. Paul's may be said of Westminster—Kings, Queens, Princes, Dukes and scenes of bloodshed predominating. It is world renowned as England's Temple of Fame, and is crowded with monuments of Kings, Heroes, Scholars, Housewives, Butlers, Butchers, Keepers of Hounds, Servants, Clerks and most anybody, famous and infamous.

I will give you some inscriptions later, of some of the famous (?) people in this "Temple of Fame." You read in magazines about these great places, and when you get through, you don't know anything about them. I could write a whole chapter on Westminster, but as time and space are limited, I propose to tell you what the others leave out.

First, a short history. Westminster was founded by the Anglo-

Saxon King, Sebert, in 616 for the order of Benedictines (name of a popular drink now.) It was destroyed, built and rebuilt several times, and finally completed by Edward, the Confessor, about 900 years ago. Henry the VIII cleaned the monks out of the place, then Bloody Mary restored them, and then Elizabeth scattered them forever. All the sovereigns of England since Harold, have been crowned here. The structure is 416 feet long, 102 feet to nave, and the towers 225 feet high. Inside and outside it is a poem —one to be studied long and soulfully to be understood. An immortal monument to architect and builder. But I can't dwell on description. It can't be described, and you can't imagine it—you have to see it.

In this great building are the tombs of, and monuments to England's greatest men, kings, warriors, statesmen, poets, scholars, scientists, inventors and historians, along with many hundreds of no fame or history whatever. It is simply a forest of statuary. In one chapel alone there are a thousand statues, and there are probably four or five thousand "great" people all together buried there. some are buried in the walls, but most in the floors. There may be twice that many, as I have no means of knowing the exact number.

There is what is called a poet's corner, although all of England's great poets are not to be found there. In this corner are monuments, busts and inscriptions to Dickens, Scott, Gay, Rowe, Burns, Thompson, Shakespeare, Southey, Coleridge, Campbell, Garrick, Johnson, Sheridan, Jenny Lind, Handel, Browning and Tennyson. I didn't see busts of Byron and Shelley anywhere, though they may be there. I saw small busts of Kingsley, Arnold and Wordsworth away far back in a dark corner, while all around were magnificent monuments and carvings 15 feet square, to Sir Somebody, I never heard of before. As for instance there is a magnificently engraved slab and monument 25 feet square and right under one of the central windows to the memory of Thomas Spratt.

You have heard of Jack Spratt, who could eat no fat, and his wife could eat no lean? Well he, indeed, is a famous fellow, and is enshrined even to-day in the memory of all the little folks; but who ever heard of Tom Spratt? The inscription tells us that he could read Latin well, and was consequently entitled to burial in the Abbey. Such is Fame.

William Wray was a famous man. You have all heard of Bill Wray. The inscription tells us that "he lived in South Carolina, and when the colonies revolted, he remained true to Great Britain, and was drowned at sea off the coast of Holland." Such is Fame.

Thomas Thynn, this gentleman lived at Long Leate, and was barbarously murdered on Sunday, February 12, 1682. There is a big bas-relief, showing highwaymen holding him up in his coach. It was a famous murder, so Tom was entitled to fame and got a

place in the Abbey. When men like that are so honored, such common individuals as Watts and Ross and Foote and Holyoake may as well dismiss all hopes of basking their bones in the beautiful Abbey.

Katherine Bovy, You have all heard of Kitty? You haven't? Why, her memorial is in one of the most prominent places and occupies about 300 times as much space as is given to Milton. Strange you never heard of Kitty? Her inscription informs us that:

"She was a woman of reflection and study, well skilled in the guide and faith, and her domestic expenses were managed with decency and dignity. She did good work, and burst into tears at sight of suffering, and it pleased God to endow her with a considerable estate, with which she oft refreshed the spirit of the afflicted." Such is Fame.

Dame Grace Gethin, Never heard of Grace did you? Well, she was the wife of Sir Richard Gethin. "She was adorned with grace of mind and perfection of body, which she crowned with humility, having received Holy Communion the day before her death which she would not have missed for 10,000 worlds. She was sensible to the last, and approached the heavenly glory at the age of 21." Such is Fame.

I give these few examples of "fame" that you may get the idea out of your heads that only great people are buried there. Why until recent years, it was only a common dumping ground. I might have copied a thousand such inscriptions as given above. Any one who had money to put in a lot of badly carved marble could get their bodies into this "hall of fame." Servants to kings, private secretaries, women who were wives of nobodys, etc., are thick in this hall of immortals. The memorial to the great Duke of Argyle, interested me, as my great, great grandfather on my mothers side was a son of the second Duke, and grandson of this great Duke. Well, the memorial to the great Duke is in the poet's corner and takes up more marble than all the poets mentioned together. The great Duke, life size, is inclining on the ground, and resting on his right elbow. He has a sheet thrown around his half nude body, just as if he had come out of a bath. His face is turned upward, as if he were lying in the shade trying to find the little bird singing in the tree top. All about are carved cannons and guns and flags and horses and ships. It seemed to me it would have been more in harmony, if the Great Duke had had his armor on instead of lying around among cannon in his shirt-tail. But art is art. I have no pride in ancestry, but in this instance, I was disgusted to see my noble progenitor, who was indeed a statesman and hero, lying down amid the implements of war, looking like a kid in its diaper. I have studied art some, and once was a fairly successful crayon artist. I have long been of the opinion that what is called great art,

in most cases, is simply great coloring and poor design. As I get down into France and Italy, I am going to write some on this subject.

The inscription to Argyle reads: "The great Duke of Argyle, In memory of an honest man, a constant friend—the Great Duke of Argyle—a general and orator exceeded by none in his age."

There is a supplement to the Argyle inscription, which states that: "This monument was donated by Samuel Stone, who left 5,000 pounds in his will for its erection."

All through the Abbey, you will see such statements as the above, where the vanity of people would lead them to putting the price on the monument so posterity would know just what it cost. Such is Fame.

I must say that Westminster amused me more than it awed me. It is a church. Men like Darwin, who have opposed superstition, are out of place in a church. English people do not reflect credit upon their own intelligence when they place an Agnostic or Atheist among their winged angels and stone gods. There is so much of the grim, ghastly, bloody, superstitious, fantastic, silly, ludicrous, inconsistent and monstrous in Westminster that I could be amused for a week in looking around it. Oh, the pride, vanity, bigotry, folly and buncombe of it all; as though a piece of stone hewn into something of a likeness should make men great. I was especially attracted to the statues of England's great statesmen and generals, at their powerful physiques, big noses and large jaws. As I looked at those strong countenances, I ceased to wonder at England's greatness.

In making this criticism, I would not have it understood that I wish to detract from the good intent to which the Abbey is dedicated, nor from much that is commendable to be found therein. Others have told you all about the good things. I have told the whole story—of certain classes that have been admitted and space for two to four tons of marble given them, while they had no room for the burial of Byron, and even a small bust of him could not be found. The same may be said of other great Englishmen.

I asked a clergyman, who was in attendance, if in his opinion, those vast monuments to nobodys would be taken out to make room for the coming great men of Britain. He said they would never be changed. Then, I replied, some Dickens will come along after awhile and write a new edition of "The Old Curiosity Shop."

London's splendid temple of art is in Trafalgar square, in the center of which is a column 177 feet high surmounted with a colossal statue of Nelson.

As I expect to see art all over Europe, I will not dwell at length on that of this gallery. Will only say that it contains over 1,000 pictures and many fine statues. Many of the most famous of

the pictures are familiar to Americans by countless engravings. I was particularly interested in three portraits those of William Godwin and Mary Wollenstencraft, and that of Mrs. Siddons, by Sir Thos. Lawrence. The latter is the finest portrait I ever saw. I was almost hypnotized by it. I would stand fifteen feet away and walk slowly up until my eyes were within six inches of the picture, and the closer I came to it, the more human and life-like it seemed, something peculiar as you have to give distance to most paintings. Since I did not see memorials to Godwin and Mary Wollenstencraft in the Temple of Fame, I was more than pleased to see these two of England's greatest in the Royal Gallery.

To one other picture I was attracted. "The Origin of the Milky Way."

It is that of a young mother, nude to the waist, pure, beautiful and chaste as a snow-drop. Upon her lap is a darling infant, struggling to climb up to that fountain which soothes its every want and pain. The mother, smiling, holds him away from her with one hand, while with the other on her breast, squirts a stream of milk into his face, which splatters out into beautiful stars. From the other breast, there also streams upward a great column of milk, which also bursts like a rocket, into beautiful stars; and this is the pictured "Origin of the Milky Way," more beautiful and motherly to me, than all the "Virgin and child" pictures I have ever seen.

Most of you have seen pictures of the Houses of Parliament and have read descriptions of these wonderful, beautiful buildings, which cover eight acres of ground. They are simply stupendous and awe inspiring. I was surprised to find that the rooms of the House of Commons and the House of Lords to be so small—the first being only 75x45 feet, and the other 75x55 feet; but what they lack in size, they make up in richness. There was no place for the people to witness or hear, and it looked to me that they were made small on purpose. I was, therefore, impressed more than ever, with how much of government is gathered into the hands of the few.

All through the Houses of Parliament stand statues of Kings and Queens and Prime Ministers.

In one room were life size panels of the Kings and Queens set in gold. I was particularly struck with Bloody Mary, who didn't belie her looks. There were immense paintings everywhere 30, 40 and even 60 feet long of bloody battle scenes, some of them so frightful and ghastly, I shuddered at them. All these stupendous houses of state and temples of worship and trappings of gold and statuary and paintings, have the effect of awing the populace and keeping them subdued and thus they perpetuate the reign of king and priest. They mean government—the rule of the iron hand—

tax the people, keep taxing them, keep them quelled, knock them down and keep them down.

Were I founding a government, I would order all public buildings to be built plain, strong, commodious and low. There should not be a dome or tower or church steeple lift its head above the homes of the people. The only high buildings should be those of industry, labor and thought—the library and the school should have the domes, if men must be ornate.

The British Museum is the greatest place of all. I spent one whole day there, and would have liked to remain a month, and I would write a book, in that time for Freethought use. Here is the greatest collection of the relics of antiquity in all the world. I will only have time to tell you of the Assryian collection, that is, a small part of it. I will only speak of "The Creation Tablets," and others bearing upon the book of Genesis. These tablets lay in the British museum for thirty years before their value was known. Finally a young man by the name of Smith, who had a genius for deciphering hieroglyphics, etc., came along and easily translated them. They are the very oldest accounts, dating back thousands of years prior to the oldest story of the Pentateuch.

These tablets were first made of soft clay and lettered by a wedged edged tool, then the clay was burned. The tablets are mostly in fragment, but many are whole and perfect. The lettering is wonderfully well executed and much of it as perfect as the type of this book. They were wiser than we in many things. They put their records in clay and so gave them clear and distinct to humanity, We put ours on paper, and when we are gone, all record of us will be gone.

Under each of these tablets on a card is a translation in English. I will give you some of them condensed, but enough to show you where the Jewish story of creation came from, and to prove that the Bible is not the word of any God. In reading these accounts which I have condensed, you will be startled at the extent to which the author of the Pentateuch also condensed them. See how plain and scientific the Assyrian account stands out.

The Assyrian Story of Creation

"In the beginning, nothing existed except the gods and the great deep. A movement took place in the waters, after which the God, Merodach founded the earth. He next created man and beast, and the great rivers of Babylon and he founded also the cities of Nippur and Erach, together with their temples. Then Merodach created the sun, moon and stars, and made them to be the abodes of the gods and fixed their courses. He next divided the year into twelve

months. He made the sun to rule the day and the moon to rule the night and determined the duration of their phases."

The Story of the Deluge

"The Hero of Gilmanish—the story of his escape from the deluge—the gods in this city determined to send a flood upon the earth to destroy it; but EA, one of their number warns Tsit-Napishtim of what had been decreed and bids him make a ship in which to save himself and his family. He ordered him to take into the ship with him, living creatures of every kind, and counsels him how to answer the men of his city when they ask him concerning his work. Tsit-Napishtim therefore built a ship with stories and divisions and pitched it within and without, and stored it with food. He next placed therein his family and his possessions and all kinds of birds and beasts, and at a certain time, by the command of Shamish, went into it, and shut the door, and gave also the command of the ship to Puzur-Bel. The flood descended and destroyed mankind and the gods fled to heaven in fear. The waters increased for six days and six nights, but began to abate on the seventh. On the twelfth day the ship rested on Mount Nitsir, and six days later Tsit-Napishtim sent forth a dove which flew hither and thither and finding no resting place, returned to the ship. He next sent forth a swallow, which also returned, and finally a raven, which seeing that the waters had abated, came not back. Then Tsit-Napishtim came out from the ship and made an offering to the mountain.

The gods smelt sweet savor and gathered round about like flies. Bel was filled with wrath at the escape of Tsit-Napishtim, but his anger being appeased by the gods Ninip and Ea, he bestowed divine rank upon him and his family and allotted them a habitation at the mouth of the river Euphrates.

The Story of Moses

Condensed, this tablet reads: "The birth and infancy of Sarcon I.

"Sarcon was brought forth in secret and was put by his mother in an ark of reeds, smeared with bitumen, which she set floating on the river Euphrates. Akke, a water-bearer, found the child, and reared him, until the goddess Ishtar, having seen him, loved him, and made him King over the land.

The Original Jesus

The tablets which records the story of Christ reads in part as follows:

"Merodach, on account of his victory over Thanet (the Evil One) and of his creation of the heaven and the earth, for which works he received the title, Lord of the Universe, his father rejoiced

thereat, and gave to him additional honors and bestowed upon him his own name. , Ea, together with the power and dignity which belonged to it."

Had I space and time, I could give you much more, but I have written here the chief events in Biblical history. The Creation, the Deluge, the Story of Moses and the story of Christ. They should be valuable reference to you in an argument upon the subject of creation.

Remember that these tablets are the oldest records we have of the human race—the very first recorded print in existence—that in the story of "The Creation," mention is made of having founded the city of Nippur. Late excavations of Nippur have shown unmistakable dates and records pointing back 12,000 years; so these tablets were written previous to that time. It may have been many thousand years previous. Anyhow, there the tablets are, in beautiful clear print, about one-third inch in length, and as plain and uniform as the type you are reading. There is also a tablet recording the story of the Garden of Eden, and of the serpent, and the fight between the Prince of Darkness and the Prince of Light.

I saw also their alphabet and school books. I saw an account of a "boarding school," accounts of city and military affairs, of report on the royal library, disputation upon medicine and laws, laws regulating soothsayers and astrologers, wills, deeds, contracts, records of loans, letting to build, sale of estate, sale of barley, loan of shekels of silver, loan of money with interest of twenty-five per cent, commercial documents, report of astronominal observations, letters to the King reporting the vernal equinox, one reporting an unsuccessful observation of the moon, a letter to the King from Nabi Urbi concerning the eclipse of the sun, and one also concerning the eclipse of the moon, and the direction which the shadow travelled.

There were hundreds of such documents in the cases, showing the very advanced thought of these people, thousands of years before we have any history of the Jewish race; and it ought to be plain to any one where the Jews got their history of the creation, their deluge and Moses and where the modern world got its Christ. There is their story of Christ in the very plainest kind of print, on that tablet in the British Museum dating back beyond the destruction of Nippur, over 12,000 years ago. Any one can see it for himself.

I could tell of other interesting places I visited, Blackfriars where Shakespeare and Ben Johnson once lived, and the Tower where Sir Walter Raliegh lost his head and thousands of others as well, looked into Bread street where Milton was born, Bolt court where Johnson died and Cobbet labored, and the Temple where Chaucer, Blackstone, Lamb and Goldsmith had lived, and in the

yard of which Goldsmith is buried, but I have so much else ahead of me to discribe, that I can only give a passing glance of most to be seen. I did not have the time to go to Hampton Court, The Crystal Palace, or to Windsor Castle, which I greatly regret. I had to miss these, as I preferred to stand at Goldsmith's grave, than to visit the palace of Kings, and so my time was taken up.

While London is rather an ancient and rusty looking old town, it has the air of greatness about it, and I think I should like to live here, dividing my time in the beautiful country.

Well, it kind 'o seems like a dream to me that I have been to London, and am going to Paris and Rome. Those names sounded awful big to me when a boy and still sound big. I pictured trips to these great cities away back when I was engaged at burning brush-heap, or plowing corn, or lying resting in the shade at the noon-time hour. But the thought would seem so big that I would drop it, and then I would fall to wondering if I would ever get as far away as Cincinnati, seventy miles distant—if ever I would see the big five and six story houses and the cars going through the streets, such as I had seen pictured in geographies.

But even this dream would grow too big, and I would surrender even such a slight hope of expansion and say: "No, the hills and the hollows must ever be the even tenor of my way."

Bless those old hills and hollows! I derived more knowledge from them than I will gather at London or at Paris or at Rome. I saw more wonderful and more beautiful things there. I heard sweeter songs than I expect to hear in St. Peters or Notre Dame. And the breezes, rose-laden and burdened with the breath of the meadow, were softer and fairer than those that fan the purple peaks of the Vesuvian Bay.

If I have any descriptive powers at all, I owe it to my association with those old hills and hollows, way up in Adams county, so bless them again I say. It was there I grew close to Nature and becoming acquainted with her many moods, she, in turn, grew fond of me.

CHAPTER IV.

Paris.

Paris is always first in the mind of the globe trotter and the traveller. Not to see Paris is not to see the world. The buildings, both residential and business are three to six stories high. Now and then I saw a seven story building. They are nearly all constructed alike, with a mansard roof and built of a white sand-stone. At first it was pleasing to my eyes, but after seeing the same architecture for a week, I grew rather weary of it. However the numerous parks, gardens, plazas, monuments, temples, columns, etc., helped to break the monotony. Paris has an individuality distinctly its own, and there is no other city in the world like it. There is not a dirty spot in the city, not a tin can, not a scrap of paper, not an orange peel to be seen anywhere on the streets. There is no expectoration, absolutely nothing to offend the eye or smell. Its public works are always artistic in character and what is done in way of building, paving, etc., is done right. Every rear yard is a bower. Wherever a flower or tree will grow, there you will find them. Among the poor, a plot of ground in the rear, ten feet square, is soon made into a little paradise. The same neatness and cleanliness is observed in the outskirts, as in the heart of the city. The city government of Paris is a model for the world.

The Parisians are a gay and happy people, but there are only two classes, the well to do, and beggars. Begging is a science in Paris. They seem to have a thousand ways of getting money out of you under the guise of respectability. In restaurants frequented by Americans, the waiters pay the proprietor three to four dollars every morning before going to work for the privilege of being a waiter for the day. Such paid privilege is extended to all popularly patronized places, even to the barber and boot-black shops. The customer then is gouged at every hand. Every one must be tipped, which tipping is simply beggary in disguise. There are about 25,000 "guides" in Paris, all running after the visitors, wanting to show them everything good and bad at the rate of a dollar an hour. They haunt the doors of every place one visits. They spot you as an American at once, know you have money and are bound to have some of it.

The first place visited was the Column Vendome made of

1,200 cannons captured from the Russians. It is 21 feet in diameter at the base, 140 feet high and surmounted by the figure of Napoleon. Next I visited "The Place de la Concorde,' the finest square in the world, and once the site of the guillotine. The guillotine is not in use any more, the present enlightened Freethinking President disproving of its use. The Place de la Concorde occupies about 12 acres, all beautifully paved, and laid out with statuary, columns and fountains. Next I strolled the entire length of the finest street in the world, "The Champs Elysees," lined on either side with palaces, parks and statuary. In the American play of "The Banker's Daughter" George Washington Phipps, a rich American merchant, shocked all the Frenchmen at a reception, by calling this street "Camp Eliza." That is about as near as I can come to it now.

"Camp Eliza" terminates with the "Arc de Triomphe," the largest arch in the world, begun by Napoleon in 1806 and finished by Louis Philip, at a cost of $2,000,000. At this arch ten streets center, and it is indeed a place of majesty and beauty. All these things must be seen, they cannot be described. One is astounded as the human mind unfolds itself in all these stupendous creations of art, architecture, beauty and often folly.

I next visited the statue of Victor Hugo, situated in the Rue Victor Hugo. This monument, consisting of many grouped figures of which Hugo is the central is the finest of all that I have seen. Nothing in Paris, in my estimation is so impressive, and it awakened in me glorious and inspiring feelings. It seemed to say to me: the statuary of the past glorified king and priest. To-day, it is glorifying the Infidel.

From here I went to the Trocadero, then to the Eiffel Tower and ascended to the top.

I next went to the place de Bastile where the celebrated prison stood, where Voltaire had sufferd imprisonment and upon whose ruins his body rested for one night. Upon the site of this Bastile is erected the July Column 153 feet high surmounted by the figure of Liberty. All through Paris, everywhere, may be seen the evolutionizing and progressive transformation of Freethought. Where once was prison and torture and persecution in all its forms, there stands the statue of Reason and Liberty. Where once the statue of king and priest was glorified, now stands statues of Voltaire, and Hugo, and Gambetta and Renan. Over the doors of every public building, over theater and even over the door of the great church of St. Sulpice, I saw engraved the words "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

Upon every hand I read this inscription, even over the entrance to the Louvre, the former palace of French Kings, but now the great home of art. These words were not the motto of French-

men of a few years ago. Then the bastile and guillotine were at work. The difference is the difference in the reign of Freethought and Democracy and the reign of priestcraft and kingcraft.

The Madeline, was my next and last stop for the day. This is the most beautiful edifice in Paris. It is in the style of a Greek temple, 330 feet long, 130 wide and 100 feet high, surrounded on all sides by immense Corinthian columns. I attended mass in it, several mornings after. Napoleon, at one time took this great edifice out of the hands of the church and converted it into a Temple of Reason, but afterwards it was returned to the church. The more you look into the life of Napoleon, the more you see that he was the arbiter of reason, and even fed the French people with it faster than they were capable of assimilating it. Would even our government to-day, dare undertake to dispose of a Catholic church in such a manner, or of any church?

The Louvre

As it was raining next morning, I went to the Louvre and spent the whole day. Here is the greatest collection of art in the world, and as I am an art fiend it was a rare day to me. But as in most other things, I have some independent ideas regarding art in general and in particular. Art like medicine, has its many schools. They can't all be right, and the differences and disputations between the various modern schools give the right of exercise of independent judgment.

No doubt I am wrong in some instances, for I am judging that of which I am not master. But then Ruskin, who could not paint, was a critic to which the great world bowed. I claim that the masters themselves are often the very poorest of judges.

As the most to be seen, of any one thing, on my trip, will be art, I propose to write largely about it, and for this one especial reason. Most great art, or what is called great art, is superstitious in character. It is of the tendency to perpetuate superstition. Like all things else, it is good and bad in its effects. Between art and music the priest has succeeded in bum-foozling the whole world, and as I know of no one who has taken this stand and expressed it, I will assume the task. As my remarks will be confined to this book, they will not go far, nor create any stir, but I believe they will prove seed that will grow. We, as Liberals should be interested in all the methods employed in perpetuating superstition and none exceeds that of art. The art of architecture alone is stupendous in its effects of winning and subduing the human mind. All these great Cathedrals in which human ingenuity has been exhausted in the creation of size, design and embellishment have the effect, as nothing else has, to enslave the understanding. They are simply great monuments reflecting the human stupidity of the masses, who, hum-

ble, prostrate and blind, consented to be taxed to death for their erection and maintainance.

What is art? It should be the portraiture of Nature, for try as you may, you cannot idealize Nature. All attempts to idealize or allegorize Nature are a departure from true art. Most of the so-called "great art" of the world is that depicting myth and allegory and not Nature. Now, I have seen, the very originals of all the great masters of the past, and I feel competent, or at least will assume the privilege of declaring a test by which you, or any one may determine the "greatness" of art, as now judged by present day critics, and that test is this, "The more superstitious the subject, the greater the art."

Just walk through the galleries and when you come to a painting unlike anything you ever heard, thought or dreamed of, with nothing either of nature or humanity in it, stop, and be reverent and solemn, be awe-stricken, if you possibly can, for you are sure to be in the presence of one of the Divine Masters.

The Grand Salon of the Louvre is so-called because in this one room are collected the greatest selected paintings of the greatest masters of art, those of Raphael, Titian, Da Vinci, Guido Reni, Rubens, Paul Veronese, Caracci, Correggio, Rembrandt, Tintoretto, Velasquez and some others.

Upon entering, your first impression will be one of exaltation. "Ah! glorious!" I said to myself, as I turned my eyes upon all sides of the great octagonal room, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter and nearly a hundred high. But it was the gilt and design and wealth of rich colors which made the sudden glory. That these old masters were masters of color is not to be denied. If art means simply color, then they are great indeed. But to my mind color is nothing if subjects are absent. The life, the soul are in the subject and color is only the instrument which reveals it. Therefore I grant the greatness of design and color. But in all that great collection, there was not one picture that touched my heart, or that depicted the natural, the possible, the beautiful. Instead there were some of them repellant and horrible. Yet here is brought together the very heart of art.

The facts are, these paintings are "great," simply because their paint is mixed with the tint of superstition. It is the religious shadow worked in which makes them "great." If these artists had not given their genius to church and to crown, they would never have been so glorified and idealized. Still they are to be pardoned. In their time priest and king, had all the money, all the influence. The first step forward for an artist was to have some king or priest to notice him and give him an order. The priest and king often had about as much idea about art as a pig about pot-pie. The

tastes of both, generally ran to wine and women, artistic qualifications wheih neither have ever given up.

It is a pity that these great masters had no other market for their great talents than that afforded by priest and king, and that to get recognition and save themselves from starvation, they were compelled to prostitute their genius by portraying subjects suggested by their employers. Art, like poetry and music comes from the heart, and if the souls of these great colorists had not been purchased, they would have painted Nature and humanity, things lovely and beautiful, things which awaken pity and joy in the heart.

In this grand Salon there is a painting of St. Michael, pictured away up in the air somewhere, hurling bad human beings into hell. Overhead a great big angel with outspread wings is butting in, to help Mike out, and is applying the scourge vigorously.

Unlike the angel, Mike didn't have wings, but was able nevertheless, to have a terrible mix up with three or four devils away up in the air. You have all seen men battling in the air. Just so you depict the impossible and the unnatural, you will have something the mob will appreciate. Art is art.

Another great (?) painting is that of "Susanna taking her bath." Susanna is a nude figure, very, very fat. I don't believe I ever knew a woman by the name of Susan, who wasn't fat.

Susanna, in all her beautiful bare rotundity is sitting on a rock by a pool, innocently admiring herself. In the back-ground are two deacons, who have come from different directions, and caught each other rubbering. They both look at each other, as if to say: "What are you doing here?" But Susanna beholdeth them not.

Angels are in attendance all around her. The presence of these handy and useful creatures, of course, was very necessary when Susanna went to get the dirt off her epidermis. If they couldn't do anything else they could keep the flies off and scare the snakes away. This painting is by Tintoretto and considered one of his very best. I couldn't help but wonder that if the angels had been left out and Susanna had been plain Susan Smith instead of Saint Susan, would it have been accorded any merit? But art is art.

There were other pictures here, some forty feet long, religious and allegorical, the subjects being warriors, demons, gods, lustful satyrs, crucifixion scenes, Christ at the house of Simon with Mary wiping his feet with her hair of her head, (an act that is above a gentleman's permission, and ought to be above a god's), and several other pictures of Christ, in each of which the artist seems to have racked his brain to put a cadaverous expression on his body instead of putting genius in his face, not one of which awakens one touch of gladness, sorrow or joy, or that feeling akin to pain, at sight of

human woe. The Grand Salon is a grand daub of rich color and that is all.

Another painting about 30 by 40 inches in size, is a portrait by Leonarda da Vinci, and the most costly portrait in the world. You ought to be interested in the greatest portrait in all the world. Leonarda da Vinci was a great painter of popes and priests and winged spirits, and therefore, anything else he painted was necessarily great. The portrait is the face of Mona Lisa; Mona Lisa was the mistress of Da Vinci. When he wasn't painting popes and spirits divine, he was dallying with Mona and spirits of wine. No doubt, but this picture was painted under the most favorable auspices, as he certainly saw enough of her to form both vivid and lively impressions.

It is said that he was two years in painting this portrait, and that at each sitting Mona sat under the influence of the most sweet and soulful music. This was for the purpose, I suppose, of conveying such soulful emotions to the canvas. In the picture Mona is smiling. An artist present told me, upon my asking him what were the particular merits claimed for the portrait, that it was its soulfulness, that no artist yet, out of thousands had been able to depict the spirit reflected in that smile, nor could they even paint the smile.

Well! that led me to study that smile. At what could the dear girl be smiling? Had Leonardo promised her a new dress? No, that couldn't be it, for he had been painting that picture for two years, and of course, she had to smile the same old smile all that time. Suppose you had to do that for two years?

When you go to the photographer and want to look better looking than you are he says, "smile a little," you put on a smile. Then he says "smile a little more, just a little more expression, chin a little higher, now, not quite so high, a little more smile please," by that time what kind of an expression have you?

Well, then just imagine Leonardo saying "Now, Mary Lize, take your seat and put on the same smile as at last sitting," and the sweet music begins and Mary Lize sits and smiles and smiles for her Leonardo and keeps it up, off and on, for two years, and do you wonder that no one can interpret that smile? I confess I couldn't make it out. Sometimes it looked just like you would look when you put on a smile in getting your picture taken. Again it looked just like a smile that means nothing—a senseless idiotic grin. Again it looked like a woman looks when she is in company and has a cramp, and is doing her best to conceal it. Again it looked like a worn-out exhausted smile, again it looked just like that senseless smile some women have who smile all the time whether there is

anything to smile at or not. Again it seemed to be the sensuous smile of the mistress she was.

The general features are homely; in fact very commonplace. Every one has to be told that it is the costliest picture in the room, or they would never dream it. In fact, it attracts no attention until its history is given. I take it that the mass of people are instinctively drawn toward a work of art.

But Leonardo was a great painter, for he painted popes and kings and Christs and Madonnas and angels, and the "Last Supper," consequently, Mona Lisa is great, and has an unquestionably, incomparable smile, one of the don't wear out kind. If I were a monk, a real pious monk, I wouldn't want a girl to smile that way at me.

There are many thousand paintings in the Louvre. No painting is admitted of a living artist, consequently the great majority are antique. There are thousands of pictures of the man Christ and the infant Christ. Some of the infants looked very pretty, some like mean little devils, some like old men, some as if they had hydrocephalus, or water on the brain, all according to whether they were Greek, Italian, Spanish or French Jesuses. Some of the man Christs were passable, but most had a tuberculous and feminine appearance. Some of the Spanish Christs looked like brigands, others looked like idiots, others looked downcast, and modest, while others had a "Behold me" expression, "for I am IT." None looked like a Hugo or Gambetti, or a genius of any kind. The one characteristic common to the face of Christ is vacancy. There were thousands and thousands of pictures of the Virgin and of the Virgin child. The virgin picture bears a more general likeness, and is often a sweet picture, having a modest motherly expression, and in many cases a rather proud and pardonable look, as if she said, motherlike, "I have the only kid."

You see so very much of these and other church pictures and frescoes and panels and crucifixion scenes that you simply become sick and disgusted with them. The great majority of the paintings in the Louvre are simply beautiful rubbish. But because they are religious they must pass for art, for art is art.

There were hundreds of bloody battle scenes, and scenes of the coronation and marriage of kings and queens by popes, and in nearly every instance angels are flying down from heaven with crowns and laurel wreaths, etc.

Every little silly thing a king or queen did is allegorized and angels and cherubs are hovering around their heads. There must be thirty great paintings from ten to twenty feet in length of Mary de Medicis, always with angels hovering over her. The great Rubens has painted a whole gallery two hundred feet long, of this

heartless woman. It disgusts one to see art so prostituted to the glorification of royal and religious brutes. But then they had all the money and art was starving. I do not say that all these pictures are not works of art. As paintings, they are indeed great; but they are art prostituted and not worth seeing.

They only serve to keep alive priestcraft and kingcraft. There is as much room for reform in art as in superstition itself. Some think the older a thing is, the better it is. The older a religion and the less they know about it, the more sacred. There is as much difference in ancient art and modern, as in ancient mechanics and the modern.

I will not take the time to discuss statuary except to say that the above rule holds good in all particulars except in the sculpture depicting the male anatomy. I spent an hour before the famous Venus de Milo, the greatest piece of sculpture in the world. It is, indeed, great, but give me the modern woman in stone. There are thousands of statues in the Louvre mostly antique.

I don't want the reader to think that I am narrow as to religious art, or that I can see nothing good in this great collection, or that I am egotistic in setting my judgment up against that of great connoisseurs. I am simply exercising my privilege of criticism. If others accept everything they see without questioning that is their privilege. I think it right and proper to display religious art, for it appeals to vast numbers. It suits them if it don't suit me. I think it profitable to preserve these great works of genius, even if their genius was prostituted to the glorification of king and priest. These masters are still instructors in color, design and technique to the art world to-day. Their work is still an inspiration for the artist, even if their subjects are often abominable. Preserve them, of course. That is what the Louvre is for, to preserve the best work of the past that the coming artist may profit by it. Artists as a rule care little for the subject and mostly for the paint.

But to see miles of Jesuses and Virgins and angels gyrating in the air, and prophets and gawd-almighties sitting in their shirt tails on a damp cloud, and archangels of doom, driving men, women and children into hell and mean looking old popes and swinish monks and deaths of saints and a continuous vaudeville of horrors never seen or felt before, why you simply sicken at the sight.

You are all familiar with the picture of "The Gleaners" by Sir John Millais. It is that of three peasant women in their course garb and wooden shoes gathering stray heads of wheat left after the field is harvested. They call them "gleaners" in Europe. I saw women and children doing this, both in England and France. After the farmers of these countries have harvested there are very few stray

heads left in the field; but the poor go out and gather them. They probably get enough to make a bowl of wheat porridge.

This painting of Millais is the most popular in the whole great collection. Every one wants to see the "Gleaners," and why? Why has it struck such a popular chord? Why do people pass the gods by in order to see the "Gleaners?" I will tell you, and it will prove all that I have said in my criticisms. The "Gleaners" touch your heart strings which vibrate with human sympathy and sorrow at the sight of poor, old, useless women having to glean stray heads of wheat and then shell them out with their hands, in order to allay hunger. You sorrow that such conditions should exist in beauteous, plenteous England and France. Your own back grows weary, as you stand and look at their fixed, bent, silent figures. You look at the few straws in their hands and your own hand goes down in your pocket in search of the coin in it.

Ah! at last we strike a true tale; at last we come to something human; no clouds, no wings, only a picture of human despair and degradation, a picture that awakens feeling and sentiment, that arouses the best in your manhood and womenhood, pity for the sorrows of the poor.

There are not many paintings of this character in the great Louvre, but there will be more as time passes, and as modern art is admitted.

The "r" in the word Louvre is silent, and it is pronounced as "Luve." The meaning of the word is "A wolf den," the site upon which it stands once having been a rendevous for wolves.

Its erection was begun in the 13th or 14th century as a palace for the French monarchs. Each succeeding King added to it in his reign, not departing from the original design, until its completion by Napoleon. It is in the form of a great square with an inside court-yard of about four acres in all.

This great palace was once the home of the great kings and Queens of France. It was the scene of royal splendors, such as the world never saw before, nor will ever see again. It was the scene too of royal intrigue and hate, the scene oft of riot, bloodshed and massacre. It was the scene of the exercise of the supreme will of haughty, heartless lords, who held human life and human blood as cheap as the water that filled their moats. It is so immense you can lose yourself in it. There are great golden galleries which once were royal drawing rooms five hundred feet long. When I looked at this splendor and considered its cost, no wonder said I, that the people were impoverished. Ah! the magnificence of the few, the wretchedness of the many, and the world has not departed from these conditions.

It was from a window in this beautiful palace that Catherine

de Medicis dropped her handkerchief as signal for the church bell to ring to notify the waiting populace to begin the slaughter of St. Bartholomew. Across the street from the palace stands the church and tower. I went up into that tower, and I stood in that window where the heartless devil in woman's guise, had signaled. I saw the crowds gather, the victims fleeing, mothers with babes in their arms butchered right in the streets; I saw all the pent-up deviltry and heartlessness of the Christian superstition let loose, and I wondered that such a scene could take place where nature and art combined to make the world so beautiful. But that such did, and could take place should be warning to all, that eternal viglilance is the price of liberty. Have we not lately had a Kishneif?

I stood at the window from which the body of Admiral Coligny was pitched, and went below and stood where he fell and where his blood spattered over the stones. Across the street from the Louvre stands to-day a grand monument to Admiral Coligny.

Ah! you can trust Old Time. The kings and Queens and Cardinals of France tread their halls of magnificence no more. Their days of intrigue and lustful recklessness have ended. Flowers are blooming over the filled up moat. The dungeons have disappeared. Instead of the gay cavalcade in laces, velvets and gorgeous plumes, bedecked, now a constant stream of common humanity sweep through its great portals. Instead of knight, in armor bright and gay caparisoned steed, the farm boy of the far Western wilderness, enters, to learn there, something of the mighty minds, that wrought with chisel and with brush. Here art has usurped the place of royal cruelty and licentiousness. Here Democracy sits enthroned over kingly and priestly authority. Down have come the coats of arms and insignia of empire and over the great portals of this magnificent temple of art are engraven the glorious words.

Liberty, Fraternity, Equality

Here upon all sides I see the march of progress and of Free thought. I see much to encourage and inspire. Upon all sides, too, I see the lingering degradation of priestly and kingly authority, but I see manhood and womanhood slowly rising out of it.

The Luxemberg is the gallery of modern sculpture and painting. Here humanity and Nature, as well as religion are portrayed. Here are statues as pure and chaste as Queen Dian in her cloud-wrapt car. Here are paintings of home and love and domestic scenes and beautiful women and mirthful childhood and blooming Nature and noble beasts and comic circumstance, and great portraits of great men, and scenes of sadness and humble toil that touch the heart and draw all souls together in one common bond of love and sympathy. Only after death of the artist and the approbation of

time may a picture be transferred or promoted from the Luxemberg to the Louvre. I will not take time to comment on this collection, but enough to say that here to me was art.

I visited the Pantheon and Notre Dame, but will not have time to describe them. The Pantheon was formerly a great church. Here Voltaire, Jean Jacques Rosseau and many other great Infidel Iconoclasts are buried—the church given over for an Infidel burying ground. Significent isn't it.

The church of Notre Dame is much like all other great Catholic churches. Napoleon took it from the clergy when he needed it for a barracks and to stable his horses, but afterwards returned it to them.

The Invalides

The Invalids is also a church, so-called because it is attached to the city hospital. It is now used as the tomb of Napoleon, which occupies a crypt in the floor under the great dome. The tomb of Duroc, Bertrand and other favorite generals are in great marble sarcophagi in alcoves and side rooms. The marble balustrade which circles the tomb must be 200 feet around or 70 feet across the space. I thought of Ingersoll as he had stood there and looked down into that crypt, and I thought of his terrible denunciation of Napoleon. I know that he spoke honestly, and as he thought, justly, but he spoke either ignorantly or unfairly. He depicted the monster and had not one good word to say of the man. I looked down in that crypt with the same, but with different feelings. I had read every life of Napoleon written. Before leaving home, I had read the "Last Phase," a new book loaned me by my friend, Mr. Omer T. Glenn. Its author is Lord Roseberry, the ex-English Premier, his natural enemy, but who praises and exalts Napoleon, and who finds the good word to say of him on every hand. I ,too, looked down upon that tomb, and I thought of the strange commingling of the blood of different races that once animated that moldering dust, the heroic, well-poised Roman, the fiery Corsican, and the vacillating Frenchman. I saw each of these contending elements cropping out in his life. One day I would see him a Cæsar, a Cato or a Brutus, another a feudal chief, another a Richelieu or a Robespierre. He was educated a Catholic and trained in that religious cunning. To consider Napoleon fairly, you must consider blood and birth and education. I saw the dreaming sickly starving youth, the poor boy, walking by the Seine contemplating suicide. I saw the fiery young republican, I heard him muttering of the wrongs of the poor and oppressed. I saw him oppose the mob spirit of those with whom he sympathized. I saw him uphold government and law and withdraw his allegiance from the mob only when it had proven itself incapable of self-government. I saw him mount to power. I saw

him the friend of Paine and Voltaire, I saw him making kings and grand marshals of the lowly sons of toil. I saw him imprison the pope. I saw him for the first time in the history of Europe lift the state above the church. I saw him go before the people and establish elections. I saw his great code, giving a constitutional construction to government and through it all, I saw that instinctive feeling written on the faces of the plain people, that he was their king. I saw the love they had for him. I saw a prosperous peasantry. I saw a new birth of art, and above all these, I saw the Freethought France of to-day, erected upon the foundation he built for it, and I saw high written upon the temples, which once were the fortresses of persecution and crime, "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

For a hundred years the nations of the world have been trained to belittle the memory of the man, who put his foot on the neck of shams, and proved to the satisfaction of gods and men, that capacity is not a class privilege, nor truth, a matter of tradition.

But in spite of all their contumely, the Corsican is still held as a champion of the people, in a sense never rivalled by potentate, president or prophet of ancient or modern times. A deluge of slander has failed to obliterate the traces of his activity. After a century of mistraining, the deliverance seeking masses still honor and celebrate the memory of the man, who substituted the aristocracy of merit, for the aristocracy of monopoly—who opposed laborers to loafers, fact to fiction, demonstration to dogma, ability to arrogance, and heroism to heraldry. The monopoly monarchs of Europe understood Napoleon. They saw in him all the personification of democratic principles, and they dreaded him as a pestilence, and never ceased to conspire against this soldier, who stepped out of his way to teach kings and priests and lawyers and statesmen, justice, liberty and common sense. With Napoleon, the crown was only a bauble, "a mere helmet," as Benjamin Constant says, "to protect his head in the storms of the ceaseless wars, which his enemies forced upon his country, he had to stand high to survey the battle-field, and deal his defensive blows with full effect," and for this reason, this republican at heart, this defender of reason and liberty, consented to become a king, and the exile of St. Helena will be remembered as the man whose attempts have helped the world more than the triumphs of all his kingly rivals put together.

Grant that the ambition of the Roman, the vendetta of the Corsican and diplomacy of the French cropped out in him, grant that war and bloodshed marked his career, grant all that Ingersoll said to be true, but other nations before and since have warred. We, to-day, are shooting down the weak and helpless, blood is still flowing, the Boers are still suffering from their wounds.

Let us not excuse him, but let us be just. More and more I see

that Napoleon was right, that his government needed and still needs strong guiding hands, that he gave the French all the liberty and more than they could assimilate, that slowly and gently he guided them forward to the proud position they now occupy.

If Mr. Ingersoll was right, the French people are all wrong, for upon all sides are testimonials of their esteem, and the glory of Napoleon is today the glory of Republican France.

Here was the mightest combination of mental and physical energy that ever trod the earth and out of the convulsive elements of this strange being, Democracy received a new birth, and Liberty a new baptism. Vive le Napoleon!

I visited the Cemetery of Mont Martre, in which are buried Heine and Renan. To Heine has been erected a handsome tomb and shaft, surmounted by his bust. Renan is buried in a vault. Upon the grave of Heine were beautiful wreaths and fresh cut roses. I was told that fresh flowers were placed there all the time. Graves are crowded closely together here. The stones rise thick and nearly every one is topped with a cross. I counted twenty crosses in twenty-five feet square around him. It was amusing to see Heine's bust looking down upon, and surrounded by the symbol he so hated. Anyhow the Atheist, so far as I could see, is sleeping just as quietly and well as those having the cross over them. Renan's tomb was also covered with flowers. I saw also the tombs of Dumas and Schoppenhaur. This cemetery has an immense wall around it, high enough and strong enough for a fortress. I could not make out its necessity, for those within can't get out, and those without don't want in, so, as the Dutchman says, "Vat's the use?" I did not have time to go to Pere La Chaise.

The Latin Quarter is the locality where thousands of students make their headquarters. It is a sight to see the lunatics. They are all bloodless from smoking cigarettes and strong pipes. Their breeches are so large that you could put a bag of bran in the seats, and so long that they drag the ground. They affect, in fact, cultivate carelessness because that, you, know is art. They are also dirty, which is high art. Nearly all of them ought to be planted in a row in the ground and a lawn-mower run over their heads. I never saw wild savages look half as grotesque and freakish.

My last day in Paris was spent at Versailles, this great palace, once the scene of royal splendor and of royal tragedy for, from here, Marie Autoinette and others were taken and executed.

I always had a sorrow for those queens who were queens only for the purpose of breeding an heir. Their queenly lot was generally hard. They were merely creatures of necessity. They had to live right in the shadow of favored mistresses and their heart pangs were many. Better the lot of a peasant maid than that of many a queen.

But strange as it may seem those queens who attained power supreme, were nearly always tyrannical and vicious.

The Palace of Versailles fronts nearly a half mile. It has many wings and you can soon be lost in it.

It is now used something like Westminster Abbey as a temple of fame to perpetuate the glory of France. Like the Louvre the kings and queens and cardinals and warriors bold, tread those halls no more. The touch of decay is upon all that once spoke of royal and priestly magnificence. Their palaces have become the storehouses of books and of art. Democracy casts its withering shadow upon all the glory of absolute authority.

Here are preserved some of the greatest paintings of France. There are galleries a thousand feet long all lined with pictures of kings, queens, princes, heroes and an endless array of battle and martial scenes, some fifty and sixty feet in length—bloody, frightful death scenes, carnage, victory of Christians in the crusades, so frightful that you cannot imagine them, and all these miles of pictured bloodshed for "the honor and glory of France."

But let us not be too hard, for nations do not drop their hero worship all at once.

I saw in one gallery the statues of about two hundred kings, queens, princes and priests and they were all in the attitude of prayer.

Catherine de Medici was among them. She was figured lying on her back upon her tomb, her royal robes around her and her hands raised and held together in prayer. I am not going to be too hard on Catherine, for I believe a villainous priest-hood was back of that massacre. It seems hardly possible that any woman could have had the heart to plot that awful deed.

It was a relief to get down on the ground floor where there were busts and statutes of Voltaire, Rosseau, Buffon, Lamertine, Humboldt, Thiers, Paul Bert, Le Verrier, Le Place, Franklin and others, not one of whom was in the attitude of prayer.

It was a relief too, when I stepped out into the beautiful grounds where art and Nature joined to make a paradise. Statues, terraces, fountains, lakes, everywhere for at least three square miles, and not one foot of the whole neglected. Ah! the beautiful vistas. You cannot imagine them. Avenues running in every direction of great trees, their upper limbs trained to come together, making an arched canopy and forming enchanted aisles through the wildest of wildwoods, fountains and bowers and flowers and beautiful trimmed shrubbery at every turn. How fair, serene and peaceful Nature looked, how bright the picture she presented as she spread herself in living green, all around this mighty palace stored with pictures of blood and crime.

As I looked long and thoughtfully upon all this regal

splendor, I could hardly conceive that the working man, merchant, peasant and artisan would submit to be taxed to build such magnificent palaces just to please the whims of kings.

But it was then as it ever has been, the biggest fool and coward in the world is the laborer. Even to-day the majority of them fear to raise their voices in their own behalf, lest some aristocrat or public plunderer should call them a Socialist. Ever and ever is the more need of the enthusiast, the iconoclast and the agitator of justice. Let us keep the palaces empty of the king. His picture can do no harm.

I took in the Grand Opera House, one of the sights of Paris, the famous Hotel de Ville, the Bourse, the market, some of the stores, the underground railway, a trip along the Seine, and, of course, the streets at night. The word "boulevard" means "bulwark," and the "Boulevard Grand," was originally a road along some kind of fortification. It is a very wide street, and shaded. The pavements are thirty to forty feet deep. A space of ten to fifteen feet from the buildings is utilized as an out-door cafe, being covered with tables and chairs. Any passer by is privileged to take a seat, and by ordering a cup of coffee or any other drink, may sit there the whole evening. It is a sight to see a stretch of a mile thus utilized on either side of the boulevard,and the pavements crowded with passers by. Here you can see the whole world in review, people of every nation and clime, all mingling peacefully together, without any evidence of race prejudice—Negroes, Hindoos, Turks, Japanese, Chinamen, Egyptians, Algerians, all in native costumes, mingling with others as varied, sitting walking, talking and drinking together. I saw no intoxication in Paris. The favorite drink seemed to be black coffee. There are no screens or blinds to the saloons; all drinking and feasting is in the open, and mostly upon the pavements.

After ten P. M., the decent and discreet people, are supposed to go home, and the pale and painted wanderers of the night come forth. So far as I observed, I could not see that the the Paris of France was any gayer than the Paris of America. I had neither time nor inclination to look deep into the lower stratas for which Paris is famous. I am inclined to believe that much of the vice there, is due to the foreign demand for such things, and it is not fair to judge the French people, by the wickedness of Paris, most of which exists for the accommodation of the Peeping Toms of other countries. The French are a great people, and have remarkable recuperative powers, as evidenced after their unsuccessful struggle with Germany. Other, and still more positive evidences of French superiority, are her advance in art, democracy, and especially Freethought. France is the great iconoclastic nation of the world to-day, and the hopes of the world center around her. American democracy

is her child. A nation which has produced a Voltaire, a Rosseau, a Volney, a Victor Hugo, which has been able to plant and grow the tree of liberty in the muck of superstition, until its branches have reached to every land—such a people possess the elements and genius of greatness.

Between Paris and Cologne lies a beautiful stretch of country. The French as well as the English are superior to the American farmers. If they had our tools, what a paradise they would make of their countries. Most of the French are renters, and farm small plots. They must make every edge cut and know how to get two or three crops off the land. There is where they excel. The great majority live in villages and hamlets. Their houses are low and antiquated. Within the next fifty years the dwellings of the entire peasantry of France will have to be rebuilt. In England the country houses all seem fresh, bright and new. In France they seem fast going to ruin. It is amusing to see great brick and stone walls inclosing orchards and gardens, and so high, often you can only see the tops of the little sunken habitations. If the same brick had been put in their houses, they would have had large substantial residences. Here we see the force of custom. The Duke had a big wall around his castle, the peasant had to have a small wall around his hut, and the present French farmer still must have a wall, just because grandpa had a wall. When these peasants will stick to a custom like this, of putting their brick in walls instead of in their houses and barns, it is easy to understand how slow they are to give up their superstititon.

All through France the country and village churches are old and dilapidated, and many of them in ruins. There are no new ones building. When these old ones have gone, the number to take their places will be few, and consequently more personal liberty. The peasant will never be taxed again to build a church in every hamlet of a dozen houses. I see the cold clammy hand of decay upon the church all over France. At nearly every cross road, and here and there on the hill-top, or standing out in a field is to be seen a big crucifix, but no one seemed to notice them. France is entirely denuded of timber and there are no fences. While the country is beautiful, and under the highest state of cultivation, its lack of trees and hedges, make it less charming than England. I have never seen a country where the hay, wheat, and oat stacks stood so thick as in France and in their structures they are almost works of art, being perfectly built, and picturesquely thatched.

CHAPTER V.

Up the Rhine.

At last I am in the land of the Kaiser. Cologne is a city of 350,000 inhabitants, a great manufacturing center, and the numerous smoke-stacks in evidence, make it look upon approaching it, more like an American city, than any I have seen. It is very clean and some of its residence streets in the new part, are equal to any I saw in London or Paris. The Kaiser said the town had to be spelt Koln, and so the good old name associated with a perfume, made in this city, is no more. By the way, there are about 500 stores in Cologne which sell "the only genuine Cologne." I learned that none of the Cologne manufactured or at least very little of it, is sold here. "The only genuine Cologne," which is in such great evidence in the windows, is made in Paris. Cologne is a beautiful city. The people are fine looking, richly dressed and prosperous appearing.

The cathedral is credited with being the greatest piece of Gothic architecture in the world. It is Cologne's big show. In fact the most to be seen in Europe is montrously big churches and gloomy old paintings of a sacred character. But you will all be interested in the greatest Gothic cathedral ever erected to keep superstition alive. It was begun in 1248. Work on it was then stopped until the year 1500 and so continuing and stopping at odd times thereafter. Napoleon once occupied this church for his cavalry. Napoleon must be regarded as one of the world's greatest freethinkers as he made manifest on all hands that the church must be tributary to the state and its property utilized by the state when needed, and it must be rememberd that he did these things in a day and time when it was a dangerous thing to oppose the church, as in so doing he jeopardized his whole political and military career.

The reason work was stopped on the cathedral the last time, in 1700, was owing to the loss of the original plans of the architect. The building had then been completed up to the two great spires which now tower in the air 484 feet. Every corner and nook of the city had been searched for the original plans without finding them. Finally a saintly devotee of the church found them. For a long time he had prayed to God to grant him the honor of the discovery and had promised God that if he would help him to find the plans,

he would give his soul to the devil. Sure enough, God helped him to find them. This was in 1823, and they went ahead and completed the church, requiring about fifty years. In the meantime the fellow who had given his soul to the devil died; but the devil wouldn't have his soul, and so in a devil of a fix was he, and just what became of his soul, neither God, nor the devil, nor the Bishop knows to this day, and none of the people have seen in there-about.

The exterior of this stupendous structure is beyond my descriptive powers. To whom is all this a monument? I asked myself. To Jesus Christ? No: for whatever other weakness he may have had, he was not vain. This great temple, said I, is a monument to human stupidity and vanity, and its beauty and strength and proportion a monument to the architect. Ah! the mind that could conceive and plan and proportion and adorn such stone to such a perfect and colossal shape—his the monument.

To give you some idea of the ornate touches, I counted 235 carved figures over and around just one of the side doors, 330 carved figures over and around the three front doors. Most of these figures were of Jesus, kings, saints, apostles, angels, etc., to say nothing of lions, lambs, peacocks, billy-goats, dogs and grape-vines.

I noticed that the saints are placed low about the doors, while the griffins are placed high over them.

There were 150 of these stone griffins, all about five feet in length, extending out from the church cornices in a threatening manner. Their mouths are open as in the act of grabbing or biting or hissing. They are a combination of human, devil, bird, reptiles wolves, satyrs, witches, toads, bats, lizards, bear, fox, crocodile and fish, each out doing the other in frightfulness and ferocity. The purpose of these stone images is to protect the saints carved below them and to frighten Infidels and keep bad and unclean spirits out of God's holy temple. They all seemed to have their eyes right on me, but "durn yer ugly pictures," said I, "I'm goin' in."

The interior is magnificent, vast towering pillars and arches 148 feet high, beautifully carved and the most magnificently stained windows in the world, so it is said.

It was a bright beautiful Sabbath morning and mass was being held. I remained in the church until noon, stood pat through High and Low mass, and played Jack in the game. I attended mass every day in Paris and intend keeping it up on my trip that I may form a just opinion of this form of worship. In this great church the congregation all joined in a hymn and it was very sweet. There were a great many good voices. I am very fond of some church music and the effect is soothing and pleasing to me. But I was thoroughly disgusted with the blind submission of the people. Ting-a-ling-ling, would go a bell, a quarter of a mile away and down they would

all go to the stone floor. After remaining there a few moments, crossing themselves and mumbling a prayer, ting-a-ling-ling in the far distance, and up they would rise. Up and down they humbled themselves at the command of the priest, the same as the circus horse canters around the ring at the crack of the ring-master's whip, or as I would command my dog, Fido, to stand on his hind legs and speak.

The treasury is the room containing the relics. It cost me two marks (50 cents), but I paid it willingly. For the first time in my life, I saw a piece of "The True Cross." Now you needn't laugh, and say "Chestnut!" The piece is there, about the size of a steel pen (very precious) and I saw it with mine own eyes, and it was in a glass jewelled case, with stones of value enough to endow an old woman's home. I saw the skeleton of an old German saint. His bones, from head to foot, were thickly plated with gold. These golden running-gears have curative properties, and at twenty-five cents a touch, will cure a menstrual flux, a chronic diarrhea, or the old bone ager. I saw numerous other precious bones, and apostolic splinters and napkins soaked with the blood of martyrs which blood though dried for a thousand years, gets a spurt on itself now and then and runs all around over the napkin. This rare and eccentric transformation takes place generally when the finances of the church run low. At the time of these moist spells the napkins will cure most any disease, and is well worth trying, in all those cases where the doctors have failed.

There are numerous tombs in this great church. Some are in the walls, some in the floor and some in big stone sarcophagi. One in particular, had a stone image of the inclosed saint lying on its back on top of the sacophagus. This image is held in special veneration. It was in a big cage and could only be seen through heavy iron bars. This stone image, for its entire length, was covered with a heavy arched wire screen, just like a rat trap, and the screen firmly fastened to the sacophagus. This, I suppose is to keep the saint from walkin' off, and they can't afford to let a good money-maker give them the slip.

The people of Cologne seemed to be prosperous. My first impressions on entering the German empire on the social and labor questions, were good. I saw great factories coming into Cologne, and there was much the air of an American city. But labor throughout Germany cannot be estimated by Cologne, as I afterwards found out, and of which I will speak later.

Up the Rhine, I took the morning steamer at Cologne for Mayence, an all day trip. It was a gloriously beautiful day, as I steamed up between the castled crags and the vineclad hills, where lovers wander wooing in soft moonlit hours. It was all that I expected, except the timber is wholly denuded, and a castle to be imposing

and romatic, must have all the touches of Nature in her primitive wildness.

Hills which are almost mountains are covered with the vine clear to the tops. Nearly all are terraced to keep from washing. Every little space around great cliffs and rocks, if only six by ten feet is utilized. Every four or five miles is a great castle in ruins, silent monuments of "the days of old, when knights were bold and barons held their sway." These barons were absolute kings over their territories, generally tyrannical, lascivious and drunken. Their peasants were mere chattels. One baron would fall out with a neighbor, then both would arm their soldiers and peasantry, and sail in and fight. They would end with a compromise, and one would give his daughter to the others son in marriage, then all wind up with a big feast, and drunk. It never occurred to the peasantry that if, instead of fighting each other, they would join against the barons they might put an end to the powers which led them to such suffering and death among themselves. But the same conditions exist today. The kings and nobles of earth are still the barons in disguise. They draft the peasantry into the army, put a gun in their hands, as they used to put a pike, and train them and force them to kill. It is only the local feud on a national scale.

These old castles are surely picturesque. Some of them rest on great rocks, rising precipitously out of the beautiful river. When I was a boy I used to read of the lorleis and mermaids on the Rhine—how they would play entrancing music on their harps and sing such low, sweet songs under the window of the princess who slept up in the tower, and how gently they would waken her without awakening any one else, and she would come to the window and they would tell her secrets of her lover and bring her sweetest messages and then pass on up the moonlit river while the music from their harps died away in the enchanting distance.

Well, I listened to hear that music and strained my eyes to see a mermaid, but luck was against me, and I didn't get a sight of a single one.

Guess I didn't drink enough Rhine wine.

Bingen is a beautiful little city of eight or ten thousand inhabitants, and is made famous by two popular stories. One is that of a bad Bishop of Bingen, who fled to a little tower, which stands at the waters' edge on a little island in the river opposite to the town. But the rodent crossed over after him, got in the tower and ate him up. Our boat passed within a hundred feet of "The Mouse tower on the Rhine," as it is called. I thought of how I used to believe that story when a boy and said "Rats!"

The other story is that of the soldier in the poem, "Bingen on the Rhine," and which has made the name "Bingen" famous the world over. This place has had its barons bold, it has had war-

riors and statesmen, and great battles have been fought around it, but nothing has given it the celebrity that this little poem has, and why? Because it strikes a common chord and vibrates upon the heart-strings of all humanity. Some people dislike poetry and throw it contemptuously aside; but here is an instance where it proves the commanding power of expression. Told in prose, the world would never have noted it, and Bingen would never have been famous as the birthplace of the soldier who lay dying in Algiers.

I stopped over night at Mayence or Mainz, as the Germans call the town. It is a charming city of about 25,000 Here is stationed 10,000 of the Kaiser's troops, and husky looking fellows they are. I have never seen a soldiery so richly caparisoned and formidable looking. The French soldier is insignificant appearing both in size and dress; but the Kaiser's troops breathe the atmosphere of war. If his troops all look like those at Mayence, Germany indeed, may be reckoned as a great miltary power. But, oh! the sacrifice, the starvation, the toil and the tears, to maintain it. But there is a power to-day mightier than armies. It had its beginning, too, right here in Mayence, and its first blow was struck by Johann Gutenberg, when he invented and put type into practical use. I visited the house in which he lived and the splendid monument erected to his memory. The inscription reads, as near as I could get it, as it is in Latin:

"The knowledge of the ancients, and the wisdom of Greece and Rome, and which they kept unto themselves, he has given to all the world and the world will forever honor him."

That is a grand inscription I think, and it is significant that the savage priests, always the enemies of progress and enlightenment, declared his type the work of the devil, and raised a mob which destroyed the type and burned his humble shop; but it was set up again and his invention is destined to be the death of all the imperious forces which make targets of the bodies of men. Great was Johann Gutenberg of Mainz.

Heidleberg is of particular interest to all Liberals, as here is a famous university, in which men of science, fearlessly give their thought to the world. Here, once a hotbed of superstition and religious strife, here where Christian blood was shed by Christian, now reigns a Rationalistic school, which commands the intellectual respect of all the world, while the clergy of the community are unknown, unhonored and unsung. Here too is a curious relic of the reformation. It is that of the largest church in the city which is used by both Catholic and Protestant. After the followers of the Prince of Peace had exhausted themselves in killing each other the few remaining agreed to settle the question of ownership by divid-

ing the church with a partition. They drew lots and the Protestants got the front with steeple, and the Catholics the back half. There is a little cupola with a cross on it, in the center of the roof, showing where the Catholic half begins and a side door was made for their entry, and there both sects still worship under the same roof, the Protestants still screaming hell-fire and halleluyar, while through a thin partition the Catholic is still chanting mumbo, jumbo, domino, ringing his bells and swinging his stink-pot, and both alike still believing that he knows best how to please God Almighty. The back end of this church runs right up aganst the university of Heidelberg. There you have Protestantism,Catholicism and Science and you may take your choice.

Here is where Christians who are supposed to set an example before the world of loving their enemies, show how long and well they are capable of hating each other. Queer people ain't they?

The castle is the greatest ruin in Germany and among the greatest in the world. I spent nearly a day here, in and out of its moats and dungeons, through its great halls, and over its ruined battlements and towers.

High up on the mountain side, right over the city, it commands one of the greatest views imaginable. It required about three hundred years to build this castle, each baron adding to it. It covers about twelve acres. Its construction is simply amazing. From the side of the declivity it was impossible to be attacked. From the mountain side it is surrounded by a mote sixty feet deep. Such tremendous walls, such awful chasms, such immense construction, I had never seen before. Here I saw what was meant by the drawbridge and port-cullis, and all the means of defense in the only place it could be attacked.

I saw walls in the castle itself twelve feet thick. Great gaps and rents are to be seen here and there. The dungeon tower was cracked open clear to the ground and the glorious sunshine pouring in. I looked down into this hole or well rather, 100 feet deep and six feet in diameter. The only light or ventilation for the prisoner was from the top which opened out in the dark torture chamber. This dungeon tower was in a remote corner of the castle where the screams of the victims could not be heard as he was being starved to death. As I stood there and looked down into that awful hole, I grew bitter at heart as I thought of the heartlessness and hypocrisy of men. Even to-day in prison and in dungeon and in Siberian hell holes, men suffer for no crime of their own.

I grew all the more bitter because I had just come out of the chapel where those barons worshipped and prayed.

How could they sleep, I said, how could they laugh and quaff and feast, and maidens make merry when they knew that a human being, under their own roof, away down, down in the black hole of

the dungeon tower was being starved to death; when they knew that if they would go to that hole and listen they might hear all night long his faint, feeble, pitious moans ascending through the pitched darkness. How could they feast and make merry? How could they worship? I knew not, unless it was, that worship eased their black and heartless consciences. The assassins who took part in St. Bartholomew all went to mass before they began the massacre.

But while these bitter thoughts came, happier ones also arose.

As I stood high up on the great ramparts and looked far down upon the beautiful little city and far over the valley, I thought of the mighty changes time had wrought. When this great castle was built, it looked down upon forests where men hunted the deer and wild boar, and herded their flocks and tilled the grape. Stately and new and strong and grand it looked down upon the woodman's humble hut and his half savage wife and weans. A bugle blast from his tower would bring to the baron's side a thousand abject serfs ready to do his slightest will. Then the great turrets and battlements rose high and shone in their beauty and in their might.

To-day they stand in ruins and overlook—what?

They look down upon a great university directly at their feet which is daily adding to the wealth of the human mind. They look down upon a beautiful city, upon the mighty instruments of steam and electricity, upon the railway and the factory and fair fields and peaceful human industry. This is the change that time has wrought. And so, said I, shall every power to-day, every power which seeks to rule the bodies and brains of men for their own selfish purposes, every castle of king and temple of superstition, like thee, Great Heidleberg shall stand in ruins, and men will come to stand among them, as I stand in thee, and wonder and ponder over the lives and thoughts of those who once inhabited them.

I fell in with the colony of American students, was shown through the great university; and later spent the evening with them, and was given an insight to the student life, and to the duelling practice. The university building is so unpretentious that in looking for it, I passed it several times, looking ahead for an imposing collection of buildings, and not giving it a second glance. When I had passed it several times, I was directed back over the streets, I had travelled to pass it again. Finally, while standing right on the corner, a man came along to whom I made inquiry, and I was told —"right here is the place."

It is a very plain three story building standing at the corner of two narrow streets, one of them almost as narrow as an alley, and no sign to indicate the use of the building.

All over Europe, in England as in France, Belgium and Germany, I saw women and children gleaning wheat—that is gathering the very few stray heads left after the harvest. As they glean but

little, the conditions of such people must be very wretched to necessitate such labor. Very few women work in the fields in England, but in France I could see them everywhere engaged in the lighter work; but in Germany is where they keep up with both man and ox.

As I only crossed a corner of Belgium, I could form no opinions of the general conditions, but I saw eight young girls of fourteen to seventeen working in a freight yard. Some of them were pushing a freight car along the track, and others were cleaning dust of some kind, out of the cars using shovel and broom. All the mowing of hay in Germany is done with the old fashioned scythe, and it is the very hardest kind of work and tests your back if anything does. I have been there. Unless a person has the swing or sleight, there is no more killing work. I saw thousands of women mowing and keeping right up with the men.

I saw them loading hay and loading manure. I saw them digging potatoes, cutting corn and worming tobacco, in fact nearly every kind of farm work. I saw women working in a peat bog and loading and hauling peat. I saw a woman and a dog pulling a wagon and it was a common sight to see a woman pulling with a cow, and I want to say to Mrs. Henry that the women in Germany have not yet "contrived to slip their halter."

Even the female of the cattle tribe don't get off so easily, for she has to work at the wagon and plow and furnish milk at the same time for the family, but I'll say this much for the cows—they get the best that is raised, and are fat and well cared for. I saw a woman in the field loading fodder and her girl, about seventeen, was on on side of the wagon tongue, pulling with the cow. It was raining and the girl was slightly dressed and bare-headed. The cow had a duck covering over her and her health thus cared for. You see, it would be easier to replace the girl than the cow. In fact, the girl would be less a loss than the cow.

This not a joke, it is in fact a serious condition. The labor of the cow was of more value than of the girl. The cost of living for her is less and the cow don't have to be dressed. Beside she produces milk, butter and cheese. Therefore the girl worked in the rain bareheaded while the cow was carefully protected. The loss of a cow is worse than death in a family.

Work in the fields didn't seem to affect the young girls, for they all look healthy and are built on the Durham plan. But ah! the wreck in a few years, when they marry and still have to work in the fields and cook, and breed, and take care of children all at the same time. What pitiable creatures they are at forty, old before their time, bent and wrinkled, mis-shapen and black with the tan, "the weight of centuries" upon their backs, and in their faces, "no upward looking and the light."

It was seldom I saw a young man in the field. They all go to the army or emigrate. Having once had a touch of army life they will not go back to the farm. Their poor old mothers and their sisters take their places. There is no sight sadder than some I saw. Sometimes I would see a poor old woman away off by herself—so solitary looking—mowing hay, and I would watch her swinging away until the train carried me out of sight.

Never have I felt so incensed as when passing through a beautiful valley where women and girls were at work everywhere, I saw about a thousand of the Kaiser's cavalry dashing along the smooth turnpike. They were all young men, out for exercise and a grand appearance they presented. Some of their mothers and sisters must have been over in the field at work. The contrast made me so mad that I just rose and cussed. The people in the compartment didn't understand what I was cussin' about, as they were all Swiss and Dutch, and I reckon they thought I was crazy, as they continued to look at me queerly when I had settled down. I wished and still wish that every king and titled puppet of the earth were confined to the limits of the ruins of old Heidelberg. More and more I see that the great questions before us, are the economic, questions. Nations would not need great standing armies if they would but cut loose from the king idea; but they have to down the priest idea, the "divine right" before they can get rid of the king. It is all wrong that women should cook and till the soil and bear children and train them and thus make sacrifices of their lives that they may furnish sons for the protection of kings. But for kings and noble gentlemen who contribute nothing to the wealth, health, literature or good of mankind, there would seldom be a war. The sons would take the mother's place in the field. They would own their own land instead of having to rent.

It is barbarous, it is outrageous. I saw women in the cities of Germany carrying the hod. Some carried it on their heads and some on their shoulders. I was told that this was common over most of Germany. I must say that my pity extended to the men on the farms too. They all look to be old. I saw an old man going to the field with a scythe on his shoulder and walking with a cane and limping as he walked. No doubt the men regret that they have to depend upon the women, and what noble women those poor creatures are, ignorant thought they be, wrinkled and black their faces and hands, and bent their bodies, doing their part in the field and more than their part in the home. My heart goes out to them, and I shall never cease to lift my voice against the tyranny that levels them down to the labor of the dog and the cow.

And I shall never cease to condemn the clergy, who remain silent, and who leave it to others to protest against the cruel wrong.

These conditions, I will state here were observed in the Southern

part of Germany on the road leading from Heidelberg to Lucerne. I did not see the same in the Northern parts of the Empire, and do not think, like conditions prevail all over the Empire.

Bad as these conditions of women seem, we Americans cannot point the finger of shame at Germany, for the conditions here, are but little better. Here, too, women work in the fields, and follow even more slavish employments in the sweatshop and factory, and store. The child-labor of the United States is such a disgrace to us, that there is no occasion for us to hold up the labor conditions in other countries with scorn and contumely. I tell just what I saw, but at the same time, wish to be perfectly fair, and aim to see the good as well as the bad, and not condemn another country for the faults possessed by our own. There are good and bad in all peoples, even the wildest savage, and no nation, however inferior, but possesses some things, superior to any other nation. Germany is one of the great nations in the world. It has a superior people, which superiority is shown wherever they colonize. They are leaders in manufacture and agriculture, and rank first among the advanced and scientific thinkers of the world. Where you find Germans, you either find personal liberty, or the strong persistent demand for it. And where you find personal liberty, you find the highest and most progressive type of humanity. Germany is in the lead toward reconstructing the entire government of mankind.

CHAPTER VI.

Switzerland.

The beauty of a country, to me, depends not only upon the natural scenery, but the life given it by human effort, progress and habitation. Signs of prosperity, peace and plenty, beautiful homes, gardens, orchards and fields, soften down the rugged desolation of Nature, and touch it with the ideals that makes existence beautiful.

In this respect English rural life is a dream, but Switzerland, in most respects, surpasses it. Its mountains and lakes and rich green slopes and high state of cultivation, and quaint, beautiful homes and ever variegated landscapes, quick changing from green valley and silver cascade to glistening mountain top, compose a and picture most charming of all.

Switzerland, take it all in all, is a poor country, so far as wealth goes, and always will be poor. This is due to the fact that only a small part of her surface is tillable. The result is that her valleys are over-populated. The beautiful mountain scenery attracts people. They are content with no other life. Thousands are simply human eagles with aeries among the crags. They live among and above the clouds. Often they do not see the valley for a whole day, or days. Wherever they can find an acre or two that can be tilled far up the mountain sides and at seemingly inaccessible heights, there you will see a Swiss cot. They raise goats, cattle, fruits, vegetables, gather chestnuts, and some-how manage to live. The clouds keeep the grass green and rich, clear to the mountain tops. The finest dairy I saw in Europe was browsing 5000 feet up along the sides of Mount Pilatus. Switzerland has the finest cows in the world. They are all of the Jersey breed, very large, smooth and fat.

As I previously said the lakes, mountains and beautiful scenery attract and create a surplus population, and the country is poor. But for the money left by the annual influx of visitors, I don't know how the people here could live. They are sharp traders, and ask big prices for everything from the visitor. They make wonderful toys and one of their chief sources of income is from woodcarving, in which art, they are masters. There are plenty of churches in Switzerland, but they are not greatly attended. In every book-store window I noticed a predominance of books on social economy science and government, and but few theological works.

Monks are to be seen everywhere, and to a person not used to the sight of these peculiar creatures, it would seem that he had stepped backward into some dim century.

You know that Jesus having gone up into a mountain, the monks have to go up in the mountains, and what a wildgoat appearance some of them make, when they come down from their perches. The idea of going up into a mountain to worship Jesus is derived from the sun worship of the Pagans, who, looking upon the sun as the highest manifestation of Diety, desired to look upon and worship him as early and as late as possible, and when he had passed from sight, they lighted fires on the mountain to represent him by night.

Upon prominent heights, the Catholics plant large crosses. I never saw any one notice them but once. That was an old woman, kneeling before one with a huge bucket on her head; and a great bundle of switches on her back. That said I, is the secret of the power of Christianity; the burden it has ever placed on both the brain and body of woman.

On a high, sharp rock, pointing out in lake Lucerne, is a very large statue of Jesus extending his hands out over the waters, as in the act of saying, "Peace, be still." But they say the waters get on a terrible rampage now and then, during the mountain storms, and they won't be still worth a cent. I travelled all around the Swiss lakes and noticed everywhere little box-like houses along the shore containing a statue of Jesus. These little houses are about three feet wide and five feet high, made of wood and white-washed, with a little window two feet long, arched at the top, and through which could be seen the statue. The structures looked just exactly like a good-sized dog-house.

These little shrines are sometimes placed on a rock sticking up out of the lake where they can not be reached by any one, in which case, the window has no covering or protection, but all those on the shore have heavy wire screens or bars over the windows, and Jesus looks as though he was in jail. These bars, I suppose, are either for the purpose of keeping Jesus from walking off, or keeping bad people from demolishing him.

In passing by so many of these shrines it was a relief to come to the monument of a great rationalist, that of Schiller, the German poet. This monument is a natural rock, eighty feet high, rising out of the lake. It is the exact shape of an old fashioned tombstone, rounding to a point at the top. On the side, in letters that can be read a half mile away, is his name and inscription.

By this comparison, I would not, in any way depreciate Jesus. I think he deserved better than to be pictured as a lunatic, and his body strung up on a cross stick, and exposed to the morbid gaze of ignorant and weak-minded people, for the purpose of extracting money from them by exciting their sympathies.

But I couldn't help but contrast the towering rock, fashioned by nature, for one of the greatest defenders of human liberty, and the little dog-houses fashioned by bloated priests, for the domicile of of an image that stands for antagonism to all free expression of thought. A whole ship-load of people pointed to the monument of Schiller as they passed, but not one did I see noticing a shrine of Jesus, or say a word about them.

The lakes of Switzerland are beautiful beyond description. You must see them to comprehend their magnificence. Pictures tell you nothing. From Lucerne to Fluellen is thirty miles, lake all the way, now narrowing to a small passage, then opening into a good sized body of water. In many places the mountains come straight down into the water and you can look far up their bleak sides into the regions of eternal snow.

I stopped at the chapel of William Tell, walked for two miles, high up along the mountain sides, along a road cut in the rock, to Fluellen, right in the heart of the Alps. From there I took coach to Altdorf, three miles, at which village is a splendid statue of William Tell and son, erected on the spot where he is said to have performed the wonderful feat of shooting an apple from his boy's head.

The inscription on the monument states that "As long as the mountain stands the people will not forget the shot of Wm. Tell."

The shot is regarded as a very insignificant feat to-day, and besides, it has come to be regarded, generally, that Wm. Tell is a myth.

If I remember right, Rev. Robert Taylor in the "Devil's Pulpit." gives the origin of the myth.

Anyhow, I went with the crowd and saw the grand scenery, and was well rewarded in tracing up the footsteps even of a myth.

Mount Pilatus is the highest peak in the vicinity of Lucerne. It is not capped wth snow, owng to its proximity to the lakes. I thought, when on the Eiffel Tower that a thousand feet up was something fearful, but when I went up seven and a half times that high, it took my breath completely. Mount Pilatus takes its name from Pontius Pilate, who, in his last days, retired to this mountain, from remorse for the part he took in the death of Jesus. This mountain, more than any other, is subject to storms, and commingling with the roaring and howling of the winds, can still be heard the shrieks and groans of Pontius Pilate.

After getting up 5,000 feet every ten feet therafter seemed another Eiffel Tower. It requires nearly two hours to ascend the mountain. As the cog-train moves very slowly, a magnificent view is afforded.

Great chasms, gorges, cataracts, forests of magnificent pine, here and there a Swiss cottage, and green plots of ground, the grass being very luxurant, sheep, goats, beautiful cows, shepherd lassies, on up through tunnels, cuts, over mountain streams, canyons, now

through a cloud, into sunshine, on up, almost straight up at times, around ledges overlooking frightful abysses, thinking every moment that we had surely reached the top, when a sharp turn would reveal another appalling ascent ahead, resolving at each turn of the wheel that if I ever got to the top and down, I would never be so foolish as to venture the like again, on up among the barren peaks, which were lofty mountains within themselves, and finally to the station. A climb of 500 steps took us to the extreme summit.

Oh, what a sight! what a sight! Lucerne looking like a town plot in your geography. The steamers far below looking like small skiffs, green mountain sides fringing the blue lakes, yawning depths, frightful fissures, cascades springing to catch the sunlight, drifting clouds enveloping us, entirely obscuring our view, only to pass away, and to permit a new burst of glory to strike on the sight, white frozen peaks all around, pierced the blue distance and stood like sentinels of chastity and truth over the warm, vaccillating and passionate earth below.

And Oh! the feelng of littleness that came over me. "What an insect am I, standing up here," I said. Upon the level ground you do not feel the vastness of the earth. But upon a mountain top, the sensation of immensity overwhelms you. I had the same feeling at sea after sailing for days through the water—the vastness of the ocean ever expanding, while I felt myself contracting all the time. But after all, I said to myself, my head is above the mountain top. This brain of man has shown its contempt for Nature and propelled a steam locomotive over your chasms and under your rocks and through your clouds, and up your frightful precipices where only the winged creatures, or the sharp hoofed chamois dare venture, and here I stand head-high above your lofty brow, and time-defying crags. This brain of man has measured the distance of the great golden sun sloping to the West, and the myriad night worlds that pierce the cerulean ether.

I remained all night at the hotel on the mountain for the purpose of seeing the sun set and rise.

I had seen him dip under the ocean, painting the skies with solid crimson, tinting the pearly clouds with rainbow glories and streaking the dimpled surface of the sapphire sea with golden streaks of liquid fire. I had seen him rise up among the clouds of the morning, scattering his diamond rays over the lone and stately ship, plowing so majestically toward him, through his scintillant silver path.

It was now my privilege to see him go down between the mountain tops, tinting their glistening snows with an ever varying crimson, which melted into glowing shades of pearl and purple, softly, gently, dreamily fading into the drowsy dusk.

Ever larger and larger he expanded and grew as he bade fare-

well to the watching world, and I thought of some grand old men and women I know, whose lives likewise are growing larger and larger with the approach of death's night.

But gloriously beautiful as was his setting, it was not to be compared with his lingering after glow.

High into the skies of crystalline blue, he shot his pointed spikes of burnished gold. Those bright stars, the advance couriers of Queen Dian, came out of their dusky battlements, as if to wave farewell to the kingly ruler of the glowing day. As farther and farther he receded from earth, slowly his golden beams melted into the silver blue of the night, and around the lone and ghost-like peaks, circled the wheeling stars.

And as I sat alone on the mountain top, looking down into miles of darkness, then in the direction of the sun, whose light still lingered pale above the far horizon, I said, "Let my life be at least, a little like the Sun's." Let it warm and cheer during the day, let it grow larger with the night, and when at last its feeble fires are forever extinguished, let there be, if only for a few moments, a lingering, golden afterglow. Though I am neither what I should be, nor what I could be, with weaknesses and failings common to the human, with tempests of opposition, and clouds of discouragements, which hide, at intervals my better self, with rainy days that completely obscure every bright ray of being, still like the sun, let me ride over and break through, and dissipate all the clouds of gloom and despair. Let me live and labor to assist those in the low valley to nobler heights. Let me not forget the fogs and the eternal darkness in which many sad minds grope. Let me, a little, at least, endeavor to help them in the direction of the mountain top, and should any reach it through my assistance, and live to see my life's sun forever set, may it not go down in clouds and darkness, but shining clear and bright, linger a little while in grateful memorys' afterglow.

Such should be the wish and resolve, especially of every Liberal, of every man and woman who enlists in the battle for human liberty. We should strive through our weaknesses and failings to rise from our dead selves to higher things, and at the same time, help others to rise with us.

I was up early and at the top of the 500 steps to see the sun rise. I realized for the first time the full meaning of Shakespeare's saying:

"Jocund Day stood tip-toe on the misty mountain top."

Ah! the glorious old orb had left a shining after-glow clear around the world.

I saw him silver the Eastern mountain tops, send his diamond shafts through dark pines and deep defiles, streak the crystal lake

with gleaming fire, dissolve the clouds to gentle rain, and paint a rainbow on the mountain wall.

I spent a day looking around Lucerne, a beautiful city of 30,000 inhabitants. Many Europeans and some Americans have built handsome houses here, and around the borders of the lakes for miles are the most charming villas. The "Lion of Lucerne" you have heard of.

There is but little manufacturing and agriculture and the revenue derived from the constant flow of visitors is the chief means of existence. The Swiss are great farmers. Every spade full of soil is utilized, no matter how far up the mountain it is found. The soil is very rich, and it is cared for as the miser cares for his treasures. The clouds supply moisture and the grass is more luxuriant and green than in our finest Maytime. You will see wonderful green slopes that appear straight up and down, away up the mountain side., a mile high. The grass takes hold even in the rocks. Right on the very top of Mt. Pilatus I noticed rich tufts of grass which had taken root where the rock had crumbled and made a little dust. I have had a greater respect for grass since seeing this. In fact, I believe that in time, grass will become a common food. Why not? It it rich in all the elements that nourish bone and tissue, and I believe that a diet of grass would prove an up-builder of a people. It is cleaner and more palatable than many of the roots and weeds upon which we feed and the taste for which is largely a matter of education.

I believe that the time will come when "Go to grass" will mean "Dinner is ready," and that people will say with Bottom, "Good hay, sweet hay hath no fellow."

The people of Lucerne talk French, and they are great linguists. I had but little trouble in getting around as most of the trades people talked a muddle English, but they get everything backward, and they can't comprehend you unless you talk backward yourself. A woman had lost a gold ring, and an advertisement was pasted up in the steamer, both in French and English. The English read this way, "Lost—A Golden Lady's ring. Liberal reward."

I was told that the Protestants and Catholics are about equally divided in Switzerland, and that in some cantons, sixty per cent. of the people are Protestants and talk German, and in others sixty per cent. are Catholic and talk French. The Protestants are more bigoted than the Catholics. In Geneva, Protestant Sunday is like a grave-yard. In Lucerne Catholic, everything is wide open and people happy.

There is complete separation of State and church, and they seem to get along well together. By completely cutting them both out, Switzerland, once the theater of terrible inquisitions, both Catholic and Protestant, has succeeded in putting superstition in a state

of inocuous desuetude, and that is the only way to do it. The public school system is in fine working shape, and the private schools, especially those instructing in the languages, are very numerous. As it is, those in the valleys, and along the lakes and railroads prosper, while the mountain people just eke out a scanty existence. I drove out ten miles in the mountains to see them. I saw villages of six to ten houses huddled against each other, two stories high, built of rude stone and covered with stone roofs. They had been standing there for 500 years and looked like ruins.

It is common to see the people come into Lucerne loaded with switches which they sell for fuel. It is also common to see women driving one or two cows to a rude cart containing fruits, vegetables, cheese, etc. She will stop at your door and supply you with her truck, or milk you a quart of milk if you want it. The cows are generally the very finest. Frequently a cow and mule are hitched together.

Wherever there is poverty the condition of women is necessarily wretched, but I did not see as much degradation of women in Switzerland as in Germany. They do not have the army conditions to contend with. No doubt but republican institutions have a liberating and elevating effect upon men, and this reacts in elevating woman. The women have their priest and parson, however, and as long as they keep these travelling on the railroads and eating at hotels, they may expect to have to drive cows into town and milk them at people's doors. At the Hotel de Europe, at which I stopped, there were five big priests, all swilling wine at each meal.

The tipping and gouging in Switzerland are not to be exceeded anywhere in Europe. I will give an illustration:

At Brunnen, a town along the lake where the steamer stopped for a quarter of an hour, I went into a cigar store, which was left in charge of a boy, I picked out a cigar that I thought I would like, and he asked me 60 centimes for it—12 cents in our money. I put it back and finally settled on one that cost 35 centimes or 7 cents. Cigars in Europe are simply vile. I noticed a card in the box from which I had first selected, which read:

I. S.—20 to 30; F. G.—30 to 40; E. A.—50 to 60.

I mentioned this to a gentleman on the steamer and asked if he could make it out. He smiled and said that:

"I. S.' stands for Italian-Swiss; 'F. G.' stands for French-German; 'E. A.' stands for English-American."

And that the card was directions to the boy how to charge. It was evident that the boy had me down pat as he charged me the top-notch price. From four cents Italian to twelve cents American for the same cigar—three times the difference.

But this is a fair example of how they gouge Americans for everything. When I left Lucerne, I thoughtlessly, carried the key

of my room off with me. I was standing in the depot waiting for the train when two men came rushing up, with the most outlandish chatter I ever heard. They seemed excited, and put their hands in their pockets and pointed at my pockets, and went through all kinds of gyrations, talking a blue streak, and seemed menacing and about to eat me up. I told them that I didn't know them, and for heaven's sake, to speak one at a time, and talk United States, but they didn't understand me any more than I did them. Finally I picked up my valise and walked off, and then they took hold of me. I swiped one of them across the face with my umbrella, and both let loose. Then they got a policeman and had me arrested. As I couldn't understand him, he got an interpreter, and I was informed that I had run off with the key of my room, with the insinuation that I was a key thief.

I felt in my pocket and sure enough their suspicions were verified. The goods were on me. I gave it to one of the fellows, and told him something in United States that he did not understand, then picked up my valise again and walked off through the crowd that had gathered.

Presently there was another big commotion at my heels. The men were again making some kind of demand and enough noise for a mob. I asked a Cook agent who came up, what they wanted now, and he said, "They expect a tip."

Here were two big men, came after a little five cent key, and put me to all that trouble, and had me arrested, and then wanted a tip. Oh! you'll have your troubles if you ever travel over here. I told the interpreter what to tell them, but I will ask you to excuse me for not repeating it here.

Beggary, beggary, everywhere in a thousand forms until you get sick and tired of it.

On my way to Italy, I passed through St. Gotthard tunnel, which is nine miles long. The train was twenty four minutes in going this distance. From there on Switzerland is wholly Alpine in character and the ride is one never to be forgotten. It was four o'clock when we reached Como, Italy. The train stopped for a long time, and the more I looked at the enchanting lake and the villas, and the dreamy mountains. I couldn't resist, so got off, checked my baggage, took an excursion steamer, and went the entire length of this most beautiful living spot, so regarded by some, in all the world.

I thought of those passionate words of Love which Claude Melnotte poured into the ears of Pauline, the Lady of Lyons, when he described his mythical palace by the lake of Como, as he looked into "the dear starlight of her haunting eyes, while her bright image glassed in his soul, took all the hues of glory, luring him on to those inspiring toils, by which man masters men, and borrowing from each grace and every muse such attributes, as lend ideal

charms to love—love which, like death, levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook beside the scepter." Claude did not draw the picture too strong. The lake and mountains are robed in a distinct hue of purple, and the white walls and red tiled villas and palaces rising one above the other far up the green mountain sides, was a picture that will live in my memory. By ten the followng morning, I was in Milan.

CHAPTER VII.

Italy.

I am now on Christianity's native heath, and will aim to picture what it has done for humanity and civilization. Because of its centuries of domination of Italian thought, and also of the thought of Europe, no subject can be of greater importance, or of more interest than the past and present of Italy. I will therefore look into her religious, social and educational conditions, and will endeavor to be charitable and fair. When a man conceives that he is better than any one else, and that he knew it all, progress has reached its limit in that individual. The same may be applied to a nation.

It has been the habit and fashion of a great many Americans who have travelled in the old world, to say, on their return, "America is the only country upon which the sun shines." Like the missionaries, who go out to India, they can tell you all about the bad, and none of the good.

You may look for an exception here. I will not admit that any man is a better American than myself, or has more pride for home and native land.

I will not admit that any man loves better her mountains, her valleys, her forests, her green carpeted plains, her rocks, her rills, her flowers, or her sunshine tangled in the shade of her wild-woods.

But when it comes to Humanity, the Italian is as much my brother man as the American. Whatever affects his happiness, liberty and prosperity, affects my own. I propose to tell you the bad, but I will not be blind to the good. Wherever I have travelled, I have noticed that the sun has shined upon all men with impartial light. As Shakespeare says, "The sun with one eye vieweth all the world; He fiires the proud tops of the Eastern pines, and darts his light through every guilty hole."

I propose to tell you just what I see, hear and know. This much I have learned already— there is not a very great difference between nations and humanity. The social and economic defects seen in governments here, are duplicated in our own. All nations have somethings superior in themselves and peculiar to themselves, and it must not be forgotten that men largely are, as climate and soil are. It would be preposterous to assume that I have acquired a thorough

knowledge of the conditions here, in the short space of time given to observation. Foreigners come to America, and go home and write a book, giving often neither the best nor the worst of us. The same faults may be mine in some particulars herein described.

Italy is a beautiful and fertile country. Most of the cereals are raised here, but fruit culture predominates. I will speak further of agriculture when I see more of it, but so far, I judge the Italian to be a skillful farmer.

In America, not how good, but how cheap, is the first question to be considered in public improvements, and besides a big rake-off must be calculated in every contract. This is due to the corruption existing in our municipal governments, and the result is, inferior public construction everywhere. The same is also to be observed in our private corporations.

In Europe, not how cheap, but how good is the first question of consideration, and there is no chance for a half a dozen to steal. All stone and bridge work is heavy and built to stay. I saw a steel bridge over the Rhine at Mayence. It is a work of art as well as a bridge. A Pittsburg firm has offered to build a new bridge at a more convenient location just for the steel in this old one.

The turnpikes are as beautiful as a private road leading up to an American mansion. "Of course, they have been a thousand years in constructing all these," you will say.

All the more to their credit, then, that they keep them up, for the life of a turn-pike is only a few years.

The road-beds of the railways throughout Europe are more solid and better kept than in America, and especially is this true in Italy. Here the government owns the railways. There is no jobbery in their construction. Whatever is done is done right. Why, if there were such a road-bed in America, as I have seen here in Italy, people would travel to see it as one of the curiosities. The difference in public construction, here and at home, is the difference between "slow and good" and "quick and cheap," and I should have included the difference between honesty and dishonesty.

Don't be offended my friends, and don't think I am less an American because I tell the truth.

America is necessarily crude in some things, because it is a new country. It is not expected to do it all in a hundred years. But there are some things in which it is not crude, and one of them is municipal corruption, and this corruption is affecting public improvements of all kinds. It is affecting art, education, yes, it is affecting even the life of our nation.

Let us not be so bigoted in our love and pride of country, that we will remain blind to the evils and dangers that menace it. Let

us not be so bigoted that we will imagine we have all the virtues and good things of existence.

Milan is the wealthiest and most modern city in Italy. It is one of the world's centers of art and music. It is rather a commercial than a manufacturing city. Here I have seen Italy at its best, and I do not expect to have as many good things to say of other Italian cities I shall visit, as I shall say of this, but I shall give the good and bad as I go along. Italy is the greatest historical country of the modern world. Here lived a people, who, excepting the Greeks, were the greatest in philosophy in the world. Here lived a people who have shaped the laws and morals of the modern world.

Here they degenerated, and upon their remains, arose a superstition which deepened the ignorance and degradation of the world for a thousand years.

Here, again Pagan Rome arose, Phoenix-like, out of its ashes, and in the persons of Galileo, Bruno, Vanini, and others, let the light in on the darkness of those centuries of superstitious cruelty and gloom. Here still sits enthroned the head of that ghostly power, which for so many centuries, has plunged the world in war, and massacre and ignorance and hate.

I propose to note the strength and influence of this power right here at its headquarters of government, its influence upon art education, morals and politics. Since it has always operated through the mind of woman, I shall particularly observe its effects upon woman.

Italy is also a by-word throughout the world for Anarchy and Socialism. I shall look deep into these questions. And, lately, Atheism and Infidelity have become factors which are looked upon with much alarm.

The Associated Press censors every dispatch that is inimical to church and crown, and the true status of conditions here are not known. All patriotic effort is scorned at, that comes from those who oppose superstition and tyranny.

The Benjamin Franklins and Thomas Jeffersons of Italy are Anarchists and assassins in the eyes of the rest of the world.

The men and women who do most for mental liberty, universal education, and representative government ,are denounced and lied about by Americans who are proud of their Republican institutions. The men, here, who are really doing something for humanity are held in about the same contumely in America, as Washington was held in England, when it placed a price on his head.

Milan is called the Paris of Italy, owing to its beautiful streets, sumptuous palaces, elegant shops, art, music and general gaiety of the people. Its streets are generally better paved than the American cities, but of course it has not the traffic we have to cut them up.

As to the people, the poorer classes compare favorably to our

own. The average crowd on the streets compares, in appearance, with the people of New York, London and Paris.

In fact, I never saw so many handsome, well dressed men, and beautiful, stylish women anywhere. In America, we judge the Italian by the Neopolitans and Sicillians who come to our shores. There are still to be seen some of this class in Milan, but the great majority are as Frenchy as Paris itself. The Italian women dress in warm colors, and such shirt-waists as you will see. They would drive the American women distracted with envy. And such array of diamonds and other jewels!

Milan has a population of 350,000 and about 500 churches. It has many palaces, art galleries, parks, public gardens, monuments, libraries, museums, and a great many private collections of paintings, sculpture, prints, engravings, ancient medals, coins, arms, bronzes and ancient valuables. It has even a crematory, and there's nothing will throw a priest into a fit sooner than the setting up of a crematory. When cremation becomes generally adopted, what will become of "the glorious resurrection" they promise to their saints? A crematory in a city is worse than an army of Atheists. They have a fine street railway system, splendid lighting and are right up-to-date in all the modern improvements. They have the best public school buildings I have seen since leaving America. They have one of the largest and finest theatres in the world, and the musician or actor who succeeds in winning the favor of the Milanese, wins an international reputation.

The people are great readers. The daily papers compare well with those of Paris and London. A book-store is to be seen on nearly every square. Their windows are full of the best and latest works, especially those on science and sociology. I saw everywhere the translated writings of Darwin, Haeckel and the French authors along these lines.

Very naturally, the cause of the happiness, prosperity and progress of the Milanese will be attributed, by many, to the presence of Christianity, which has ruled supreme here for fifteen centuries, swaying the morals and education of the people.

Many will say, "The 500 churches accomplished all this advance." But let me tell you, this city is no longer in the hands of the church. The deadly grip of modern progress and Freethought have wrenched it from the churches' clutch. When the church was all powerful, there were no public schools, and little education of any kind. The Milanese wore red bandanas on their heads instead of silk hats. They didn't have granite streets, electric light, street cars and daily papers.

The world's progress, like the sun, has pierced every guilty hole.

As I have told you Milan is the most wealthy progressive and

modern city in Italy. Strange then, that it should also be the hot-bed of Anarchy and Socialism. Are these synonomous to Italian progress? It would seen so, for where these are not, throughout Italy, the old conditions of superstition, ignorance, poverty and degradation remain.

I find here that the Anarchist and Socialist are only very mild Republicans. The dread and fear of such is only bug-a-boo. The real viciousness arises from those who would still keep the masses ignorant subservient and superstitious.

The Anarchist and Socialist demand representative government, free press, free speech, divorce, and the separation of church and state. They demand just what the Democrat in America demands, and would be satisfied with far less. From what I see of them, I would call them the mildest kind of Republicans.

I put the question to a number with whom I talked. "You claim to be peaceful Republicans, but resort to dynamite and assassination. What explanation can you make for such inconsistency?"

This, invariably, would be their reply: "You want to know why we resort to assassination. Let me first ask you, why do you resort to lynching and burning the negroes at the stake? You have assassinations in your own country, have you not?"

I tried to explain the matter of lynching. I told them that I was a Freethinker and that Christians and not Freethinkers engaged in lynching. I was compelled to say that I was ashamed of my country, and was forced to admit that lynching was largely the result of the corruption of our courts—that my country is run by politicians, not statesmen.

"Well," they would reply, "about the same causes which produce lynching in your country produce assassination here; the difference is, you have hundreds of lynchings and burning at the stakes, where we have one assassination. You attack the helpless, ignorant negro who commits an individual crime. We go after the power which corrupts and brutalizes all.

Some of you may wonder, since I cannot speak Italian, how I came to meet so many different classes of informants. I will explain. I met them generally at the cafes. In the great arcade at Milan is one of the finest cafes I saw in my travels. It is in reality a marble palace. A female orchestra is the star attraction, and all kinds of drinks and lunches are served. Here congregate the artists, actors, educators, students, lawyers, doctors and wealthy men and women too, of the city. Every evening the place was crowded. I have never seen such fine looking, well dressed people. Many of the men were in dress suits, having dropped in from the opera, or from some social function. I stepped in here every evening, and always aimed to get a chair at a table where were seated the most intelligent looking men. I would order my coffee and presently ask one of the

gentlemen if he could speak English, and so introduce myself. If he could only speak "a little bit," he would generally call some one else up as an interpreter.

Men did not hesitate to tell me that they were either Socialist or Anarchist. I would ask them to point others out and name their business or profession, as I was interested in studying their faces and classifying them. I must say, that I was amazed when professors and physicians, and Signor so and so in a dress suit, were pointed out as members of these agitating societies, and to some of them I was introduced.

I was also informed that there were certain members of the nobility backing these agitators. I asked why members of the nobility should affiliate with them, but was given no definite reply except for political reasons." Thus you see, that what information I give you, is from representative people, and not from the elements of discontent. I was told that if I wanted to see an Anarchist to look for a well-dressed gentleman. There are two classes of us, said a professor to me, the philosophical Anarchist of the Tolstoi type, who, as is illustrated by his life, will not apply force. Force is directly opposed by our philosophy and intent. But like all other societies, we have those among us, whom we cannot manage, and for whom we are blamed, but are not, in reality responsible. We can no more manage them than your government can manage the Christians who take the law in their own hands and burn negroes at the stake. Bad as some of us are, we haven't reached the point of burning, and cutting off toes and skin for souvenirs."

I asked these people what were their aims and what did they expect to accomplish.

They replied: "That they aimed to establish a Republic, separate church from state, cut down the army and police, tax all property alike, grant divorce, establish hospitals and homes for the aged, and otherwise erect a government upon humane principles," and surely no one can object to such proceedings.

For myself, I think Socialism impracticable, and that philosophical Anarchy, so-called, is only a beautiful dream. Tolstoi is a humane crank. His ideals cannot be realized as long as the negative—evil and selfishness exist in human nature. We must have law and governmnet, but as little of it as possible.

Here, they are trying to reduce the laws; in America we are piling them up mountain high.

I believe, however, from what I observed here, that these extremes of sentiment will, in time, have the effect of peacefully producing a happy mean and that a Republic will eventually arise from their propaganda. Governments change very slowly. The Freethinker and Free Mason in Italy are the powers which will temper

excited minds, and all will end well for this glorious and illustrious land.

So far as I can see, all that any of these agitating bodies ask is no more than the liberties we ourselves enjoy.

And as long as we burn negroes at the stake for a single act of criminal lust, we should not be horrified at the shooting of a King for a long life of wholesale criminality of the same character. Lynching itself is Anarchy. I am sure that lynching in America has greatly retarded Republican sentiment in the old country. It has set representative government back for fifty or a hundred years. "There's your Republican government," they say. Every one with whom I talked was quick to throw this in my face. It even horrified the Anarchist. They said, and said truly, "Lynching proves your government to be weak, and your courts to be weak, and society demoralized, when it fails to protect the criminal, and punish him by law, and the evidence of weakness is even more plain when the government itself does not even make an attempt to prosecute the lyncher."

Even such a Freethinker as Foote of London, said to me, "I don't believe in your Democracy," and pointed to lynching as evidence of our instability and degeneration.

All over Europe I noticed from four to ten soldiers at every station. Even at a very small country station there would often be six or eight. In Italy the militia seem even thicker. They are paid four cents a day. Germany is bigger-hearted and pays its soldiers six cents a day.

Here in Milan I observe soldiers, soldiers everywhere. They go in twos and threes. Likewise do the police, who are distinguished by a different uniform. Both police and militia carry short swords. I was told that one soldier goes along to protect the other. A soldier caught off by himself is occasionally given a drubbing. The people have nothing against the soldiers, but they have against the system. It is generally understood, however, that the soldiers are well infected with Socialism. On every corner, in the central part of the city, are two or three police, or soldiers, and besides, others can be seen walking along the square. Notwithstanding, the government aims to keep the labor and other agitating elements well in hand, by the presence of militia at railway stations and in the cities, still they do not keep down strikes in Milan.

There is one healthy feature of strikes. They develop organization, and the laborer and other so-called lower classes, can never obtain justice or representation in government until they organize. Heretofore the church has organized them in the interest of the State, which in turn, pays big dividends to the church. Church and army have been the only organizations the Italian masses have ever known. Now they are organizing in their own interests—conse-

quently they have learned to strike—consequently, they are on the road to Democracy. Secret societies are under the ban of the church, (which is the greatest secret society of all); yet notwithstanding the "ban," I am told that secret societies are thicker in Italy than in any other country. We at last see individualism springing up in Italy, and the leaven of Democracy leavening.

A strike and almost a riot took place while I was at Milan. The strike was for higher wages on the street and government railways, and became general. Street car conductors get 60 cents a day here. The cost of living here, as in most places, is just what you make it. I went through the markets, and into grocery and drygoods stores, and priced articles, and found everything as dear or dearer than in Cincinnati. In fact, in every city I have visited, the cost of living is greater than in Cincinnati. A man can live cheaply of course, if he only eats thin soup and bread. The street car conductors in Cincinnati get two dollars per day. Well, there were a lot of soldiers rushed into the city, and lively times anticipated, and finally some rioting. I saw women and children placed across the street car tracks, and men stand with stones ready to hurl them at the scab conductors if they dared to move the car. There were a number hurt and seriously injured throughout the city. The Italian is excitable, and makes a lot of noise woithout meaning much. It was hard to tell just which side the militia was on. The American and European papers of course reported this strike as "Anarchy broke loose." They thus give too much prominence to Anarchy, for its advocates are few compared to those of Socialism, and they are confined, principally, to students, philosophers, moralists and dreamers. Socialism is the element most active. The strikers won out and next day everything was as quiet as if nothing had happened.

The Cathedral is Milan's great show. Every one is familiar with the picture of this great structure. But a picture tells you nothing. The pictures only look like an extra big church. It is built of marble, and is 500 feet long and 275 wide. It has 6,000 statues, 250, of which are on the facade. The great windows, 80 feet high, look like marble embroidery. Imagine an interior having 100 marble pillars, twelve feet in diameter and 150 feet high. Imagine the arched ceilings which look like marbled lace work. Imagine the carvings, the paintings, the statuary, the bronze, the gilded altars and chapels, the glorious stained windows and mosaic floors.

Here labor and extortion and human life, and poverty, and ignorance and starvation and tears, are piled into a monstrous mountain of marbled magnificance.

I attended mass here several mornings and was in and out of the place at least twenty times.

Very naturally, we associate fine things with fine people, artistic things with artistic people, enlightened things with enlightened

people. With all these great cathedrals I associated the people who attend them and who are more a study to me than the church itself. I couldn't help but note the difference between those worshipping here and the people of the street, opera and cafe.

I noted that the fine people were not attracted to this fine church. Now and then, I would see an intelligent looking man, and a gorgeously dressed woman, but the great mass of worshippers were the poverty stricken and wretched, and beggars of the street. Centuries of toil and poor feeding and ignorance and degradation and slavish piety were pictured in their bent bodies and wrinkled listless countenances.

Poor devils! said I, you have a right to be here, for you are just what superstition has made you; but oh, the difference in your appearance and in that of these gilded, marble aisles. These poor wretches are attracted to this great glowing cathedral just as moths are attracted to an arc light. They come out of their dark streets, their wretched tenements, to bask awhile in these marble halls, and they experience the same ecstacy as that of the moth, which will not leave the glare which eventually singes out its life.

I leaned against one of the great columns and watched these benighted wretches pass in and out. How meek and humble they would come in. How slavishly they prostrated themselves upon the marble floors. How abjectly and child-like they worshipped and prayed. And it was pitiable to see them creep out and away from all this magnificence, as though they were out of place amid such surroundings.

I attended two masses on Sunday, when the best audiences are out, and was surprised to note the few in attendance. The biggest part of these were visitors like myself. I was told that many of the most prominent members are luke-warm, and the people generally are growing weary of the cost of keeping churches up. They are learning that they can get along without so much priest and religion. The people, generally, however, are proud of the cathedral, from the point of architecture and beauty, and it is kept in good condition, for its presence attracts visitors and money to the city.

The substerraneous chapel or crypt is finished in solid silver, and was designated by Pellegrini. In this crypt is a rock-crystal coffin lined with silver, containing the body of St. Charles Borromeo. Any one who has money to go down and sit in this silver crypt, and kneel and pray to old Saint Charley in his rock-crystal, silver-lined coffin, may be cured of all those diseases at which the doctors have tried and failed. Within this coffin is also a gold crown, an emerald cross, and a pastoral staff full of gems, all of which adds to the curative abilities of St. Borromeo's bones.

The treasury is the room which contains the most ancient and sacred of relics and jewels. It costs 25 cents to see all these things.

Here I saw bones, skins, hair, fingers, toes, shrouds and nearly all the paraphanalia of the saints and the apostles. They have one of the heads of St. Luke, and of course "a piece of the true cross," and the bodies of saints that never suffered corruption. There they lie, just as in life. They look like wax, but they are not. They are "uncorrupted flesh." I know what I am talking about, for did I not see them with mine own eyes?

Let's have no smiles. Some times the cheeks of "the uncorrupted" redden up as though the blood had started circulating, and at such times their powers of healing all incurable diseases are extra strong and effective.

St. Bartholomew was one of the martyrs of the church. A martyr always receives special reverence. The church never martyred anybody. St. Bartholomew received special honors once upon a time in Paris.

Well, it is told that Saint Bartholomew was put to death by being skinned alive, and that he lived through the ordeal, and hung his skin across his shoulders. It was this species of martyrdom no doubt, that first led the church itself to go in the skinning business. The best test of the truth of a religion is the killing of some fanatic who believed it.

Well, to commemorate the martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, his statue is erected in a prominent place in this great cathedral. It is marble, life size. He is skinned from the top of his head to the soles of his feet, and has his skin across his shoulders. It is one of the most ghastly objects I ever looked at. Everybody went to view it. I saw parents lead their children up to it, tell them the story of the saint, and teach them to cross themselves and pray to it. Nearly every child shrank away, and some cried out with fright. I saw young women kiss the saint's toes and skin, and shed tears.

To the roof of the cathedral is 158 steps. To the top of tower 496 steps. You pay 25 cents to go to the top. When you get to the roof, you find that you have to pay 25 cents more to get up in the tower and 10 cents more to see the bells.

What with the treasure and crypt and roof and tower, you can see the graft gotten out of visitors to all these big cathedrals. The income from this source is enormous, and amounts often to hundreds of dollars daily. The Roman church in Italy is kept alive from the graft it gets from the curious. Besides charges of admission, you have the contribution box shoved at you a dozen times before you get out. The top of this cathedral is a sight to behold. It is simply a forest of pinnacles and statuary. The roof itself is composed of marble slabs, three inches thick and about three feet square. Hundreds of the statues cannot be seen from the street. When the building was in course of completion, the architect was asked why he put so many statues up where people could not see them.

He replied, "God and the angels can see them."

There were about one hundred people on the roof. Country excursionists brought their dinners with them and were eating and drinking wine. To supply those without luncheon, a young man was going around with a large basket full of sandwiches and bottles of wine and was carrying on a brisk trade.

It was something out of the ordinary to me to see wine selling on top of a tabernacle of the Lord, and being brought up a tee-total-er, I was much moved at the sight.

At the same time, I was a little thirsty, as climbing steps is hot work, and a vague rememberance of what the Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina, came over me, and then I thought of what the Good Book says about taking a little wine for the stomach's sake and there being a time for all things, and then I thought of friends far away, and that there was no better time and no better place to drink to their health, than right here on the summit of this sacred edifice, so I bought a bottle, opened it, and gazing far to the Westward, said, "Here's to the land of my birth, and the friends of my heart." Then I lit a cigarette and sat down among the myriad minarets, all statue crowned, to contemplate the wonders of this masterpiece of beautiful folly.

It didn't seem so out of place after all, to see wine sold and drank on top of this cathedral. The leading commodity of this city is wine. This church was built largely, and is at present sustained by the sale of wine. Priests revel and get drunk on wine. Thus arguing, I begin to feel less guilty and that I had not very greatly sinned.

I noticed that about every third statue of a saint had a lightning rod on it, and it seemed to me that God himself, ought to take care of, and protect anything so beautiful erected in His honor. Some of the saints were ugly enough to deflect the lightning.

As before stated, the facade is adorned with 250 statues. Besides, there are many stone griffens projecting, wolves, devils, witches, lizards, owls, wild boars, hyenas and goblins of every conceivable shape, to keep Infidels and bad spirits from entering within. There are also figures of lion heads, horses, bulls, popes, angels, dogs, eagles, monkeys, birds, snakes and other sacred emblems.

But the features most to be noted are the killing scenes. There are life sized figures of an angel driving Adam and Eve out of the garden, Abraham about to kill Isaac, the figure of a saint hacked to pieces, with head, trunk, arms, and legs all separated, the decapitation of Herod, David killing Goliah, Cain killing Abel, Sampson killing the lion, a man on horseback running a spear clear through the body of a man, etc., etc.

These killing scenes on the front of a church, which claims to stand for peace and meekness, are beautifully appropriate, ain't

they? I give you all these details of this greatest cathedral (in some respects) in the world that you may have some comprehensive idea of it. I have seen pictures of this cathedral all my life, and have read about it, but when I came to view it, found that I had no comprehension of it at all.

I visited several other churches, but they are all alike in most respects. All have some wonderful relics in their crypts and treasures, and other catch devices, from which they get their graft. In the church of St. Ambrogio, they have an altar the front being made of gold plates, and the sides with silver plates, gems and little bas reliefs. They asked five francs to see this barbaric show, set up in honor of a poor homeless beggar, and I wouldn't pay it. The underground chapel contains the bodies of three saints. These are shown (like St. Anne's bone in New York), to the people, only twice a year, at which time all the sick get cured. Graft! Graft!! Graft!!!

The Last Supper.

In an old convent adjoining the church of St. Maria delle Grazie, is the celebrated fresco, "The Last Supper," by Leonardo De Vinci. You have all seen this picture. Jesus and his apostles are all sitting on one side of a rude table. When people feast they generally sit all around the table. Jesus, of course, is the center or star attraction, painted with the radium oozing out of him. On his right is St. John, who looks like a woman and is reverently bowing his head. I never could understand why Leonardo gave the rest of the disciples such rough and homely countenances and why he painted St. John as looking like a buxom, big busted voluptuous blonde. But John was "the best beloved," you know. Well, at last I had seen the original of this wonderful picture. It is about fifteen by twenty feet and painted on a wall. It has suffered from exposure, and in places is almost obliterated. It hasn't any merit and never did have any. The picture you see in steel cuts is only a restoration. The prominence of the picture is due to the fact of De Vinci being the artist, and that he was first to conceive and paint this subject. It is about on a par with the "uncorrupted saints," and "St. Anne's bone." Catholics take up any crazy old painting and make a big hulla-baloo over it, and the fool Protestants imagine it must be something great, and butt in at once and buy it. I expect that the traffic in this old daub would foot up two or three million dollars, or more.

It will be a matter of information to know that Protestantism is making headway in Italy.

There are two Jewish congregations, the Wesleyan Methodist, Church of England, Wesleyan Christian, Methodist Episcopal, Valdese Evangelical, Italian Evangelical, The Christian Church of the Brethren, and the British and Foreign Bible Society. All these

establishments indicate the growing spirit of tolerance and the gradual disintegration of the old superstition. There are also some charitable institutions. The Swiss, German and French residents have formed beneficial societies, and the municipal government is founding orphanages and homes for the aged.

The church in America boasts of her charity, beggar that she always is. She manages to keep up her institutions because she is competing with Protestantism. Here in Italy she never did anything for charity nor founded institutions of any kind. She herself was the great object of charity. Now she will have to keep up with Protestantism and the state, or lose out on the charity trick. I don't see how she is going to do it, as she has a hard time to live as it is, and people are getting on to her racket. She might, in a pinch, sell some of her crowns, jewels and golden altars.

I will not have space to tell you of every place of interest I visited, but will just mention a few. I was in the living or bed room of the late composer, Verdi, which contains all of his personal belongings. Ah! this to me, was a shrine. Here was harmony, rest and peace. If there is any music in the world, which, more than another, inclines me to the belief in another life, it is Verdi's Miserere, from the opera of the Trovatore. It does not seem to be music of this life. When I hear it, I stop all other thought and as I listen, it seems to me, that it is a voice, a soulful symphony of some departed love or friend stealing out of the mysterious void, returning to the habitations of its old time world affections.

Of course I visited all the museums and art galleries, the "Brera Academy of Arts" being the finest. It is nearly all of the sacred character, mostly superstitious daubs. No human being, having the love of life and the beautiful in his soul would want to go to a heaven having such inhabitants as these old masters painted. Of course there is some very fine art to be seen. The monument to Leonardo De Vinci, in the Piazza della Scala is perhaps the finest piece of sculpture. The arcade is the largest in the world. It is in the form of a cross, running two squares each way. In the center is a dome 180 feet high. Its interior is finished in marble and decorated with numerous pieces of sculpture and painting. It is almost as great a wonder as the cathedral.

To me, the greatest wonder in Milan is the castle. The cathedral is great in its way, but as there are so many other great cathedrals, each cheapens the other. But I have seen nothing in magnitude, nothing to inspire such wonder, horror and mightiness of ancient power, as this castle. It was the residence of the ancient dukes of Milan, and is a combination of fortress, palace and buildings of state, situated right in the center of the city, and covers thirty to forty acres. Its walls and towers are 80 to 100 feet high. Within are the palaces and open courts large enough to contain an

army of 50,000 men and munitions and provisions to withstand a long siege.

Both inside and outside are thousands of port holes. A deep moat encircled the entire fortress.

Here, you see how those ancient dukes swayed the people. They kept all the arms in the castle, and if the people uprose, they just closed themselves in and were prepared at all times to defend themselves. A great big church and a great big castle was the secret combination by which the people were kept ignorant and helpless slaves to aristocratic and superstitious tyranny. But the day of the duke and the priest is over. Freethought and commerce, the great civilizers, have cast their mighty shadows over Italy. The great dukes are no more. The mighty fortress and palaces are now turned into museums and art galleries. It is the oddest queerest place I have ever visited. I pass through the great walls and from court to court. The thousands of port-holes peer everywhere. On all sides are stern reminders of ancient siege and conflict. The ramparts frown, the battlements strike terror to the soul. I think of battering ram and sword and shield and battle-axe and the bloody corpse-gorged moat.

I step into a palace door and all is changed. Here are displayed the softening refining influences of art, great galleries of sculptures and paintings, museums of archaeology and anthropology, great rooms containing collections of china, ivory, medals, bronzes, furnitures, old documents ,designs, engravings, tapestries, ancient arms, jewelry, glass, codes, parchments, coins, scientifical works and historical archives of the town.

One great room is devoted to Napoleon. What a wonderful personality that man possessed. He conquers Italy, makes himself her ruler, sets up his government here in Milan, improves the city, builds a great arena for the pleasure of the people, and to-day, one of the greatest arches in the world stands near this place, dedicated to his memory. A great room is set apart, filled with statues, portraits and other mementoes to his honor. Strange isn't it, that this conqueror of the Italian people should be set up as one of their political gods.

Not strange either. He imprisoned the pope. He made peasants princes. He made butcher's sons grand marshals. He made commoners Kings. He said to the Kings of earth, "I make such things as you." When charged with being a usurper, and stealing the crown, he said, "I have not usurped the crown; I found it in the gutter and placed it on my own head."

He gave the Italian people the first glimpse of Democracy. He made them feel that the best and bluest blood flows in the veins of the man of merit, no matter what his birth. That one accomplishment was a mighty thing in his day. It gave new life, awakened new aspirations to an enslaved people. Though bloody was his

pathway through the world, the common people felt and knew that he stood for them. He was their King. He made them feel that they were above the pope, not under him. The Kings of the earth said, if we permit this man to go on, making princes and Kings of commoners, the masses will soon lose all respect and reverence for "royal blood." We must combine to down him or the people soon will rule. They were not fighting France—they were fighting Napoleon—and the spirit of Democracy for which he stood. Since I have seen how a people he conquered, has honored him, more than ever am I impressed with the greatness of his achievements for humanity. He simply broke up the blue blooded idea which was attached to the King and the aristocrat, and that was enough for one man to do.

The Catholic church has held him up to eternal disgrace on account of divorcing Josephine—"the only woman he ever loved." Because the Catholic church has used this against him, is one reason why Freethinkers should regard it differently. The facts are that the French people, not Napoleon, demanded the divorce, and Josephine, of her own free will, consented to it. If she was satisfied every one else ought to be. She was on the ground and knew the right thing to do. Besides, she had consorted with other men, (and Napoleon knew it) hoping to get an heir, and thus deceive him. There is no room for sentiment in that divorce. It is all Catholic rot, and she was as much his wife after the divorce as she was before. Under the circumstances, Napoleon was extremely considerate, liberal and consistent.

It is true that Napoleon was "the impersonation of force and murder." So was Wellington and all those who combined against this one man. The "force" which Napoleon impersonated was that which led to liberty of freedom of speech. The force impersonated by Wellington, led to the opposite. England to-day is where she was then. France, to-day, is a Republic, and Napoleon the Republic's idol. That's the difference. Unlike Mr. Ingersoll, I would "rather not go down to the tongueless silence of the dreamless night," than to have been Napoleon. "The tongueless silence of the dreamless night" is only pretty rhetoric.

In my opinion, Napoleon like Frederick the Great, Gustavus Adolphus, Bruno, Luther, Voltaire, Cromwell, Washington and Lincoln, was the man who fit the time. The results show it. So, again, I say, "Vive le Napoleon!" He was one of the great Freethinkers of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

Venice.

Venice is distant from Milan about five hundred miles. The country is level for nearly the whole distance, and very fertile. Here the Italian farmer is seen at his best, and I must say that he is equal to the agriculturist of any other nation and excels in some particulars. He is at great disadvantage, however, owing to the crudity of his tools, but with such as he has, he has wrought a charming landscape. The plowing is still done with oxen, four to six to the plow, as in primitive times. The oxen are all white, large, fat and very clean looking. The plow is large and turns a furrow twice as wide and deep as the common American plow. When six oxen are engaged, three men are necessary to guide the plow and drive them. I should judge that these three men and six oxen accomplish about half the labor that one man and two horses accomplish in America, the Italian having six more mouths to feed than the American in accomplishing half the work. The hay is raked by hand. I counted twenty-eight women and girls raking and curing hay on an eight or ten acre meadow. A one horse American hay rake would do the same work in half a day.

Under the present economic conditions, however, American tools would have the effect of limiting employment and so produce vast suffering throughout Italy.

Nearly the entire distance from Milan to Venice is one great orchard. The ground is laid out in this manner—a space of about two hundred feet for farming purposes is left between rows of fruit trees. The trees are either orange, olive or plum, and occasionally peach, and are set about thirty feet apart. To each tree is planted a grape-vine, which is allowed to run up about ten or twelve feet, and is then trained by wire to reach the next tree in the row. The vine droops in the center thus precenting the appearance of being garlanded from tree to tree.. Thus we have both orchard and vine-yard for hundreds of miles. The rows are planted leading off from the railways, giving the traveller a view of the beautiful vistas lying between them, all cultivated to the highest perfection. Some of the spaces between the garlanded rows of orange and olive trees would be in meadow, or oats, wheat, potatoes, Indian corn, or gardens. A prettier agricultural sight cannot be imagined.

It is unfortunate that the Italian emigrant coming to the

United States is not of the agricultural and fruit growing classes of Northern Italy instead of the ignorant and rather sluggish elements of the South. If we had the fruit growers instead of the fruit peddlers, they would prove valuable acquisitions, that is, if they would settle in the fruit growing districts, and develop this industry. Americans can learn much from the Italian in utilizing the land, and besides, he knows better how to take care of it. Italy grows more Indian corn than any other European country. The yield is very good, but would be much better if they did not plant it so thickly. The ears are small and stubby, and of the yellow variety. When it is gathered it is brought to the barnyards and scattered all over the ground to dry. I would often see a half acre of corn thus drying in the sun.

A great many of the Italian barns and barn-yards are models of husbandry, equaling in neatness and care those of the French and Germans. In fact the lofts are much used for sleeping purposes. As in many parts of America, the barns are far more pretentious than the houses. The Italian farm house is not a structure to be bragged about.

The roads in Italy are generally smooth and carefully kept, and often as beautiful as a city driveway.

The railroads are owned by the government and are kept in the very finest condition. The bridge and stone work is solid and massive, affording almost absolute security against accident. The road-bed along this particular line was a revelation to me. It is a double track all the way to Venice, and is wide enough for three tracks. The grading is topped with about two feet of fine napped stone, which is laid as level as a floor, and the sides bevelled off as smoothly and evenly as if they were made of concrete. In many places, the stone is marble, and the road-bed looks like a streak of snow extending through one continuous orchard. When the Italian government assumed control of its railways, the road-beds were made with the particular object of quick transportation of its armies by march as well as by rail.

The road-beds throughout Europe are generally better than in the United States. The people over there, reading of our wrecks and disasters by railway, imagine that our roads are laid in the mud. They have no conception of our traffic, and the extra dangers arising therefrom. I saw very few freight trains and their loads were light. Their engines are not powerful like the American engines. The Italian train is speedy, that is when it is running on a good road, but the stops are wearisome. At little country stations there would be a stop of ten to fifteen minutes. I would get off to see what was the occasion for such a long stop, but could see nothing going on or off the train, and no reason for the delay whatever. At larger places, there would be stops from a quarter to a half

hour, and no visible reason, except to let people out to meet the big crowds at the station, shake hands, kiss and pass the courtesies of the day. It afforded a good opportunity to see the Italian people, and I must say they compare very favorably, in dress, physique and manner to the classes which gather at American country stations.

I greatly regretted that I had not the time to stop at Padua and Verona. Long, long had these two cities lived in my imagination, as here originated the plots of some of Shakespeare's finest plays. I had often thought and dreamed of Padua and Verona as I trudged between the corn rows, in my far American vales, and at last, I was here. My little girl, who knows more of Shakspeare than I do, said before leaving home, "Papa, when you reach Verona, you must get off, and make the acquaintance of 'The Two Gentlemen.' " I looked to see such types of humanity as Shakspeare portrayed, but all now is changed. The "Knights," who came to the station came afoot instead of on a big white palfrey. The "gentlemen" did not wear plumes in their velvet caps, nor swords, nor silken coats, nor tights, nor long pointed buskins, but plain straw hats, and shake-me-down suits, of the same material and cut of American-made clothes.

Verona is the most picturesque city I saw in Italy. It is located on rolling ground, some of the hills rising three or four hundred feet. A high wall, with here and there a castellated tower circles the entire city. It is the only walled city that I saw, which presented the exact appearance of those I had always seen in pictures.

From the depot I counted sixty immense churches, eight convents, five monasteries, and only four smoke-stacks. The fortifications, churches, convents, etc., appeared to be the largest part of this city of 35,000.

Through this part of the country there was a notable lack of horses, cattle and sheep. There were large flocks of goats however, and I made up my mind that the mutton to which I would be served in Italy would be of the William variety, which proved true.

The approach to Venice resembles muchly the approach to Atlantic City. The road running through several miles of low marshy land, and lagoons which are trestled with piles. Venice is built on a cluster of low islands which rise only a few feet above the sea, the difference in high and low tide being only two or three feet. Back of the city, extending for several miles are shallow lagoons. These lagoons were in reality the fortresses of Venice, and the city was so located, because it could not be reached by the barbarians on the north, while the Venitians were able to defend themselves at sea. Instead of high stone walls, water was wisely chosen for its fortifications, and it was owing to this situation that Venice, for so many hundreds of years, controlled the Mediteranean.

There is only one Venice. No other city in the world is like it. As soon as you get into it you are transplanted into a new world and a new life. I reached the station at five in the evening, followed the people along until I came out on the Grand Canal. Here, instead of cabs or street cars, to convey the people home or to the hotels, were two or three hundred gondolas, all darting and crowding to get positions, and catch the pasengers. It was a strange and fascinating sight. The cry of the gondoliers in importuning patronage was like the sound of bedlam. Finally I found the gondola which represented the hotel I had selected, and was soon seated in the front end of it, and speeding down along the Grand Canal, a regular flotilla accompanying—down between the great marble palaces, familiar to you all in pictures. Just one thought above all others possessed me, and that was the characters of Shakespeare's play Othello. As I approached the Rialto and passed under it, I thought of old Shylock, and of how many times he had had beard pulled thereon by insulting Christians. I thought too of the might of literature, of how, to-day, Shakespeare's drama depicting Venetian life is more generally famous than the city itself, and destined to outlive all its splendor and glory.

Finally I landed at the door of the hotel, an old ducal palace, modernized interiorly, and over-looking the Adriatic. By eight I was in the Piazzo or great square of St. Marks, where the throngs of Venice congregate nightly, and where a band of sixty pieces plays each evening. I was truly transplanted into a new world. It just seemed as if I was living in a dream, or as if some fantastic dream of boyhood were coming true. If you want to go buggy riding, trolley riding or automobiling in Venice, you take a gondola. In front of the Doge's palace there must have been fully a thousand, with as many gondoliers. Hundreds of these gondolas were for hire, and parties were constantly going out and coming in. I fell in with a gentleman from Philadelphia and together, we rode out on the Adriatic and saw Venice by moonlight, and I recalled all those nice things Byron wrote about Venice, and which I had read when a boy, especially those verses on "Sweetness," beginning with

"'Tis sweet to hear at night, o'er the blue and moonlit deep,
The song and o'er of Adria's gondolier by distance mellowed o'er the waters sweep," etc., etc.

But I have no space for impressions and sentiment, and will at once begin my description of St. Marks square, and the remarkable buildings which surround it. This square is one of the finest in the world, and is about 250 feet wide and 600 feet long, covered with a superb pavement composed of blocks of grey trachyte and white Istrian stone, about eighteen inches square. Facing the east end of

the square is the great Cathedral of St. Marks, while the three other sides are faced with palaces, which were formerly the residences of the Doges and chief dignitaries of the Republic, but which at the present time have been turned into stores, and is now the chief shopping point of the city. Thus everywhere do I perceive the gradual death and decay of autocratic power, and the all powerful might of commerce and human necessity occupying the habitations whose might depended upon superstition and the sword.

St. Marks.

This in many respects is the greatest Christian Cathedral in the world. There is none other like it, and it could not be duplicated to-day. In the first place the materials could not be found, and in the second, there are no workmen capable of the construction.

No great Cathedral in the world but stands as a mighty monument to the greed, savagery and blood-thirstiness of the powerful, on the one hand, and to the toil, starvation, ignorance and degradation of the common people, on the other.

This is particularly so of St. Marks. It is built upon war, bloodshed, death, starvation and slavery. The Doges ruled the Mediteranean, and ruled with an iron hand. All nations and islands had to pay tribute to Venice. What the Doges wanted, they took. They gutted Egypt, Persia, Judea and Turkey of their gold and treasures, much of which went into the construction and adornment of this holy edifice—war, bloodshed, piracy and robbery, all for the glorification of the Prince of Peace. The story of St. Marks, is, more or less, the story of them all. The toil of the masses went for the glorification of King and priest, while they themselves lived in ignorance, squalor and wretchedness, or rotted on the field of battle. It was always necessary that aristocracy should exercise the superstitious in ignorant men in order to control and use them, and in order to fully satisfy their minds, gorgeous temples were erected for worshipping places, and the masses, coming from their huts, were made to feel that this common palace was especially erected for their good and happiness, and thus King and bishop, have ever been able to lord it over mankind.

St. Mark, as the reader well knows, was one of the disciples of Jesus Christ. I have been told that he was an artist and painted the picture of the Virgin. The first commandment of the Jewish law prohibited the drawing of pictures and the making of any graven image, for the Lord their God, was a jealous God, and wouldn't have any God before him. The claim that St. Mark was an artist, of course, is a nice little story of the Catholic church. The claim is also made that St. Luke was a physician, and all the others men of more or less importance. It is hardly likely that the disciples were other than ignorant fisherman, or religious fanatics of the

caliber of Salvation Army captains of to-day. There is no evidence that they wrote a line of the scripture, or that they ever existed.

Just how the Venetians came to adopt St. Mark as their patron saint I do not know, but suppose, from the same reason that people of to-day make selection of a saint when they build a church. As Rome had gobbled up St. Peter, the Venetians grabbed on to St. Mark, thus getting as near the Prince of Peace as possible. With the selection of the saint, the next thing to be done, was to plunder and rob and kill, in order to erect a temple worthy of such a glorious and illustrious personage.

After the erection of the Cathedral, the next thing in order, was to go after St. Mark himself and bring him to Venice. The body of St. Mark was brought from Alexandria, Egypt, in the 13th century, received with all the pomp possible and deposited in the crypt of the Cathedral. The resting place of St. Mark in Alexandria, was made known by divine revelation, so there can be no question as to the identity of the bones. These bones have great healing properties, and their presence in Venice had much to do with the rise, prosperity and successful warfares of the Venetian Republic, but no blame is attached to the bones for the Republic's downfall. They are still good money-makers, and the tomb in which they are deposited can be seen for fifty cents.

The front of St. Marks is so wonderful and imposing that one will stop and linger a long time in contemplating its beauty before inclining to enter. The entire front is supported on a forest of pillars, 446 in all, of all kinds and colors of stone. Among these are eight blood red pillars of porphyry taken from Solomon's temple. Others have been taken from the temples of Egypt, Diana of Ephesus, Persia and Constantinople. As before stated, the whole East was looted in order to build up Venice, and St. Marks in particular. Although Christians, they did not hesitate to rob other Christian temples. The great doors made of bronze and inlaid with silver were taken from the church of St. Sophia in Constantinople. They even stole the crucifixes and bronze images of the apostles and saints from this same church. Anything that had the ring and gleam of gold or silver or precious stones, they seized upon, all for the glory of God on the highest. And this is not altogether inconsistent. If a people have a God, upon whom they may depend to make them victorious in battle, to help them smite, plunder and enslave their enemies, it is little they can do, in gratitude, to erect such a magnificent temple in his honor. However, since all nations had such gods, who helped them out, in battle, the great wonder is, that there were any human beings left to tell the tale and perpetuate the race.

Above the great central door stand four life size bronze horses—"the only horses in Venice." Some authors state that these horses decorated Nero's or Trajan's triumphal arch in Rome. Others say

that they are purely Greek, and probably the work of Praxitiles himself, that they fell into the hands of the Venetians when Dandolo and Baldwin stormed and sacked Constantinople in 1204. When Napoleon, in turn, stormed and sacked Venice, with everything else, worth laying hands on, he took these horses to Paris. They were restored by the allies in 1816 and replaced where they are now.

Just why these four bronze horses should be placed over a church door is a question. It probably reveals a taste for the gaudy, possessed to a remarkable degree by the Venetian.

The arches above all the doors contain pictures in mosaic of Bible scenes, which, with the forest of columns and golden domes and stained glasses, present an exterior of remarkable beauty.

But all this is as nothing compared to the interior. The doors open up into a vestibule or gallery running the entire length of the facade. In the mosaic floor, right in the center of the vestibule, are three blocks of red marble, about twelve inches square, which have a history. It was upon these blocks that the Emperor Barbarossa of Germany kneeled while Pope Alexander III., placed his foot on the neck of the humbled monarch, and thus became reconciled to him, the Doge having persuaded the Emperor that to save his head, it was better to bend to necessity.

Two bronze and silver doors lead from the vestibule into the church proper. Here we stand amid a scene so warm, luxuriant, glittering, oriental, barbaric, surpassing the powers of description A few details only can here be given. The pillars, walls and ceilings have all the appearance of beaten gold. Inlaid in this gold are many paintings which have the appearance of being fresh oil paintings. In fact, wall, paintings, symbols and other designs are all of mosaic. The Venetians possessed a method of coloring glass of any tint desired, and the gold appearing interior is made of minute pieces of mosaics of this material, so perfectly united that the seams can hardly be diinguished. The vast number of Bible scenes, which look like oil paintings are likewise made. The tints are wonderfully natural, some of the purples beng as delicate as the tint of a plum, and all this consisting of minute particles of colored glass. Think of the labor required to thus coat the vast interior of this great church. But nothing is too good for a God who assists a nation to win battles.

We look around on all this bewildering blazonry, as if wandering in a dream. The chancel is shut in by a parapet of variegated marbles, supporting eight columns, surmounted by a cornice on which stand fourteen statues, the Virgin, St. Mark, and the twelve apostles, all in solid silver. Above the center of this group is a great crucifix of silver and gold, valued at 100,000 francs, and which was looted from St. Sophia, in Constantinople. Above, and

on either side of the chancel, are boxes, much like a box in a theater. One of these was occupied by the Doge and his family, and the opposite one by the Venetian nobility. Once a year the Doge harangued the people from the box, partly for the purpose of impressing them that the state was above the church. It is now used as a pulpit by the resident bishop. The high altar is a glittering pile of gold and other blazonry. Behind this altar is the famous "Pala d' oro," a case eight by ten feet high and containing the bones of St. Mark, a rich altar piece of gold and silver plate—all kinds of precious stones, gold and silver designs, ornamented with gems, enamels, cameos and other things of great value. These treasures are supposed to be worth millions. It is covered by a panel or shutter, so well painted that when the French occupied Venice in 1797 they supposed it to be the altar piece itself. Napoleon had heard of it, but when he looked at it, was deceived by the painting, and did not think it worth removal, and thus the Pala d' oro, remained undiscovered by him. The altar has four alabaster spiral columns, two of which are transparent and said to have belonged to Solomon's temple.

On either side of the high altar are chapels, resplendent with art and wealth. In fact upon all sides are to be seen statues in marble, silver and bronze, candelabra, richly decorated with figures agates and other precious stones, priceless marbles of all colors, all set in a blazonry of gold. I counted eight large cases, about eight by ten feet in size, all filled with solid gold and silver hearts, ranging in size from a small butter dish to a plate. These are "offerings" to the Madonna, and the women who have given them, kneel on the floor and pray to them. I observed these big cases full of gold and silver hearts in all the churches throughout Europe. They constitute a great source of wealth and income to the church. When the giver is dead, and can no longer come and adore the heart, the priest can then take it out and convert it into money. As fast as old suckers die, new suckers are born, consequently the offerings to the Madonna (?) keep piling up. The amount of wealth possessed by the church in gold and silver trappings and ornamentations must be enormous, although it is hinted that much of the real metal has already been melted up, and duplicate ornaments of brass or thin plate put in their stead. There is no doubt that the majority of the churches are very poor, and can hardly live. Like humanity generally, the few big ones have it all.

What is called "the treasury of St. Mark" is entered by a door on the right hand corner of the transept. The treasury is the relic or museum department of the tabernacle, a kind of holy of holies, beneath the floor. The most interesting objects in the treasury of St. Marks, besides old bones, toe-nails, etc., is a small crystal vase containing some of our Savior's blood (fact), a silver column contain-

ing a fragment of the pillar to which our Savior was bound during his flaggellation, an agate chalice with a piece of the skull of St. John, a sword of Doge Morosini, and a chair of St. Marks, which has a very modern appearance. All of these treasures have great curative powers, and are still good money-makers. It costs two francs to stand in the presence of these sacred relics.

In the right nave of the vestibule is the baptistry, in the center of which is a large marble font of the year 1545. The top of the altar is composed of a slab from Mt. Tabor. On the wall behind it is a marble head of St. John Baptist. Beneath this head is the stone on which he was beheaded. This stone is also a good money-maker. Old men and women are constantly on their knees before it, and there is always a slot or receptacle at all such shrines where the devotee may drop his coin. On the opposite side in the left nave, is a small octagonal altar with six columns of variegated marble, supporting a conical canopy surmounted by an enormous piece of agate. The crucifix on the altar, once stood outside the church, and while there a wanton infidel struck it with his stiletto, when, lo and behold you, blood flowed from the wound (fact). This was considered a great miracle, and the wonderful crucifix was reverently removed into this little chapel specially built for it. (Another great money-maker).

The pictures in mosaic on the ceilings and walls were a study. They are mostly scenes of torture. There were fights of saints with dragons, scenes of beheading, boiling in oil, skinning alive, stretching on the rack, Pagans shoving Christians from house-tops, Pharisees cutting heads off, saints who have been put to death, coming to life, and rising out of their coffins, and other pleasant and delightful scenes, calculated to develop a deeply pious and holy state of mind.

The sacristy, or dessing room for the priests, is entered by a bronze door in the rear of the high altar. This room, about the size of a common country church, was designed by Titian, and is even more beautiful and glittering in mosaics and warm colors than the church proper. Here is where the many priests take on and off their robes, laces and unmentionables, and where their valets attend them. There are a great number of these valets and other waiting men in this church, and their faces are a study. I gave more time to the study of these particular fellows than to the prests. Some of them are young men, some middle aged, and some quite old.

The old are simply idiotic in expression, thin and spare. A priest of the same age would be big, fat and pompous. In fact, even the young have all the appearance of a ripe idiot. Their duty is to attend the priests, and guard doors and other such menial service. Their lips are going all the time in prayer, and they are up and down on their knees every few minutes and continually cross-

ing themselves. Their duties are so mentally servile that after a year or two of such intellectual prostration, a bright face becomes blank in expression. Between continuous fasting and continuous prayer, the intellectual fire is smothered down and almost out.

I saw a young man of twenty-four on his knees beside and old man of fifty. The old man was a weazened, chattering, praying idiot. The young man was rather large and of full habit, but the same idiotic look was stamped upon his face, and his great Italian eyes, large black orbs, were vacant, and staring, and his face emptied of individuality. What the old man is, the young man is bound to be. It seemed cruel.

I am going deep into the details of this church, because it has been the home of the present Pope for so many years, and so deem everything here of special interest.

Let us get back to the sacristy. I want to describe a remarkable stone, or rather number of stones in this room. First, I will give its history.

In the 14th century, a stone cutter, in getting out a long block of marble, three feet square, to be chiseled into a pillar, noticed that the graining on the surface of one end bore somewhat the resemblance of a human face. He concluded to polish the end of the block, and this revealed a strong human countenance. A great miracle, of course, had been revealed. Instead of using the block for a pillar, it was sawed into about thirty slabs, and each slab polished. The grain continued straight through the block, and upon each one, of course, was this human face. But the grain, diverging a little all through, each face, while having a common likeness, varied in form and expression. These slabs are inserted around the walls of this sacristy, about four feet apart, and six feet from the floor.

The face, at its best, is indeed a strong human likeness, resembling some of the portraits of the Doges, the hair, beard, eyes, eyebrows, lines about the eyes, even the high light upon the eye, giving it life and expression, the shoulders, coat and all are most natural and life-like. But owing to the variation of the grain through the marble, no two portraits are alike. Some bear the resemblance of a Doge, some of a lawyer, physician, merchant, monk, and some look like Methistopheles, the very devil himself, some have a shaggy look like a Scotch terrier dog, some are monkey-faced, and one looked like a skeleton head. I addressed a young priest who could talk English a little, and he gave me the history of the stone. I asked him if he regarded the phenomenon as something miraculous. He said it is so considered.

I then told him that I was not a Christian, but inclined to believe in the Darwinian theory, and that my belief had been strengthened since looking upon those portraits; for out of the same

stone had come monkey, dog, devil, monk and man, and pointed to the portraits bearing these particular likenesses. He took it good naturedly, laughed and said he had never heard it so expressed before. I told him that when I returned to America, I would tell my good Catholic friends that I had seen evolution illustrated on the walls of the sacristy of St. Marks.

Returning to the church, I will now make mention of the floors, which are laid in gaudy mosaics, but strange to the eye, are almost as uneven as the surface of a troubled sea.

The fall of the Campanile, a tower three hundred feet high, which stood in front of St. Marks, is fresh in the minds of all. The cause of the collapse of the Campanile was due to the undermining of the sea, and the same cause is affecting the foundations of both St. Marks and the Palace of the Doges.

All Venice is built upon piles. In St. Marks the pillars and principal foundations remain firm, but the floors sway in places to the depth of one foot, and in the vestibule the floor is so undulating that one must pick his steps cautiously. Grandly have the Campanile and other great structures stood on these piles for a thousand years, but time and tide have marked them all for their prey, and all this gorgeous dream of oriental and barbarous luxury must, in time, be leveled low, even as was the Campanile. All through St. Marks and the Doge's Palace, the sound of the carpenter's and mason's tools are heard, and every precaution is being taken to brace the sinking arches, and strained and spreading walls. With St. Marks and the Doge's Palace gone, gone would be the glory of Venice and little would be left to attract the traveler. The prosperity, almost the life of Venice, as well as most other Italian cities depend upon the income derived from the visitors.

I have been particularly interested in the service of the mass, and have attended almost daily, and often several times daily in some of these great cathedrals in Europe. But in no place have I been so greatly attracted to the service as here in St. Marks, and I believe it will be of some interest to describe the service as conducted by one particular priest whom I watched closely on five occasions, his actions being about the same in each. The mass took place in the chapel of St. Clement, on the right of the High Altar. Understand, that in these great Cathedrals, there are chapels or churches within churches. These are in the corners or along the sides.

Well, I took a position behind some sacred statuary where I was just a little to the right and in front of the priest and could catch his expression and every motion of the whole performance. To the back of the priest were about two hundred poor ignorant creatures, down on their knees on the stone floor, all in prayer. As the priest stood with his back to them, and as their heads were all bowed, of course they could not see the careless, indolent, indifferent

and bored expression of the holy father. The whole manner of the priest was one of extreme weariness and disgust, a mere perfunctory performance, to be gotten through with as quick as he could. He had performed this ceremony so many times and oft, that evidently, he was bored and worn out with its constant repetition I stood within fifteen feet of him, and this is how he converted the wine into the blood and the bread into the actual flesh of a man dead for nearly two thousand years.

A mass, as you know, is a celebration of the death and resurrection of "our Lord." It is, in reality, only a celebration of the ancient Pagan rite of the Sun's passage through the Zodiac.

First the priest read from an open Bible to his left, then kissed it, then bent his knee, crossed his face, seized a plate, kissed it, and placed a wafer thereon, then gave a big yawn, hawked and spit, crossed his face, crossed his belly, kissed the altar, bent his knee, waved his hand several times over the wafer, yawned, scratched his ear, blessed his face, blessed his belly, read again in the Bible, which the attendant had moved to his right side, blessed the plate, prayed, dropped to his knees, with a like repetition over and over again until the wafer became at last, the real flesh of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ, whether fat, lean, steak or cutlet, I know not. Anyhow by this continuous prayer, kneeling, rising, rubbing of the plate, kissing the altar, blessing his mouth, and blessing his belly, he had been able to turn the wafer into real meat which he devoured.

Next he seized a glass, hoodooed it by circling his hands over it several times, seized a napkin, rubbed the inside of the glass and rim vigorously, yawned, spit, scratched his ear, looked tired and bored, blessed his mouth, blessed his belly, dropped to his knees, prayed, arose, repeated his rubbing with the napkin, read from the Bible, which the attendant had moved to the left, kissed the altar, bent his knee, yawned, scratched his ear, blessed his mouth, blessed his belly, attendant brought in a big bottle of wine, blessed the bottle, blessed his mouth, blessed his belly, blessed the glass, gave it another vigorous rub with the napkin, yawned, hawked, spit, poured the wine in the glass, covered it with the napkin, blessed his face, blessed his belly. (I use the word "belly," because the Bible uses it, and never abdomen), dropped to his knees, prayed, rose, kissed the altar, read from the Bible, which had been moved back to the right side, picked up the glass and held it before his eyes—wine hadn't turned to blood yet—repeated all the above, waved his hands over it time and again, scratched his ear, hawked, spit, looked tired and bored, rubbed its edges again with napkin, going over and over the same performance, intermingling it with yawns, until at last the wine was converted into the real blood shed by a man who had been dead for nineteen hundred years.

It was the biggest drink of wine, or rather blood that I had ever seen a man drink, and it went fluking down his guzzle like spirits go down any man's throat who resorts to them very often. The worshippers got nawthin'. They never do get more than a taste.

This, I suppose, was all for the benefit and purification of himself. He filled up the glass again, went through the same performance a dozen times, reading from the Bible, kissing the altar, dropping to his knees, praying, blessing the cup, blessing his mouth, blessing his belly, yawning, hawking, scratching his ear, looking wearied and bored, until finally this extra big swagger was converted to blood, which he drank for the benefit of the worshippers, who remained silent, devout and prostrate upon their knees.

I stood amazed, wondering how it could be possible that even an ignorant man could be fooled by such hocus-pocus, amazed that such contemptible imposition and swindle could be practiced in open daylight, in one of the great Cathedrals of the world, and be regarded with holy reverence.

I observed this performance the first day in Venice, and it so amused me that I took the same position each morning thereafter, observing that the manner of the priest—his extreme weariness with the monotony of repeating the senseless mass, did not change. In fact, a mass, intellectually, is not far above the chattering of an ape, and what is to be thought of the humanity that will stake its dignity, intellectual pride, and even salvation upon such brazen, idiotic, tricky pretension. Observing this almost universal human weakness and credulity, it seems to me, sometimes, that humanity is hopeless.

Although I have given a pretty closely detailed description of this great Cathedral, still there is so much that is indescribable that my reader can form no real idea of its grandeur, of its warm, oriential, barbaric magnificence. It is a great gaudy, glittering, golden toy house erected to the honor of a poor tramp Jew who had nowhere to lay his head, and whose philosophy for the most part, proclaimed against such conceit and vanity.

All these temples are not the expression of what the people know Christ to have been, but instead the expression of their own ideals, as to the kind of God they want to worship, a God who will aid them in fighting battles and overcoming enemies, and who will shower their selfish souls with riches and prosperity.

Now, what opinion should be formed of a man who has lived in and breathed such an atmosphere for twenty years? What can a man know of the great world, its wants and necessities, its learning and morals, its scientific and commercial progress, who has lived in this great golden, oriential toy house, for nearly a life-time, whose mind has been mostly occupied with the constant and endless chattering of a maudlin mass, and with directing the spiritual

affairs of the ignorant uneducated population of a decadent city? What opportunity has such a man to know of the statesmanship, diplomacy and progress of nations?

As I looked at the great golden throne, in the chancel, on which Cardinal Sarto sat for so many years, surrounded by chanting priests, and an audience, for the most part, of ignorant, stunted, half-starved Venetians, I couldn't help but think how poorly must be his equipment for standing before the world as the director of nations, the king of kings and Lord of Lords.

I have seen a great many portraits of Pope Pius, and have studied them closely. He is evidently a weakling. I do not wonder at it. His eyes are vacant, face expressionless, much like those of the old Cathedral rats previously described. The long association, the praying, the chattering will have the effect of narrowing and stunting the strongest mind, and of indelibly stamping mental deterioration upon the features. I have always observed that a moderate religious exercise has the effect of refining and even of beautifying the features. In moderate exercise the mind is actuated by justice, morality and high ideals, and it is these that refine, rather than the foolish myths with which they are associated. But when the individual becomes persistently devotional, wholly wrapped up in the belief of miracle and theological nonsense, and develops a fanatical attachment to the same, the features narrow, sharpen and harden, or in many instances become negative, blank and vacant, and exhibit an intellectual deterioration, a species of degeneracy peculiar alone to the religious devotee. This degeneracy is seen in the faces of monks, nuns and really pious and temperate priests and fanatics and religious recluses of all creeds.

Pope Pius is marked all over with the imbecility which the constant exercise of prayer and praise, and the long association of the mind with ghosts, spirits, devotion, things both heavenly and hellish, submissiveness, bowing to authority, prostrating both body and mind to things real and unreal, will be sure to stamp upon the face. His front face is rather good, though weak. But his profile reveals the narrow, starved and stunted soul, a countenance common to all those whose mental horizon is bounded by the walls of St. Marks, or by other church or Cathedral life. Personally, and as a priest, Sarto was well thought of in Venice.

CHAPTER IX.

The Doges' Palace.

This famous building, pictured all over the world, was begun in the eighth century by Pepin, son of Charlemagne and was several hundred years building, each Doge adding thereto. Its front faces the sea, and its rear is joined to the Cathedral of St. Marks, the magnificence of both, presenting a perfect picture of the union of church and state, of tyranny and superstition. It is 246 feet square, and its architecture is distinguished from that of any other great building in the world, in this respect, it is light at the bottom and heavy at the top. The two fronts consist of an upper and lower portico of pointed arches, resting on 107 columns of Istrian marble. Two of the upper columns are of red marble, between which sentences of death were published. There is much remarkable tracery in stone, of leaves and symbolical figures of men and animals, some of which are very quaint and amusing.

The Palace is four stories above ground, the third story being about fifty feet high. I will not attempt a minute description of its doors, its "giant" and "golden" stairways, where the Doges were crowned, and which could only be made use of by nobles whose names were inscribed in the famous Libro d'oro, or golden book. Nor can I dwell on the statuary and great number of busts, among which were those of the Doges and Popes, of Galileo, Dante, Titian Marco Polo, Paul Veronese, John and Sebastian Cabt, and many other notable historical characters.

The principal great rooms in the palace are styled, "The Vestibule and Hall of the Ministerial Council," "Chapel of the Doge," "Hall of the Senate," "Hall of the Council of Ten," "Room of the Three Senior Magistrates," "Hall of the Grand Council," "Hall of the Coat of Arms," "The Archaeological Museum," and "Library of the Bibliotheca," which last contains 250,000 volumes, and 10,000 manuscripts. To all of these great halls are attached vestibules and ante-rooms, living rooms of the Doges, and many others of special significance.

The torture rooms were up next to the roof, the dungeons beneath the palace, and between these two, there is not in all the world, such are array of pious blazonry, such gorgeous display of human mercy, such spread of sacred pity, such wealth of charity, such beatification of virtue, such exaltation of justice, and such

effulgence of heavenly glory. Paradise is brought down right to earth, and portrayed upon these golden walls. God Almighty, his Son, Mary and angels everywhere,—the Torture Chamber above, and the Dungeon, and Execution room beneath— typical of the whole history of the Christian religion, radiant angel, blissfully serene, standing between the persecutions and tortures it inflicts in this life, and the eternal, everlasting hell of death, to which it dooms mankind hereafter.

These great halls are simply indescribable. Here is displayed the work of the greatest painters in the world, Michael Angelo, Raphael, Durer, Tintoretto, Vincentino, Titian, Paul Veronese, and numerous others, and some of them went hungry while they were thus glorifying tyrants and popes. The most of the great paintings in all these churches and palaces, which are now regarded as priceless treasures, were painted for nothing or almost nothing. It was glory enough for the painter to be given the privilege to paint in a church. Michael Angelo was about the only one who stood out for compensation, and who refused to work and starve. He even refused to come at the command of the Pope, and demanded security for his work. Even threat of imprisonment did not persuade him. He alone of them all died with a competency.

Giorgione worked two years on a picture in the Hall of Council of Ten, and received forty-five ducats. In Milan, I was shown two great paintings, now priceless, for which the painter received three bags of corn, and he had to ask for the third bag before he had completed the pictures, as he was starving. Thus you perceive how all these holy ones even robbed genius,—even let genius starve, all for the glory of God in the Highest, and of King and Priest in the Lowest. By long exercise in painting things imperial and celestial, they finally could paint nothing else. The long association of the mind on one idea disqualifies it for a broader interpretation of the life universal. It is also noticed that these great artists could portray the face of a saint, to perfection, but their portraits of human beings are mostly caricatures and daubs. They could paint angels, but not birds, hell-fire but not a sun-set; a mansion in heaven, but not a cottage. The mind thus becomes warped, on the same principle that constant praying and talking to ones self, develops the expression of the idiot. As I looked about me, on all this wealth of design and color, I could not help but sigh at such perversion of genius, and wish that such great talent had portrayed the correct likenesses of the great men and women, and types of humanity of their times.

A favorite subject of the artist's brush was The Good Samaritan Scene, also Crowning of the Doges. In the latter, the Doge is always seated on his throne, the members of the Senate around him, the Pope places the crown upon his head, while above him is a picture of heaven, with God Almighty floating along on a cloud,

and flocks of angels swooping down, bearing laurel wreaths, singing, and tooting horns and making other music. As I gazed upon all this deification and glorification of the Doges, my heart would soar right up to the torture chamber, or drop down into the dungeon beneath my feet. Ah! how closely, how very closely is the human idea of Heaven associated with that of hell! The human idea of Divine Justice and happiness, associated with human agony and despair. In the hall of the Council of Ten, is the picture of an angel, fine bust and leg, with a big scourge in her hand, driving Infidels and blasphemers into the flames of hell. The expression on her face is as blissfully radiant, as if she were out on a lark with her best angel beau. Such paintings of which there are many here, show how very vicious and callous the religious mind may become at human suffering—how it even finds delight in it. It is something astounding that hundreds of thousands, yes millions of such paintings and engravings may be found scattered through the churches, palaces, galleries and even homes of Christians. More astounding still is the settled belief, that these pictures are characteristically divine, and not even to be criticised. Think of a beautiful angel, driving human beings into the flames of hell, not for any crime, but just because they possessed some ideas of their own upon heavenly subjects. Think of the mind that could conceive such an idea, that could justify it with the conception of an all merciful and loving Being.

There are several thousand paintings in this palace, all of which are either of religious character, allegorical, or of blood and conquest. Most are morbid, and many hideous. They are all set in a blazonry of gold. The ceilings are wonderful designs of scroll-work, of circles, ellipses and rectangles, with most beautiful tracery all finished in gold. In every space between is a great masterpiece. Words cannot picture aught so beautiful and magnificent.

In the hall of the Grand Council, 163 by 82 feet, are twenty-one large paintings by Tintoretto, Paul Veronese and Bassano. Above the throne is the great picture of Tintoretto, "The Glory of Paradise," 83 feet long and 37 feet high, one of the largest paintings in the world, and containing an extraordinary number of figures.

In the center of the picture at the top, is Jehovah, as usual, sitting in his shirt-tail on a damp cloud. Beneath him is Jesus, and beneath him is the mother, woman at the bottom of course, a bright light is shooting from these three central figures, angels are flopping and gyrating all around, while beneath all these, are pictures of human beings, of all nations and races, in every garb imaginable, packed as thick as sardines in a can, and all straining, squeezing and crowding to get a look at Jesus. Some have Bibles in their hands, some flowers, some jewelry, and some even money. The artist's idea of Paradise, of eternal bliss, as here portrayed, was just to jam up in a crowd, and get a look at Jesus, nothing representing

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Learning, Science, Philosophy, Art or Progress. I do not mean to be irreverent in thus describing and commenting on this great painting. I want simply to show the folly, the insanity of the conception, the morbidity of the minds, which would order such a painting eighty-three feet long, the waste of genius in making it, when all around, earth and sea are beaming with beauty, and loudly calling to the soul of the artist to come and portray the real, the divine in nature, and not the hideous imaginations of superstition and fear.

As I stood gazing at this picture one day, an English gentleman, with his wife and little daughter approached, and looked long and thoughtfully at the great scene. Finally the child said: "Papa what is this picture, what does it mean?" "It is Paradise, dear," replied the father, "Tintoretto's grand picture of Paradise, and one of the largest and greatest pictures in the world. You must observe it closely, so you will remember it."

The child looked at it intently for quite a while, and then said, "Papa is that really Paradise, is that the way Heaven looks? and is that Our Savior, and is that God, and will we look like those people, when we get to Heaven."

"This is just the artist's conception of Paradise, my dear," replied the parent, "just what he imagined heaven to be, and it is regarded as the highest ideal known to art."

"Well, if that is Heaven," replied the child, "I don't want to go there," "Bully for you!" said I, "Let me shake your hand little girl, for you are the best judge of both nature and art, according to my idea, that I have met in Europe, and you have a head of your own."

This led to acquaintance, and I found them very agreeable companions. I had been through the palace several times, and had acquired a good deal, which they were willing to hear and learn.

I told the little girl that a great Englishman by the name of Thomas Paine, who did much for my country, and for human liberty, once said, "Any religion which shocks the mind of a child, cannot be a true religion!" "Likewise," said I, "any religious painting which shocks the mind of a child is monstrous in its conception, and cannot have Truth for its ideal."

As previously stated, the walls of St. Marks and the Doge's palace are being weakened by time and tide, and in many places great cracks are to be seen, and some of them right across the face of the paintings, all of which are painted on the walls.

To preserve these great masterpieces, they are being taken off the walls, or rather transferred from the walls to canvas. How can a picture painted on plaster be transferred to canvas? Well it is hard to explain. I watched the men at work for several hours, but they worked so very slowly that I could see but a small part of the performance. It is the work altogether of several weeks in mak-

ing the transfer. First, the painting is repeatedly coated with some chemical that soaks through the oils to the plaster, loosening the oils, the paintings are then covered with some kind of mucilage and a canvas laid upon this. Gradually the painting falls from the wall and sticks to the canvas. It is then stuck to a new canvas the picture now lying between two canvases. The first canvas is now treated with a chemical which takes it off, leaving the painting, fresh and unimpared upon the last canvas. It is a very delicate operation, and the secret is known only to a few men. Only a few feet square can be removed at a time, and the large paintings are thus taken off in parts, and artfully put together again. I saw a great many of these transfers throughout the palace, some of the pictures being twelve to twenty feet in length. In this manner, they had already begun to take the great "Paradise" by Tintoretto from the wall.

Around the frieze of this great hall are portraits of 76 of the Doges, that of Marino Faliero being omitted, and the space painted in black, and on this an inscription printed, stating that he had been executed as a traitor to his country. One of Byron's tragedies is based on the life and death of Faliero, and in this, the poet, rather honors him, and is inclined to approve the political conduct which led to his execution.

The Hall of the Coat of Arms, is one of the most interesting of all, the walls being covered not only with saints, but with maps detailing the countries explored by celebrated Venetian travelers, such as Marco Polo, Santo and others. Very interesting is the map of the world by Fra Mauro, 1457, showing the serious attention the Venetians gave to geographical science. The outlines of America are amusing, although they had the general shape pretty well in mind. These outlines are astonishing, considering they were drawn thirty-five years before the discovery of America. A copy of this map was sent to the mathematician Toscanelli of Florence, who sent a copy to Portugal, which was used by Columbus for the discovery of this continent.

The Venetians had also a thorough knowledge of astronomical science. In this hall are large and perfect illustrations of the Zodiac with its religious symbols, showing that their philosophers thoroughly understood the Christian myth, and no doubt their statesmen also, for everywhere is evidence of this branch of learning. They were not unlike rulers and theologians of to-day, who also understand it, but who find it convenient to use, in order to sway the masses, and bend them to autocracy.

The description of the Throne room, Library, Chapel, Museum, and other rooms, I will leave to the reader's imagination. They are on a grand scale full of sacred pictures, busts, and much other that I have already described.

"The Bridge of Sighs" which extends over a canal, uniting the

palace to the prison is a covered stone structure divided by a wall into two passages, one passage serving to bring criminals before the Court of Inquiry for preliminary examination, and the other to bring them before the courts for trial. The prisoner who passed over this bridge for trial seldom returned. Two small windows open out from the Southern passage upon the Adriatic, and through these, the prisoner got his last glimpse of the sea and the outside world. Upon condemnation, he was sent to the dungeon below the Hall of Justice. It was with a curious feeling, I walked across this Bridge of Sighs. I seemed to feel the dread, the fear, the chill, the smother in the breast, the despair of soul, of the thousands who had trod those very stones. Many were guilty no doubt, and deserved punishment; but again the crimes of thousands, were but the crimes of defense of country. For, every country and isle of the sea, was compelled to bend and pay tribute to all conquering piratical Venice, the great looter of the Mediterranean. Chiefs, generals and all others who bravely resisted, patriots, defenders of home and native land, were compelled to cross the Bridge of Sighs. For these, I too sighed; sighed as I thought of man's selfishness, greed and inhumanity, of man's cruelty, of the contrast of that prison on the one hand, and those halls of sacred splendor on the other. The Prison, opposite to the palace is still used as a city prison, but no longer does the criminal pass over the Bridge of Sighs. The Great Palace is emptied of its Doges, its Senates, its Priests, its Councils of Ten, its Inquisitors, and is now, but a relic of the glory and sacred tyranny that was, but a museum for the traveller, and for the curiously inclined.

What is the secret charm, that attracts people to this palace and to St. Marks? Is it a pious veneration for religion? No. What then? Why, naught but the all pervading, irresistible power of beauty and design—the taste and the art of the human mind. If St. Marks was but four plain square walls, and bare, who would care to see it?

There were two sets of prisons in the Doge's Palace, one was a tier of low rooms adjoining the torture chamber up next to the roof. These low rooms had a roof of lead, which heated by the summer sun, almost cooked the prisoner. All the instruments of torture have long been removed. Standing there, I shuddered and thought of the human agony that had been endured on that spot, and again I thought of the pictures of love and mercy, the hundreds of beautiful Madonnas, and forgiving Christ beneath my feet.

From the Hall of the Council of Ten through a trap door a flight of stairs leads down into the dungeons. A guide conducts a party of visitors through these every two hours during the day, and explains every point of interest.

There are two stories or tiers of cells, whose interiors are about six by eight feet in size and high enough for a man to stand erect.

A door about two feet square, down at the floor, leads into them. The walls are about three feet thick. A round hole through the wall about ten inches in diameter is the only ventilation. When the prisoner crawled through the small doorway, and the heavy iron door closed on him, he was literally walled up, and his only means of obtaining air was through the ten inch hole, leading through three feet of stone into a narrow hall, as dark as the dungeon itself. The prisoner was fed through this hole, the guard putting his allowance of bread and water therein, daily. He was not allowed to speak to the guard, or to moan, or make any noise whatever. Utter silence, complete burial, pitch darkness was the punishment for the helpless wretch put in these holes. If the prisoner broke any of the rules, he would be taken out and put to the torture. Many would scream and yell, to hasten their death, but once put to the torture, they would go back to the darkness and silence and make no more noise, unless impelled to by insanity. As the excrement was not removed, and the cell never cleaned, what must have been the atmosphere of these dungeons? And right above their heads, the golden sunlight streamed through stained windows, upon the loving Christs, the beautiful Madonnas, and the beaming angels of Angelo, Titian, Raphael, Tintoretto, and Paul Veronese.

In several of these cells was a heavy wooden slab, about four inches thick, and eighteen inches wide, the prisoner's bed and absolutely the only furniture in the cell. Others did not have even this, his only couch being the cold stone floor, and of course no covering. All these dungeons are numbered, and some of them are given names such as "Volcano," "Fresh Joy," "Hospital," "Raptures of Women," "The Galley Slave," and others fancy names, making light of death and suffering. I forgot to mention that several of these cells were lined inside with boards, so furnished, perhaps, for the comfort of the more favored. Even in the dark the prisoner would employ his mind in writing inscriptions thereon. One of these reads:

"1775, Giovanni Maria Borni was confined very unjustly to this prison: If God does not help, it will be the last desolation of a poor, numerous and honest family."

There is no record of God having helped. Among others, is the following celebrated inscription:

"Those whom I trust, God may guard,
Those whom I do not trust, I will guard myself."

From a prisoner confined in a dungeon and under guard himself, these lines are indeed pathetic, as well as philosophic. There was one special cell, called the "Cell of the Doomed," in which the next prisoner to be executed was placed. It is of the size and appearance of the others, and perfectly bare. A stone, about eight

inches thick, projects from the wall upon the floor, which served as the prisoner's pillow.

When the guards received orders to execute the prisoner, they would enter the cell, tie his feet and hands, blindfold him, and sew him in a sack, tucking the sack closely around the neck, and leaving an opening for breathing space. A common mode of execution in the East was that of dumping into the sea, and the act of sewing in the sack was intended to leave such impression upon the mind of the prisoner. If there was a further desire to torture, the prisoner would be left bound in this condition, lying on the floor for a day or two. When the time came for execution, the guards would seize the famished and distracted wretch by the heels, drag him out over the rough stones, and down the corridor, for a short distance, where a wooden beam crossed the hall and on which the prisoner's head was rested. Within a foot or two of his head a crucifix was nailed to the cold grimy wall. The crucifix is still there today, silent witness of the blood that had been spilled in the name of a loving Christ. In a niche in the wall, about two feet high, the "Blessed Candles" burned to brighten up the blessed scene, and to light the soul of the wretch out of its dungeon abode, on its way to glory. In another niche, six feet high, stood the priest, as he read a cold heartless prayer, which, when finished, down came a secret guillotine, and off went the hapless, haggard, hideous head, which from long imprisonment and suffering and starvation, had almost ceased to bear resemblance to the human.

Through a small secret door, near by, the head and trunk would be pitched into a deep underground well. The word "prison," in Italian is "Possi" which means a well.

From the point where the wooden beam crossed, the floor sloped for several yards, and along this slope, a groove or ditch was cut in the stone floor, providing passage for the flow of blood through a hole in the wall.

As I stood and looked at that groove, I thought of the torrents of blood that had coursed along it—of guilty-blood, and of innocent blood,—the blood of lover, of thinker and of patriot. And as I looked at the crucifix, and the niches in the wall, for blessed candles and priest, I thought of the golden rooms above, the Good Samaritan scenes, the suffering Savior, and His wounds, the flights of angels, and the glory of Paradise. What a hollow mockery!

Horrible! horrible! and sad as horrible! Sad that humanity could ever have been so heartless and unfeeling, that it could have delighted in the study of refined cruelty, even upon the guilty malefactor. If it must be an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life, then why the torture? Why not a speedy and merciful death?

When I looked into these dungeons, and upon this execution

place, the wish, the hope grew stronger in me for another life. Even the guilty who suffered here deserves it.

Once seeing these dungeons, I thought was sufficient. But before I left Venice I was impelled to look upon them again. In the "Cell of the Doomed," before mentioned, Lord Byron had stayed all night, for the impressions he might receive in such a place, and twas here, he composed in his mind, that charming description beginning with—

> "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
> A palace and a prison on each hand."

The crank notion took possession of me also to test the gloom of the "Cell of the Doomed," I requested the guide to permit me to remain in there until he made his next tour, which would be in two hours, and further informed him that while I was short on poetry, as compared with Byron, still I wrote verse, and wanted to test the impressions, and if possible write a poem on the Dungeon itself. The guide assented, and into the hole I crawled. It was a long two hours. I had no ambition to go the limit of Byron, and got all the "impressions" I wanted in that time.

One of the thoughts which ran frequently through my mind was, "What if the palace took a notion to do the Campanile act, and come down upon me." "Another, what if the fellow failed to come around at the usual time?" But mostly I thought of the victims, the thousands who had occupied that cell. I soon learned the distances, and paced the floor, round and round. I would stand at the air hole, and peer out into the darkness, as deep as that which enveloped me. I sighed, whispered, groaned, yelled, to get the uncanny effect of prisoned sound, and did nearly everything else I thought a prisoner would do to pass the time. I wonder that any one could retain his senses long in a dungeon, especially when he knew that he was sure of execution. I felt no fear of a ghost rising up before me, but rather wished that such visit were possible, and that I could communicate with one who had suffered here. I imagined that spirits were all around me—that I heard their whispers, sighs, groans, and that at last, one was selected to tell me his story, and the tale, I imagined he told, I put into verse. My impressions were entirely different from those of Byron's. He pictured in "The Bridge of Sighs,"—Beautiful Venice by the Sea. Mine is a story of the heart— of dungeon gloom, of thoughts of liberty, and loved ones far away, of anguish, despair, and death, all placed in contrast, with the pictured love, mercy, justice, humility and golden glory directly above my head. The one awful, overshadowing thought with me was, how could men sit and worship amid all that sacred magnificence, and call upon God to hear and bless and protect them, while human beings above or directly below them, were either being horri-

bly executed, or tortured in body and mind? To me, it was an occasion for the study of the savagery, and cold heartless viciousness of the human mind, when moved by superstition and the lust of ambition and power. And this was only one of many thousand dungeons in the world.

Finally, the guide came along with a party of tourists, men and women. As he approached the "Cell of the Doomed," I heard him say in his broken English, "We have now a prisoner confined in this cell, and I will show him to you. Come up close around the door, and I will thrust in my torch and you will see him." I was equal to the emergency, and huddled into a corner, remaining very silent. Expressions of pity, and questionings as to the prisoner's history were made. Finally I arose, and with a wild look, and a wilder yell, begged for mercy and implored to be saved. Some of the women screamed and almost fainted, and all either enjoyed the joke, afterwards, or expressed relief on finding out the circumstances of my being in the cell.

Much more of interest might be written of this great historic building, but I will only add, that the touch of decay is upon it. The many thousand piles upon which it is built are slowly being shifted by the creeping tide. The walls are cracking. In some places the corners of rooms have spread apart for the space of several inches. In places the floors tremble, and all through the building, the sound of the carpenter's hammer is heard. Every precaution is being taken to preserve both the palace and St. Marks, but like the Campanile, they are doomed. The buildings themselves can be braced all right, but the foundations cannot be sustained. I should be sorry to hear that these magnificent temples to superstition and rapacious government had fallen, for "A thing of Beauty is a Joy Forever," and I hope they will stand for many years to come.

The Campanile, or Bell Tower which collapsed three years ago, was begun in the tenth century and finished in 1178. It was 324 feet high. Foundations have been laid for a new one, on the same spot but the general impression is that no foundation can be made to-day strong enough, and work on it has temporarily ceased.

Other great churches in Venice are those of the Church of Our Lady of Health, situated at the mouth of the Grand Canal. The Frari Church, containing the famous picture, the Descent of the Holy Ghost, by Titian, and Tintoretto's masterpiece. "The Crucifixion," the tomb of Titian and that of Canova, the last regarded as the finest piece of sculpture in the world. Canova himself, designed this monument for Titian, and had it nearly finished at his death. His pupils completed it, and instead of giving it to Titian, made it the tomb of their own master. I was in several other churches, all of which contained famous paintings, and tombs, along with a lot of holy rubbish, which made me weary. I went to all these places just so I could say that I had seen the great art of the

world. I had gotten enough of it before I left Paris, and now the sight of it had become as much a chestnut to me as the constant repetition of Low Mass had become to the old priest in St. Marks and it gave me the yawns. How I will ever get by the Angels, Madonnas, Martyrs, Holy Ghosts, Saints and Popes of Florence, Rome and Naples, I don't know. There's only one relief, to it all, and that is the beauty and voluptuosity of the angels, which would indicate that the inhabitants of heaven are mighty good looking. The artist never fails to exhibit the physical charms of the angels. Too bad! Too bad! I frequently said, that there is no marriage or giving of marriage in Heaven. And as I looked at many of these shapely flocks, I thought of Dante's narrative of his trip through the seven heavens, and then of his trip into hell, which was even more gorgeous than heaven and inhabited solely by the most beautiful women of all races and complexions. When told by his angel guide that these were only to be looked at, he said: "Well, this is hell!"

It has been charged, and no doubt it is true, that the exposure of the female body in sacred art, is for the purpose of gratifying the sensuosity of the priest; and likewise the exposure of the male body to attract the female devotee.

It will be interesting to many of you to know, that most of the many Madonnas both blondes, brunettes, and all the many types, are the faces of mistresses of the artists who made them. Titian's wife left him, and she became a common prostitute. Nevertheless they remained on good terms, and she was the model for most of his Madonnas.

Of the many palaces, along the Grand Canal, I visited four or five of the finest which was sufficient to obtain an excellent idea of the proportion and distribution of the apartments of the wealthier Venetian families. Interesting and instructive is the sight of the old silk tapestries, the large mirrors, candelabra, paintings, statuary, bronzes, mosaics, painted ceilings and doors, furniture, etc. I visited the Palazza Resonics, where Browning died, the Palazza Mocenigo, where Byron lived and wrote in 1818, and the Palazza Calergi, where Richard Wagner died in 1883. I visited the Academy of Fine Arts, one of the famous galleries of the world. Herein is Titian's masterpiece, "The Assumption," copies of which are to be seen in so many American homes. It is twenty-two by twelve feet in size and one of the most highly prized pictures in the world. The Virgin is being translated into heaven, and she is going right up in the air surrounded by lots of angels, and chubby and brazen little boys. I looked at it a long time, but for the life of me could see absolutely nothing in the picture except the execution. Titian's mistress going up in the air, surrounded by a lot of acrobatic kids, scattering roses, and tooting tin horns, isn't such a very saintly or heavenly sight in my eyes, and it is so unreal and impossible, that

even ideality is destroyed. Too often, it seems to me the artist exerted himself to beautify something that lacked common sense. and and because they are of a religious character, the church praises these paintings and the unthinking people accept them as something not only real but divine. In fact, most of sacred art, even of the great masters, isn't worth wall room, in my opinion.

The Rialto was very interesting. It was, for centuries, the only bridge uniting the two parts of the city, and was a common meeting place for traders and money lenders. It rests on 12000 piles, is 144 feet long and 42 feet wide. It has two rows of shops across it, most of which deal in trinkets, and three wide foot-ways.

The Lido, a bathing resort on an island about fifteen miles across the bay as a delightful place. There I took a dip in the Adriatic. The approach to Venice from the bay is indeed picturesque. The city being so low, seems to be resting right on the water, and the Austrian Alps, snow capped, rising in the background over the palaces and towers, looked very enchanting to me.

Formerly, Venice depended wholly upon rain for her water supply, and the result was frequent pestilences. Now the water is conveyed from the Austrian Alps, to cisterns built at convenient places, here and there. An old women is placed as guard at each of these cisterns, permitting those who come, to get the water, and seeing that nothing is thrown into them. As Venice has no drainage whatever the closets are cleaned out every month, and the excrement moved by gondolas out into the sea. All traffic and travel is done by the gondola. I did not see a wheel in Venice, not even a toy-wagon.

While Venice has degenerated greatly as a commercial city, she still retains some of her former business spirit. In book-making and binding, she leads the world, and none of her art interested me more than the inspection of this. I saw books that I wouldn't have dreamed could be made. They are simply indescribable, and cost a fortune. In carved wood furniture, and all household draperies, Venice is not excelled. It is something wonderful to look at the women and girls (who do most of the work in Venice) make those wonderful brocades velvets and tapestries, especially as their machines and instruments are so rude.

Venice has taught the world in the manufacture of laces, and modern Venice is still a worthy rival of ancient Venice. The number of women employed in this industry is about five thousand. I went through several factories, and also through a professional school for lace making. Here the laces are made both by needle and by bodkin as in past centuries,, and the work of making the famous rosaline points, and points of Buraud and Venice, is a wonder of patience and perfection, as the girl is sometimes obliged to seek the thread which must be moved among one to two thousand other threads, pending before her. I have seen women at home working

embroidery with one thread, and it seemed wonderful, but when I saw a woman working one hundred threads—well, that took the lace. Another section of the school was for the repair of lace, which was equally wonderful and interesting.

I saw laces which sold at two cents a yard, and for six hundred dollars a yard. Also handkerchiefs for fifty cents each, and for one hundred and twenty-five dollars; table ornaments with artistic lace at twenty dollars and at one thousand dollars. Velvet at one dollar, and at twenty-five dollars per yard, and likewise with hundreds of artistic articles of manufacture, most of which can be bought in America even cheaper.

The articles mentioned, with Venetian glass constitute the chief articles of manufacture, and the sales of these, with the money left by visitors is all that saves Venice from abandonment. It must not be denied that Venice has a special artistic sentiment, and offers what no other country can offer, besides being the most wonderfully built city in the world. No such sights can be seen anywhere. There is only one Venice.

But the touch of decay is on the old town. The marble palaces are stained with age. Several of the finest along the Grand Canal are empty or in ruin. The lower floors of many are utilized as shops, where the shrewd Venetian has for sale rare and very ancient statues and furniture and bronzes belonging to the Doges, or other great Venetian families of a thousand years ago. As soon as they dispose of one piece to an American sucker, they bring in another from a back room somewhere which was just completed the day before, and in this manner, they never run out of the rare old antique. Some of the great palaces have plaster of paris shops in them, and the doors and windows are whitened with its stains. Windows are out in some, disclosing untenanted apartments. Most of you are familiar with those beautiful pictures of Turner depicting scenes on the Grand Canal, in which the gondolas and boats are draped in velvets, and gaudy colored silks were used for sails. That may have been in the old days. Not so now. All is plain, dull and common place.

On my last evening in Venice, I took a gondola, went the entire length (two miles) of the Grand Canal, then had the gondolier to return me right down through the heart of Venice, by the zig-zag route of small canals, which are from ten to fifteen feet wide. The houses on either side are four to six stories, and the route reveals just how the people live. Gondolas, coming, going, crossing everywhere. It was wonderful how five or six would meet at a corner and get past each other. I could not understand Italian very well, but enough to observe that the gondoliers were not very good at observing the second commandment. When we got into a jam, it looked as though a war was on hand, and we would all get killed. I was shown the house in which Shylock lived, or in which they say

he lived, if he ever lived, and the door from which the pretty Jessica stole from the wealthy Jew, and with an unthrift love, with the gay Lorenzo flew from Venice. I must have travelled three or four miles on returning, but came out at last right under the Bridge of Sighs, a palace and a prison on each hand.

I must leave much untold or all I saw in Venice, but I must not fail to call your attention to the famous winged Lion of St. Marks. This bronze Lion stands on a tall column in front of the Doge's palace, I asked full one hundred people in Venice, why wings were given to the lion, and not one could tell. Lest some of my readers may not know, I will explain. The Lion is Leo of the Zodaic, typifying the passage of the sun through the month of July. The passage of the sun through the heavens from east to west mystified the ancients. How could he move unaided? Some invisible power must be pushing him or carrying him across the sky. What could that be, but an angel? Likewise, the stars were pushed along by angels, consequently the wings of the lion, are the wings of the angel that pushes the sun from the East to West through the skies. The wings attached to Taurus, the Bull, have the same symbolic significance, an old sun symbol originating with the Egyptians and borrowed from that imaginative and secretive race.

It was with a feeling of regret that I took my departure from Venice. Strange, wonderful city. Beautiful tyrant whose chains once clanked over sceptered nations! Purple-robed queen, in whose lap the exhaustless East poured her glistening gems in sparkling showers.

Though with fire and blood she made subject earth and sea, still she kept the eastern hordes out of Europe, and to this extent deserves our gratitude and love. Besides other arts, that of printing here took growth, and not the least of all her proud historic deeds, was her love for Tasso and his glorious muse.

Long, long before I saw her marble walls, and liquid streets,, I loved her for Shylock, Desdemona and the Moor; for Shakespeare's Schiller's, Byron's, Hood's and Ruskin's glowing verse and rythmic art. And having seen, long in memory will I wander through her crumbling palaces, her golden shrines, and high artistic halls. And oft in moody moonlit hours, in the mellow distance, soft I'll glide along her shadowy shimmering sea; or in the glimmering light of glowing eve, along her templed courts I'll stray, or gaze upon the column high, where still the winged lion fiercely stands, o'erlooking the Dogeless city's vanished might, as if in mockery of her withered power.

CHAPTER X.

Florence.

The country lying between Venice and Florence, as far as the Appenines, presents about the same appearance as that de scribed between Milan and Venice—for four hundred miles, all orchard—continuous rows of orange and olive trees, garlanded with vines, and the spaces between the trees highly cultivated.

The Appenines are bleak and barren—wholly denuded, except remaining here and there are some forlorn looking chestnut trees, They are simply a mountainous desert, and nothing picturesque about them. There is no coal in Italy, and consequently all the timber has long been destroyed and none allowed to grow. Grim necessity compels the use of every shrub. All the coal is brought from Austria, England and America. Only the rich can afford to use it. This lack of coal is a great drawback to manufactures. However, through all northern Italy, factories are springing up, and evidence is on hand that the Italian is coming to the front. I saw fifteen or twenty new plants, which I would judge cost 250,000 dollars each, and which would be very creditable to America. Most of these, were distilleries. There are forty-two tunnels on the road across the Appenines, and the coal gas almost suffocated me.

When we had reached the thirty-second tunnel, a woman in my compartment said: "Thank heaven! now we won't have any more smoke." "Why not?" said I, "we have ten tunnels ahead of us." "I know," she replied, "but we are on the down grade, and no smoke comes in the car on the down grade. That was a new one to me, but she was right. We passed through long tunnels, and was not bothered with the gas at all. The woman mentioned above, was an American, reared in Philadelphia, but has resided in Florence for thirty years. She had been over to Venice in company with a lady relative from Brooklyn, and was returning to Florence, which to her, was the only spot in the world, and Italy the only country, and Italians the only people.

As we passed along through the barren and desolate Appenines, she would say: "Just look at that mountain side, see that soft delicate light! that dreamy haze! and did you ever see skies so translucent, so liquid, so heavenly, so pure that an angel might

float in them? Ah! there are no skies like the Italian skies." Thus she repeatedly went into raptures over the desolation, through which we were passing. Finally, I could not refrain from asking her, "if, in her long residence in Italy, she had ever seen any angels floating about in the pure translucent ether?" "Of course not," she replied. "I didn't know," said I, "but there might be such things, since I had seen so many painted ones, and that I was going to see the Pope, and if I didn't see angels floating around his head, I would doubt his divinity. Besides Italy had supplied the world with angels, and where the supply is so exhaustless, one would naturally expect to see the real thing." "I didn't think any one was so dull of comprehension," she said, "that he didn't know that an angel is only an ideality." I begged her pardon, and told her "that I had always been made to believe that angels are real things, and that it was owing to the purity, softness and "translucency" of the Italian skies that they could be seen here, and nowhere else."

She was on to my speech, and giving me a hard vicious stare, turned to talk to her companions.

There is some slight difference, owing to proximity to the sea, and the atmospheric conditions, in skies; but so far as I have observed, skies are skies, and those of Italy are no clearer, bluer, or softer than in Ohio. The clouds are no cloudier, the water is no wetter, the sun is no sunnier, and the stars no starrier in Italy, than anywhere else.

There was one very fine view as we descended the western slope of the Appenines, over looking the valley of Pistoja, which is thickly planted with olive trees. The olive tree is of the plum family and grows as large or larger than our damson trees. The leaf is small, and of greyish tint, much resembling in color, our silver poplar. There is but little life or color to the olive grove, and as I had always associated the olive with something beautiful, I was disappointed in it.

We passed through the ancient walled city of Pistoja, decadent, but picturesque old place, of high walls, churches, monkeries and nunneries, surrounded by quaint, ancient homes, that have stood there for over two thousand years. The "Pistol" takes its name from this city, having been invented here.

At last I am in Florence, city of flowers, shrine of art, heart of beauty, soul of poetry, paradise of earth. Who has not heard of Florence, and has not wished to be here?

I remember reading in my boyhood, in Childe Harold, Byron's praise of Florence, in which he declared:—

> 'Thou art the home
> Of all art yields, or nature can decree."

No greater praise of a city could have been given, and I expected much. I expected to see a veritable Arcadia, and wander through a fairy land of flowers; through sweet scented lanes, damasked with clustering roses, where the fragrant breath of the orange wooes, and softly speaks the sweet-voiced mignonette. Or out in the fields, where the floor of nature thick is laid with daisied mosaics and bordered with hedges flecked with honeysuckle, jasmine and rose. But I was disappointed. It was September, and may have been out of season, but with the exception of a few roses blooming in the Protestant cemetery, I saw no flowers growing in Florence. Girls and women line the drives, and as the carriage containing visitors comes up, they run out, and toss in some sickly carnations, each fastened to a tooth-pick, and expect you to stop and pay for them, or if you do not want them, you are expected to hand or pitch them back. These women are stationed along the whole route, and no difference how you have been supplied by others, they never fail to rush up and throw their flowers at you. On several occasions, I kept the carnations, rose in the carriage, lifted my hat and repeatedly bowed my thanks. When they saw that I was accepting the flowers as a gift, and did not either intend to pay for them, or throw them out of the carriage, the air would become vivid with fiery glances, lighting gestures and shrill Italian, which amused me greatly.

I saw no flower stores in Florence, nor did I see any in Milan or Venice. I can see any day, more flowers along one square in Cincinnati, than I saw in all the flower stores in Europe. I did not see a conservatory anywhere. "Flowery Italy" is a misnomer. Besides the orange and olive, such trees as are standing are ancient and decaying, consequently Nature does not present any varied or sublime charms, such as we have been led to believe.

Though disappointed in this respect, I am filled with many varied and thrilling emotions in moving about among the historical places of interest, associated with many of the famous minds of the world.

I have walked the streets, over which Dante, in moody contemplation, trod, and stood at the corner of the bridge, where he had leaned, when he met the rare and radiant Beatrice, and the purple light of love first lighted up his dark bosom.

I have walked the ways of Galileo, Alfieri, Michael Angelo, Raphael, and stood at the spot where the fiery republican spirit of Savanarola was quenched in flames. I have walked through her miles of galleries, and viewed the art, upon which her present fame mostly depends, and stood at the tombs of her greatest and best. All this with the quaint architecture made Florence attractive to me, but the reputed beauty of the city, I found to be an exaggeration. Mrs. Browning went there for her health, and her flattering descriptions have made it the shrine of poets since. But of course,

tastes differ. I was not particularly impressed that the environments were such as to inspire the muse.

But now to details. As soon as I had eaten my supper, I went up into the public square, in which a band was playing. The square was brilliantly lighted, and a number of buildings were decorated with flags. Florence is said to be one of the best lighted cities in the world.

I came across some Americans, and found that the music and decorations was in honor of the heir to the throne of Italy, who was born that day. I noticed Old Glory flying to the breeze from the window of the American Consulate. It was the first time I had seen the Stars and Stripes since leaving New York, and how bright and beautiful it looked among all other flags. At first I felt like giving a cheer, and was about to do so; but suddenly remembering that it was displayed for the purpose of joining in the general rejoicing over the birth of a King, I paused. It seemed so strange to see the emblem of my country spread out to honor the principle our fathers fought and died to be free of—no, I couldn't salute it. Although I knew it was only a matter of diplomacy, and of national courtesy, still there is that something in me, so virile, so uncompromisingly democratic, that I couldn't salute, even my country's banner, when its folds were dipped in salutation to autocracy in any form.

The band played the national airs, but there was no cheering or demonstration from the people. There was not a very large crowd in the square, no more than a band ordinarily would attract. It was rather the chilliest welcome, I ever saw, and in conversing afterwards with citizens, they said the king idea is fast dying out in Italy, and while there were many enthusiastic royalists, the masses were growing indifferent, and had ceased to regard the king as a divine personage, or to look upon him as being any better than any one else, consequently the celebration was more a formality, than an enthusiastic expression of the people.

A big strike was on at this time at Genoa, and a gentleman who had been there, said he saw 30,000 in line. At Turin, a smaller city he had seen 15,000 in line, mostly Socialists and Freemasons, (and of course Freethinkers) in an anti-clerical celebration. The spirit of organization, which is the spirit of self-expression, seems to be growing all over Italy, and presages a bright future for that unhappy and backward nation, long blighted by the curse of superstition and divine might. When Italy rises above these crushing powers, we may look for a rapid reconstruction of her people, for the old Roman still lingers there. Already she is taking place among the first in rank, in medicine, science and philosophy, and she will always hold her own in art.

The people of Florence, as judged by the promiscuous crowd, are rather fine looking, and well and stylishly dressed. While the

Italian type is evident, there is hardly a distinguishable difference between the appearance of the people, and those of most any American city. The dress of both men and women are identical in cut and texture, and, hats, neckwear and shoes also the same, except the latter are not so neat and fine in quality. I would often observe Europeans looking at my shoes.

There is a decided difference in the people, and the general air of prosperity pervading Florence, as compared with Venice. The modern part of the city, which consists of one square, and seven or eight blocks leading therefrom, is very pretty, with glass fronts on the lower floors, and pretty, bright stores. As soon as you step off of those blocks, you feel from five hundred to a thousand years older. The old Italian buildings like the Spanish, are somewhat after the adobe style.

Florence has very pretty and well kept streets. Some of them are made of dressed stone about fifteen inches square, and are in fact, a pavement. The traffic being light, they are but little worn, and remain smooth as a floor.

Florence has a very delightful walk and drive for about two miles along the right bank of the Arno. Another which winds among the hills for three or four miles, and past the top of the hill, overlooking the city known as the Plaza Michaelangelo, which is adorned with a colossal bronze statue of the young David, and which is regarded as a famous piece of art, but which did not appeal to me. I have noted in the city guide books, that insignificant streets and drives are referred to as being in some way wondrous and remarkable; and palaces are referred to as something grand, that would hardly make first class tenements in America. The facts are that these Italian palaces are antiquated and decadent structures, and their beauty and grandeur greatly magnified.

Among the remarkable houses I visited was the one where Michael Angelo was born, also the one where he died, where Raphael lived, where Donatello had his shops, where Garibaldi lived, where Mrs. Browning died, where Macchiavelli died, where Alfieri died, where Dante lived and where Galileo lived and died There is nothing much to be seen in the palaces, but some sculpture, old tapestries, a lot of rusty gilt, and gloomy paintings of Christs, Crucifixes, Madonnas, etc. When one is seen, all is seen. The tastes of the people never got far away from glorifying a lot of old Jew fanatics. There was one place I took special pleasure in visiting, and that was the residence of Mrs. Browning. I sat at the window from which the sick woman was wont to gaze, and beneath which the Italian children oft came to beg pennies of her, and which led her, while sitting at that window, to write "The Cry of the Children," perhaps the most frequently quoted, and the most popular of her poems. But evidently, conditions have somewhat changed since her time. While I saw a lot of poor children, they did not

seem any worse off, if as bad, as the children of the tenements in Cincinnati. I am satisfied, by the contrast, that the worst of the old world's conditions are fast becoming serious problems for America.

Most of the houses where the great men mentioned, lived or died, are humble, and there is nothing about them suggestive of inspiration and genius.

I visited the Protestant cemetery, which is a famous burial ground. It is indeed a beautiful spot, and if it adds to our future happiness to be buried in some particular place, one might well wish to lie there.

Here repose Arthur Hugh Clough, young English churchman and poet. Walter Savage Landor, poet; Elizabeth Barrett Browning, poet; Anthony Trollope, writer; Hiram Powers, American sculptor; and Theodore Parker, American liberator, patriot and Freethinker.

As I stood at their graves, I thought that if there be knowledge after death, and if there be visions of this life, it must be a pleasant thing to observe the traveller from far climes, step aside from the busy haunts of the world, to come and stand in reverence and with a cherished memory by our graves.

Hiram Powers, the first great American Sculptor, was once a resident of Cincinnati, and while here, labored as a stone trimmer.

Theodore Parker was a Unitarian, and known as the great American preacher of his time. Inscribed on his tomb-stone are these words: "His name is engraved in marble, his virtues in the lives and hearts of those he helped to free from slavery and superstition."

There was one place to which I muchly wanted to go, but did not. This was to the "Vale of Vallambrosa," fifteen miles from the city. "Vale of Vallambrosa!" pretty phrase is it not? When a boy, I remember of no words more charming to me than these, from Milton, which I was given to the habit of frequently repeating:

> "His legions, angel forms, who lay entranced,
> Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks,
> In Vallambrosa,"

Here Milton is said to have dictated a great part of his Paradise Lost, to his daughters. I did not go out to Vallambrosa, because I felt that I would be disappointed. I had travelled over valley and mountain in Italy, and had seen no forests, to speak of, and I was satisfied I would see no autumnal leaves strewing the brooks, and so concluded to let the poetical picture stand as it long had stood in my memory. The American sculptor, W. W. Story and his wife, the opera singer, Emma Eames Story, make their home

in a charming Villa in Vallambrosa, their home life here being frequently made the subject of a magazine story, in which of course, a paradise is always pictured. Allowances must be made for magazine stories, which are generally either too highly colored, or short on detail. They always speak of the Arno, as "the silvery Arno."

Well, when I saw it, it had a beautiful chocolate complexion, not unlike the Ohio river usually has. You may put it down that clear water is just as silvery in one country as another.

The Libraries of Florence were a source of great interest to me, as here I saw some rare volumes, and original manuscripts, among them, the first printed Bibles, the most ancient manuscript of Virgil, two manuscripts of Tacitus, the Decameron by Boccacio, letters by Cicero, a Horace that came from the library of Petrarch with letters by the same, a Terence, the celebrated manuscript of Longus, with the ink-spoks, a letter of Dante, the first Homer, printed in Florence, a natural history by Pliny, a history of Florence, written by Machiavella's own hand, the manuscripts of Alfieri, all these, along with a rich collection of letters and autographs of celebrated literary and scientific men of different ages. Florence was the first city in Italy to give the example of establishing public libraries.

Although Florence is the center of the art world, I will not give an extended description, for so to do, would be to go over ground already covered on this subject. If the reader becomes weary of the subject of Art and Churches, I assure him that he is not half so weary as the writer. I dwell on these subjects, simply because the most to be seen in all these cities of Italy, are gloomy churches, and gloomy sacred art.

I dwell on the art I see here, for two special reasons: First, for the mighty influence it has had in shaping the religious thought of the world. All over America, and the whole world, in the homes of the people, are scattered copies of the pictures I saw here. They have been object lessons of thought, and have had much to do in shaping the mind and molding it to superstition, and thus perpetuating the sway and power of kingcraft and priestcraft. Therefore, from no other subject do I derive as much food for thought. My second reason is, the humbuggery existing in this sacred art, and my desire to expose it.

No other person, so far as I know, has looked, and gone as deeply into this subject as I look and go here. Herbert Spencer, in his biography, without going into details, expresses about the same views. It has always seemed strange to me, that abler writers and judges have never thought or dared to expose it. What would be more natural than to expect that a sham religion would have a sham art, and that men should criticise the art, as well as the religion.

But somehow the art came to be regarded with as much sanctity, veneration and worship as the Bible, and like the Bible, it grew

to be above criticism. Anything that had the stamp of the approval of the priest was not to be profaned with the coarse judgment of the masses, and so, all this sacred nonsense and vicious illustrations of man, heaven and hell, in time, came to be regarded as visions of holiness, that were not to be looked upon with a questioning eye.

Thus, you perceive, that as men are only grown up children, and also given to the liking of picture books, what a mighty influence these object lessons have had in perpetuating the Christian superstition, and so retarding the progress of the world.

The fault is not with the artist. King and priest possessed all the wealth, power and influence. Art is ornate, and only upon palace and church, had the artist the opportunity to exercise his powers. He had to live, and so had to work for those able to give him employment, and the living gotten out of them, was generally, a mere existence. In the course of time, the artist could paint nothing else. It is to be noted that Raphael's landscapes are mere daubs. It is for these reasons that the churches, and palaces and galleries of Italy are filled with Popes, Kings, Jesuses, Madonnas, Holy Families, Crucifixions, Resurrections, Ascensions, Judgements, Heavens, Hells, Angels, Devils, and the like interesting, beautiful inspiring and cheerful demonstrations of Divinity. And as I have looked upon the rich coloring and master technique, I have felt a pity that such wealth of genius should have been prostituted and thrown away upon a rank superstition. It may be all right to preserve this peculiar style of art, for the lessons to be drawn from the color, design and technique, and also as a matter of historical value, demonstrating the evolution of art, but it seems to me that an American freight train of about forty-five big cars, might be run into Florence, as well as other Italian cities, and packed full of some of the stuff I have seen, and hauled out and dumped, and a bonfire made of it, and art not suffer the least by the sacrifice; and I am sure humanity would have been better off if the same energy and skill had been applied to painting subjects that had heart and soul and feeling and nature in them, instead of so much pious lunacy, and impossible ideality. I may be all wrong in this, but it is my opinion, and I give it for what it is worth.

Florence is divided by the Arno, and united by four stone bridges, the principal of which is the Ponte Vecchio. Like the Rialto, this bridge is covered with jeweler's, goldsmith's and other shops, lining the drive ways, and also living habitations. Built upon these is a gallery connecting the Pitti palace on one side of the river to the Uffizi gallery on the other. It is a rare oddity to see an art gallery built over a bridge and resting on shops and houses beneath. The entire length of these galleries is nearly a mile.

Of theUffizi gallery in which there are many thousands of statues and paintings, I will make mention only of the collection in what is known as the hall of the "Tribuns." This is regarded as the

very sanctuary of art, to be looked upon with amazement and reverential awe. It is one of the rarest wonders of Italy, and one of its greatest prides: for here stands the famous female statue, the "Venus of the Medicis," the work of Cleomenes, the Athenian. It is regarded as the perfect carving of the perfect figure. I think I am a pretty good judge of the female form divine, and I must say that to me, Venus filled the bill only in parts. The lower limb is not as shapely as I have seen them, and her head—well I couldn't fall in love with that head.

I hate to be "knocking" all the time at great masterpieces. It is a presumption and a conceit that I know will disgust many, but I am not writing this to please any one but myself, and I make free to say that, while the ancient sculptors understood the human anatomy, and could chisel out the body to perfection, they could not make a head, or put light and life and expression into the face.

Look at the eyes, blank blind and expressionless, not even an attempt to make an eye. Neither could they make hair. The hair on Roman heads of men, look like the curls that grow on the heads of bulls. They did not seem to be able to present more than a national type. Look at the heads and faces of such men as Caesar, Cicero, Aurelius and others. Men of their intellectual caliber are bound to have strong intellectual faces, but those of Cæsar as represented by sculpture, always awaken my pity and sympathy, for I cannot help but feel that it is a caricature, and that it is a shame to give such a brainless look to a man of his brain.

I addressed a lady artist, who proved to be a Parisian, and who was at her easel copying a Van Dyck. She could speak English fairly well, and was very courteous. I told her that I was disappointed in the Venus, and that I was really sorry over it, and pointed out my criticisms. She coincided with me, and said that a great many, artists as well as visitors, expressed disappointment. I make particular mention of this to show that there is a tendency in art as in religion, to judge it by age, and like the Bible, hold it sacred because of its antiquity, and as something not to be criticised. The modern sculptors, of Italy, in my opinion, are to-day turning out better figures than the ancient. I was in several shops, and was astonished at sights of youths of ten and twelve carving the human form from marble.

In this hall of "The Tribuns" is also the statue of "The Wrestlers," a truly remarkable work of ancient Greek sculpture. "The Dancing Faun," by Praxitiles, "The Whetter," and Apollo, besides some twenty or thirty paintings by the greatest masters. When these have been seen, the glories of art have fallen upon your vision.

The Apollo is a study, owing to its feminine characteristics. Apollo was a God of the Greeks, the impersonation of Greek life in its most beautiful and natural forms. He is generally represented

with a beautifully oval and feminine face, high forehead, flowing hair and round slender figure, the male attributes being notably small.

This statue leads me to note that Apollo is typical of all the Saviors of the world. Saviors are never old men, but are always young and of delicate and feminine features. Jesus, Zeus, Vishnu, Buddha and Osiris were all delicate young fellows of the Apollo type. None lived to be old, none performed the functions of the male. All, in their persons, combined both the male and female principles, thus becoming one with the Father, Yah (the male) and Veh (the female); for, after his own image, male and female, created He (Yahveh) them.

With the Greeks, Hermes was the male God of Love, and Aphrodite, the female God of Love. Saviors like Apollo, who, in their persons, symbolized the union of the male and female principles were called Hermaphrodites. In the Uffizi is a large hall, called the "Cabinet of the Hermaphrodite," in which numerous instances appear, both in painting and sculpture of the double-sexed divinities.

The Pitti Palace is almost as large as the Uffizi gallery, and contains a vast number of paintings, nearly all of a sacred character. The most interesting objects to me in this building were two porphyry basins, located in the vestibule. These huge basins are twelve feet in diameter, and cut about two feet deep, they rest on pedestials three feet high, and stand at either end of the hall about one hundred feet apart. By leaning over the edge of one of these basins, and whispering so low that I could hardly hear my own voice, I carried on a conversation with a gentleman standing at the other basin, one hundred feet away, who whispered low in the same fashion. More wonderful still, although we spoke in the faintest whispers, our voices sounded as loud as we could possibly hollow.

Florence has a number of private galleries of some importance, a gallery of arras and ancient tapestries, an archaeological museum, an astronomical observatory, academy of fine arts, school of medicine, and other branches of learning, and much more that I will not attempt to describe. Everywhere, the walls are lined with the saints. You just can't get away from them. They have more here of one thing they don't need, and less of one thing they do need, than any place in the world. They have sacred art galore, but not school-books. They have sacred galleries, but few schoolhouses. They have instructors to teach a few of the young how to paint Madonnas and Holy Families, but few public school teachers to instruct the masses how to read and write.

Wherever you see here sacred art at the top of things, you may look for education of the masses at the bottom. Wherever priests and monks and nuns are thickest, school-teachers are scarcest. But Italy is coming out of this sacred rut, and is gradually introducing and extending the public school system, and so has greatly reduced the rate of illiteracy.

The eternal condemnation of mankind must forever rest upon a religion which has held the educational control of a nation in its hands for a thousand years, with the recent result that sixty per cent could not read or write. But a mighty change is fast coming to the Italian people. The State has seized upon Jesuit colleges, and turned them into secular institutions of learning. It has closed up a vast number of monasteries, declaring them to be demoralizing and a burden upon the communities. There are more Monks to be seen here in Florence, than any where in Italy. These useful members of society are an interesting study. By shaving their heads, going bare-headed and bare-footed, dressing in a greasy old gown, and allowing the dirt to accumulate on their bodies, and by praying, fasting, begging, and training their countenances to look like idiots, they expect to get on the good side of the Almighty, and obtain the best real estate in heaven. Italy, at last, is realizing that she can never hold a high place among the nations of the world as long as she has more monks than school-teachers, and so is gradually getting rid of them.

A story is told of how Michæl Angelo took his revenge out on a Monk who had found fault with him. He had been painting a picture of Angels driving Infidels into hell. The Monk thought he was not making the progress he ought, and so told him that he was too long about it, and to hurry up, with the result that Angelo changed the face of one of the heretics to that of the Monk. Upon completion of the picture, the monk raised a great howl about it, and demanded of Angelo, that he take his face out of the picture. Angelo refusing he applied to the Abbot, who could not induce Angelo to make the change. The Monk then made a pilgrimage to Rome, and notified the Pope of the matter, and appealed to him to make Angelo take his face out of the picture. "Did son Michael thus place you in hell?" asked the Pope. "Yes," replied the Monk, "and he has made my face so plain that every one notices it, and Holy Father, I pray you make him take it out." But the Pope, knowing that Angelo wouldn't take orders, even from him, and wishing to avoid further difficulty, said: "My son, if it was Purgatory, I could do something for you; but when you once get into Hell, you'll have to stay there."

Of the many churches, I will make brief mention of but two, that of the Duomo, or Cathedral, ranks with the great churches of the world. All of these great structures excel all others in some features. This church was begun in 1298, and completed in 1886, requiring nearly 600 years to build it. Its great bronze door, the finest in the world required ten years for its completion. The Cupola of this church is higher and greater in circumference than St. Peters in Rome. One can readily perceive by the length of time taken in building this great Cathedral, along with hundreds of other great churches, how the people were kept in continual poverty.

With the church upon one hand, and a royal family on the other, and continuous war to uphold, what hopes could there be for the ignorant, enslaved masses? The deeper I look into the history of the Christian Church, the greater curse she appears to me. This church has its relics, a piece of "the true cross," bones, hair blood, etc., all of which dispense with any need of doctors to those with an eye of faith. They can be seen for a lira, or twenty-five cents.

In one of the great windows is a picture of Galileo, and all through the church are an endless array of sacred paintings, and statuary. Across the street, and facing the Cathedral, is a Battistaro, or baptizing place, a large octagonal temple, whose magnificent bronze doors, are celebrated in the history of fine arts. One of these, Michæl Angelo said, was worthy of being the Gate of Paradise. I didn't think that they were so awfully wonderful, I wasn't carried away with every thing I saw, just because the clergy or some eminent artist happened to place a high estimate upon it. Formerly the clergy were supposed to be the only competent judges of art, and their tastes decided what the artist's inspiration should be. Herein lies the humbuggery of all this sacred rubbish. Art, like poetry, comes from the heart, and seeks nature, not the monkeystery, the cloister, the altar and the tomb.

Pierpont Morgan is reckoned a connoisseur of art. This is, largely, because he has the money to buy. I have no money to buy, and it is hardly likely, therefore, that the few artists who read this, will form a very high opinion of my judgment. All the same, I will exercise the privilege and right to express my opinions, even if I do make a fool of myself. If I should approach Paradise, and see those big bronze doors which Angelo thought worthy to be its gates, I would think I was going to get locked up in jail. It's a cheeky thing to do, I know, in "bucking" against the opinion of Michæl Angelo; but as a choice, I would rather go into Paradise through an old-time garden gate, arched with rustic poles, and a rose clambering up each side and clustering over the center, than to go through those bronze gates, which, to me, are suggestive of lock and key, and of barring the entrance of those who sorrow and mourn.

So art, after all, is largely a matter of taste. The artist himself, is not always the best judge, and generally speaking, his whole success often depends upon the fancy of some titled person, or millionaire "pork-packer," whose judgments may not rise above the title, or the animal which has contributed so largely to their importance.

The next church in importance is that of Santa Croce, not unappropriately called the Italian Pantheon, for herein are tombs and monuments to the most illustrious of the Florentines, to Galileo, Dante, Michael Angelo, Alfieri and Macchiavelli, names of world-wide reputation in Science, Art, Poetry and Statesmanship. There

are numerous other tombs of church dignitaries, who are ranked with the great, but I had never heard of them. Those only who contribute good to humanity, take their place among the immortals. Men who spend their lives and waste their talents in perpetuating superstition cannot hope to live in history, along with men like Galileo.

Monuments do not make men great, men make the monuments great. With me, I felt greater reverence in standing in the humble rooms, where these great ones had lived and thought, and loved, than in standing before their magnificent tombs. I felt a reverence in walking along the streets, and over the stones, or along the river, and over the bridges, and through the groves, where they had lonely pondered, in moody, tender, fiery thought.

It was a strange sight, to look upon the tomb of Galileo in the church which had sent him to the dungeon for the publication of his scientific discoveries, and which by after-threats, had silenced his voice, thus preventing him from giving to the world the full value of his thought. But that has always been the way of the church. It has persecuted science, and then claimed the scientist as her own. It would burn the heretic, then after, when the world accepted and honored him, would canonize him. Its policy is the same still to-day. It is one of their methods of diminishing the importance, and silencing the influence of the opposition. In our own country, it claims Franklin, Jefferson, Washington and Lincoln, as brazenly as if they had always been amen corner veterans. It will allow no credit to get away from it. The clergy to-day, will not hesitate to preach a funeral over an Agnostic or Atheist, sending him to glory by lightning express, and landing him safe in the arms of Jesus.

And so here was buried Galileo, the heretic, in the wall of Santa Croce. A marble tomb, in size about twenty by thirty feet, magnificent in sculpture and design, covers the wall. His statue occupies the central space while all around are scientific implements, telescope, compass, globe, books, maps, etc., and beautiful female figures, representing Science, Learning and Liberty. In contrast with like figures on the tombs of Dante and others, none of these female figures have wings. There is absolutely nothing of a sacred character engraved upon it, which would indicate that those who had a hand in the designing of the tomb, knew what they were doing.

Galileo, as the creator of experimental science, revolutionized the thought of the world, and struck the church, which has interred him, a blow from which it will never recover. He was born at Pisa in 1564. At the age of 18 he made one of his most important discoveries. Happening, on one occasion, to observe in the cathedral of Pisa, the oscillation of a lamp, casually set in motion, he was struck with the apparent measured regularity of its vibrations, and tested

the same by comparing with the beat of his own pulse, and from this concluded that by the means of this equality of oscillation, a simple pendulum, might be made the agent in the exact measurement of time. This discovery he utilized by the successful application of the pendulum in constructing a clock for astronomical purposes.

The first fruit of his geometrical investigations was the invention of the hydrostatic balance. In 1589, the fame of his learning had extended over Italy, and the Grand Duke of Tuscany, a liberal prince, appointed him professor of Mathematics in the University of Pisa, where he secretly introduced those great innovations of science which since have started the world forward on the march of progress. Secretly he had to work, for the eye of the Inquisitor was upon every man, who was known to think or investigate.

About this period, he turned his attention to the then very imperfectly comprehended laws of motion, discovering the three laws, subsequently formulated by Newton, and the law regulating the motion of falling bodies, which he proved by experiments made from the summit of the leaning tower of Pisa, greatly to the chagrin of the clergy, who still clung to the Bible theory of the shape of the earth, and whose enmity now grew decided.

In consequence, Galileo deemed it prudent to quit Pisa, and retired to Padua, where he accepted the offer of lecturer on Mathematics in the University for six years, his engagement being prolonged for the term of eighteen years. Here his course of lectures enjoyed great popularity. Crowds of pupils, hungry for the truth, flocked to hear him, from all parts of Europe, thus scattering his theories, and laying the foundations of advanced science.

In 1609, he completed the telescope, presenting it to the Doge of Venice, by whom it was tested from the tower of St. Marks, with equal surprise and delight. But within all this time, he dared not be bold in advancing his theories, and at no time was free of danger from the Inquisition.

His desire to return to Pisa, his birth place, became so urgent, that he returned there, and very cautiously introduced his theories under the form of a dialogue between three fictitious persons, one of each presenting his argument for the three scientific schools or theories existing at that time—the Ptolemaic, the Aristolean, and his own school the Copernican. He thus aimed by contrast, to make his own theories, the Copernican, so plain and convincing that they would give no offense, and meet with Papal approval; but in this failed, the Pope refusing to indorse the dialogue. Later, in 1632, he received authorization in Florence, and ventured to publish the dialogue, which was a model in classic beauty and composition.

Hardly had the work been issued, when it was given over to

the Inquisition. Pope Urban was made to believe that Galileo had satirized him in this work, under the title of Simplicio, (one of the fictitious disputants in the dialogue), as one who was careless and indifferent to scientific truth, and who timidly clung to the fallacies of antiquity.

He resolved to punish the presumptuous heretic, and in spite of his seventy years, and heavy infirmities, was summoned before the Inquisition to answer for his heresies. He was thrown into the dungeon, and after a trial of many weary delays, his judges condemned him to fall upon his knees, and renounce by oath, the sublime truths of his scientific creed. It meant life. The stake was before him, and with the "mental reservation"—"Still she goes round," he submitted to the decree.

Many look upon this renouncement as a weakness in Galileo. I do not so regard it. Galileo alive, was better than Galileo dead. Living, the opportunity might present itself for vindication. Besides Galileo well knew that he had already, through his students, scattered his theories wide-cast over the world, and neither the Pope's foolish anger, nor the Inquisitor's pious ferocity, could stay their march. He had already sown the seed, why not live to see it grow? There could have been no benefit to the world, in his dying. Under the same circumstances, I would have done likewise. His trial, condemnation and public recantation took place in Rome. "Are these, then, my judges?" he exclaimed, in retiring from his Inquisitors, whose ignorance astonished him. Milton, who visited him in prison, tells us that he was poor, weak and old. The priest who was confessor of his widow, taking advantage of her piety, induced her to turn over the manuscripts of the great philosopher to his keeping, and destroyed such, as in his judgment, was not fit to be known to the world.

It is thus, that those who have labored most zealously to instruct mankind have been those who have suffered most from ignorance; and the discoverers of new arts and sciences, have hardly ever lived to see them accepted by the world. With a noble perception of his own genius, Lord Bacon, in his prophetic will, thus expresses himself: "For my name and memory, I leave it to men's charitable speeches, and to foreign nations, and the next ages." Before the times of Galileo and Harvey, the world believed in the diurnal immovability of the earth, and in the stagnation of the blood; and for denying these, the one was persecuted and the other, ridiculed.

The intelligence and virtue of Socrates were punished with death. Anaxagoras, when he attempted to propogate a just notion of the Supreme Being, was dragged to prison. Aristotle, after a long series of persecutions swallowed poison. Hereclitus, was so tormented and threatened by the priesthood, that he broke off all intercourse with men. The geometricians Gerbert, Roger Bacon and

others were accused of having diabolical attendants. Virgilus, Bishop of Salzburg, having asserted that there were antipodes, was consigned to the flames by the archbishop of Metz. Descartes was horribly persecuted in Holland when he first published his opinions, and Voetius, a bigot of great influence, accusing him of atheism, proposed to burn him in an extraordinary fire, to be built on an eminence, so it could be seen from seven provinces. The ordeal of fire was the great purifier of men and books. This physical persecution of science and genius lasted until the end of the seventeenth century. If the metaphysician stood the chance of being burnt as a heretic, the natural philosopher stood in even greater jeopardy. I might go on for a hundred pages enumerating the persecutions and tortures of the learned. Every man who happened to know something of the Arcana of nature, or who questioned the established beliefs of the priesthood, came under the merciless vengeance of the Inquisition. The numbers tortured, imprisoned, or put to death ran into the hundreds of thousands, and those compelled to stifle thought, ran into the many millions. The suppression of thought is almost as sorrowful as the persecution of it, and we can form no idea to-day, of the extent, to which the progress of the world has been retarded by superstition.

One Albert, had constructed a curious piece of mechanism, which sent forth distinct vocal sounds. Saint Thomas Aquinas, one of the wisest fathers of the holy and infallible church, at once took it to be the work of the devil, and was so horrified at hearing the instrument speak, that he struck it with his staff, and to the mortification of the inventor, annihilated the curious labor of thirty years. Thus the phonograph and telephone were nipped in the bud, and humanity deprived of the use of these inventions for so many centuries.

Likewise in the art of stenography. One Trithemius had discovered and improved this art, and had written several curious works on the subject. These were condemned as diabolical mysteries, and to be publicly burnt. Back in those awakening centuries, the human mind, from all we read, seemed to be intensely active along the lines of discovery, invention, and study of natural laws. Many of the greatest discoveries of the present age were either begun, or were being evolved in the human brain. But the withering scowl of the priest suppressed them all. The rest of mankind were not to exhibit knowledge, superior to that of the holy and divine ones. All wisdom must emanate from the church. All art must be sacred art. All mysteries, sacred mysteries. And even to-day, with such a history, theologians affect to be the guides of the thoughts and consciences of men, and were it in their power, the Galileos of the present day would have to choose between the dungeon and the stake, or humiliating recantation.

Galileo's renouncement, however, did not give him the free-

dom, for which he had hoped. The Inquisition aimed to crush him completely, as well as his theories, and sent him back to the dungeon. From the effects of long confinement therein, he lost his sight. The reader would have to linger alone in one of those dungeons, as I have done, to appreciate what a torture this punishment must have been to an old man. It is simply burial alive. Old, blind, weakened with age, with little possibility of ever resuming his studies, or spreading his heresies, the Pope, finally, upon the urgent appeal of hs old liberal friend, the Grand Duke of Tuscany, released him, granting him the privilege to live at Sienna or Florence, at which latter place he died in 1641, at the age of 78, and was buried by ducal orders in the cathedral of Santa Croce.

This, in brief, is the life story of the creator of experimental and modern science. Do you ask what Freethought has given, of use to the world? Were I not able to make other reply, sufficient would it be to say, "Galileo."

Through him Freethought has given the telescope to the world, and its knowledge of astronomy, of navigation—yes—it gave America to the world. The inscription on his tomb reads as follows:

Here lies well the Great Florentine Patrician.
Great Restorer of Geometry, Astronomy and Philosophy.
Died 1641, Age 78.
No one of his age equaled Him; He was worthy of Eternal Honor.

When the guide had translated the above for me, I said, "He was worthy of eternal honor," yet this very church, thought him only worthy of humiliation and the dungeon, and interred him here only because of popular pride and demand, and that it might claim him in after years, as its own. It seems to me that Fate had willed that Galileo should be buried here, as an everlasting rebuke to the tyranny and cruelty of the Catholic Church; for no one can look upon that tomb, without calling that tyranny and cruelty to mind.

By the way, this guide was one of the most interesting and well informed men I met on my travels. He spoke in a dozen languages, and had been guide in this church for fifteen years.

I thought I would sound him. I said, "You have met and talked with men and women of all nations here, and ought to be a well informed man, I have a curiosity to know what effect your long employment in this church has had upon you, and also what influence the various opinions of various men, of various beliefs, have had upon you. Are you as good a Catholic now as when you began to act here as a guide?"

As he gave me a negative reply, I told him that I well understood that he owed his position there to his profession of belief in the church, and that I wished him to be frank with me, and that

he might be so, I would be frank with him, and then told him whom I represented in America, and of my mission to Rome.

Upon this information, he became very agreeable and confidential, and when I told him that Galileo, was of more use to humanity and the world, than all the popes and priests of the Catholic Church, he heartily coincided, and expressed himself as being glad to have some one like me to converse with. In our long talk, I learned of things I would not have otherwise known. He told me how his belief had gradually changed to Agnosticism and then to Atheism.

He proffered his services to show me about the city for a half day, which I gladly accepted. Among other interesting places, he took me to the Museum of Physics and Natural History.

In this institution is a large hall called the "Galileo Tribune." This was opened on the event of the third congress of scientific men in Italy in 1841, and dedicated to Galileo. There was no Inquisition at that time to throw thinkers into dungeons. In this hall is a fine painting of Galileo, presenting his telescope to the Doge of Venice; another after the loss of his sight; another of Galileo observing the oscillations of the lamp in the Cathedral of Pisa. Also a fine statue of Galileo, near which, in glass cases, are preserved, the instruments with which he worked, and the fore-finger of his right hand, taken from his body before burial. All of this was very interesting to me.

If the pictures and statues which I have seen of Galileo resemble him, and I was told that they are reliable, he was a decidedly handsome man, stamped with intellectuality; dignified in bearing, and looking all over the mathematician and philosopher. Galileo is in evidence everywhere in Florence, pictures and busts, are for sale, and photographs of his tomb. An ancient castle, which Galileo and his pupils used for an observatory, is situated in the most beautiful environs of Florence and near by is the Villa Galileo, in which he lived for eleven years. Here, I saw the authentic mask in plaster, and several original portraits and other interesting reminders of the great man, whom superstition sent to the dungeon, and stood ready to take his life, for the scientific truth he promulgated, but now, not only honored by Florence but by the whole world.

The relation of Pope Urban to Galileo well describes the relation of Catholicism to the scientific thought of to-day. Unhonored, unbeloved, Pope Urban occupies but a name in history, not even venerated by his followers; while Galileo ever grows larger and brighter in the intellectual firmament, and loved by all thinking mankind, thus reflecting the triumph of Science over Superstition.

The tombs of the other great men interred here, Dante, Angelo, Alfieri and Macchievelli are beautiful beyond description. I passed from one to the other, undecided as to which I admired most. The many sculptured figures are inexpressibly expressive, chaste and beautiful. Here art has exhausted her wealth of effort to do honor

to the memory of those who, by their genius commanded universal love and the intellectual reverence of mankind.

The principle of erecting elaborate monuments to the dead, does not, generally speaking, appeal to me. It is a greatly abused custom. Millions are yearly thus expended on the dead, that should go to the living. There seems to be an ambition among men, that posterity shall reckon their greatness in life, by the size and splendor of their gravestones, and consequently many are careful to order a monument, just a little higher and wider than their neighbors can afford. One of the hardest lessons for mankind to learn is, that when they are dead, they are all dead alike, and will be a long time dead, and that there is no aristocracy in the grave, and no choice in the taste of the worm.

The priest and king having lived in a palace in life, a proper reverence for their bodies, entitled them to a pyramid, a temple or a mausoleum. This set the fashion for the rest of mankind, and still to-day, men who have not even pride of character when living, are particular in their pride for the kind of stone that shall mark their graves. I often think of those lines of Young:

"The love of praise, howe'er concealed by Art,
Reigns more or less, and glows in every heart;
The proud to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure;
O'er globes and scepters, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college cells,
Nor ends with life, but nods in sable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs."

The tombstone is a relic of superstition. The Christian superstition is based upon death. Its temples are but tomb-stones to a dead man. It lives on death, thrives on death, and concerns itself more for the happiness of the dead than for the living; for what should it profit a man to gain the whole world and lose his soul?

But notwithstanding that every man must build his own monument, in his life, still it is not unfitting that humanity should give expression of its love and esteem, for those who have, in fact, earned its reverence and gratitude. It is the abuse of the custom which nauseates. It is thus that dead nobodys are glorified, while genius is neglected and cast aside. The great Cathedrals of the world are monstrosities, and all out of proportion to the intellectual merits of Jesus Christ, or the services he rendered humanity. They are but monumental piles of vanity, stupendous conceits, of those who affect to believe and teach that they alone are the representatives and mouth-pieces of the Almighty God. There, they stand, marking not only the grave of superstition, but silent witnesses of the ignorance, and enslavement and degradation, and pov-

erty, of the countless millions who toiled and sacrificed to put them there.

Considering the mighty cathedrals built to Christ, the beautiful tombs of Galileo and others, did not impress me as marks of flattery, but rather the public expression of esteem justly earned. I approve of consistent monumental appreciation of the worthy great, as they serve as object lessons to those who come after, and owing to the general ignorance, in this manner mankind must be partly taught. They help to keep alive patriotism, and do not allow mankind to forget. But there is entirely too much of it in the world. The dead cannot eat, and the living have to eat, and all the flattery and vanity spread out in graveyards all over the world, is but the expression of human unconcern for the living.

Dante is regarded as one of the greatest poets of all time, and incomparably the greatest among Italians. He was born in Florence in 1265, and died and was buried in Ravenna in 1321, to which place he had been banished. The Florentines have never been able to get his body, but built the monument in Santa Croce for its reception and still expect to obtain it some future time.

He studied philosophy and theology, was a public official, fought in the army, was sent on several embassies, got mixed up with the Pope and was banished from Florence.

His immortal work The Divine Comedia, depicts a vision in which the poet is conducted first by Virgil, the representative of human reason, through hell and purgatory; and then by Beatrice, the representative of revelation, and finally by St. Bernard, through the several heavens where he beholds the triune God.

His pictures of purgatory and hell are horrible. He stretched imagination to the limit to depict them. Those of heaven, are just the opposite. These conceptions, of course, pleased the priest, with whom Hell could never be painted too hot, and Heaven never too paradisical. Dante went them one better in generating heat, and in so doing, served them a useful purpose. After death they called him "The Divine."

All of Dante's pictures and statues represent him as being tall and spare, with deep set, keen, leering eyes, sallow complexion, hawk nose, mouth turned down at the corners, and to me appearing as though he might have been twin-brother to the Devil. Anyhow, a man, having such a thorough knowledge of hell as he possessed, must have had some direct communication with it. People actually believed all he wrote about it, just as I, in my youth, believed Paradise Lost to be a true story. He was feared and shunned by the ignorant masses. As he slowly moved along the streets, in his black garb, women and children would point to him and say, "There goes the man who has been in hell," and they believed it.

I have read Dante's "Divine Commedia" several times, and for the life of me, I cannot see anything divine or particularly wise

or great in it. To me, it is like the art I have been describing, all that is great about it, is the tint of superstition running through it. He pictured Hell hot, and Heaven glorious, exhibiting a wonderful range of vivid imagination. It was so realistic, that through fear of getting into such a hell, ignorant people were scared right into the church, and is it any wonder the church called him "The Divine Poet."

In my opinion, he prostituted his great talents to the church, and was no particular benefit to humanity. If he knew better, and was afraid to speak out, as did Galileo, he was a hypocrite. If he did not know better, then he was as crazy as a bed inhabitant. The same may be said of Milton. Both of these went off to Heaven and Hell, when they were impelled to give expression to their thoughts. The world was full of suffering humanity which needed their attention and help. At the bottom of all poetry should be Truth. Neither of these were looking for facts, they were mystics, who delighted to rummage in their imaginations, through Heaven and Hell, and then sit down and write a big Munchausen story about it. To reach a thought worth pondering over, one has to wade through about twenty-five pages, of clouds, darkness and flames, and breathe the fumes of brimstone, and listen to clash of thunder, the roar of battle, and howl of demons, and screech of goblins, all commingled with a chorus of giddy angels, and hosannas of saints. Then, may be, he will find a thought. There is always boundless room for the imagination in talking about things you don't know anything about or can't know anything about, and herein lies the secret of their reputed greatness.

People have come to regard Dante and Milton as great, simply because they are unable to understand what they were talking about. The facts are, they themselves, could not possibly have known what they were talking about. They were great in imagery and description, but these are not all of poetry. They simply followed their imaginations off into the realms of the horrible, the celestial and the unknowable.

Only those people read Dante and Milton, to-day, who delight in literary style, and who revel in the imaginative. The world has outgrown their celestial and subterranean flights, written in support of Christian doctrines. They served a useful purpose to the church for a long time, until people of education developed enough common sense, and independence of thought, to question the account of a battle having taken place in a Heaven of Peace, and of a loving God sending the imperfect creatures of his own creation into the torments of a never ending hell. It is amazing that men of such eminent talents could have loaned them to glorifying such horrible dogmas.

These two men have always been a psychological study to me. From the few boldly pronounced declarations for Freethought and

Free-speech to be found in their verse, I have thought, at times, that they meant to disguise their ideas, amid the spiritual rubbish in which they floundered. For, it must not be forgotten that in those times, the clergy could not imagine a poet, without supposing him to hold an intercourse with some demon. While they had an exalted idea of poetry, they had a very bad one of poets. The Dominicans were notorious for persecuting all verse makers, the power of which they attributed to the effects of heresy and magic. Petrarch was less desirous of the laurel for the honor, than for the hope of being sheltered by it from the thunder of the priests, by whom both he, and his brother poets were threatened.

I have often maintained that the remedy for superstition lies within itself. Christianity being founded on falsehood and pretention, must ever find antagonists within its own ranks. In all races and classes of men, honesty is just as virile and persistent as dissimulation and cruelty. And even among the Catholic priesthood, trained, drilled, warped, bent and moulded to the Christian superstition, there ever exists a leavening of honesty and rebellious independence, which we perceive coming to the surface at intervals, as manifested by Bruno, Luther, Calvin and many others. Thought and Free-speech may be partly, but never wholly suppressed. The religion founded upon a lie, cannot hope to keep the lie concealed from all its followers all the time. The Christian religion denied men the right to think for themselves, to dispute dogma, to formulate and change government, and to question authority. Thousands of the priesthood perceived the injustice in this, but meekly accepted the situation. The secret of the adherence of the priesthood to the church, lies in the training through which they go in their youthful matriculate. During this period, through the exercise of praying, penance, fasts, physical and mental humiliations, and blindly yielding to authority, the will and decisive faculties, are brought into complete subjection, and forever after, they are but clay in the hands of the clerical potter.

But now and then rises a towering character, whose will has not been wholly broken, a man of keen sense of justice, strong individuality, fearless, courageous, resolute, humanitarian, and of masterful spirit. Such a man was the Monk, Savanorola, who defied the Pope, and all the powers of injustice, which sought to crush the people.

I stood at the spot on the principal piazza or square in Florence, where he was burnt, also in his cell, in the monastery, and sat in his chair at the plain old fashioned desk, on which he wrote.

Savanorola was born of a noble family in Ferrari in 1452, became a monk in 1474, and made his first public appearance as a speaker in 1482. He was strong in the denunciation of the vices and crimes of his age, sparing neither church nor state. The people, always ready for the leadership of one brave enough to speak in

their behalf, claimed for him the character of an inspired prophet. His preaching being so openly antagonistic to the established system of government, both civil and religious, he soon became an object of suspicion by both the powerful Medici family and the Pope. In the meantime, he was powerful enough to make of Florence a republic of which he became the guiding and animated spirit. Intensely democratic, he did not spare the Pope, when reprimanded by him, and in 1497 was excommunicated. Savanorola openly declared the censure invalid, because unjust, and refused to hold himself bound by it. In 1498, the party opposed to Savanorola, came into power, and he was brought to trial for misleading the people by false prophecies. He denied the charge, but was declared guilty of heresy and seditious teaching, and on May 23, 1498, with two companions, this Freethinking monk was executed, and their bodies burned in the public square. He left numerous literary works, but above all he left a name which has brightened the highway of time.

Savanorola well illustrates my statement in the beginning of this paragraph, that the Christian superstition has that within itself which seeks its own destruction. Founded upon the Immaculate conception and other mysteries, as ludicrous, as impossible and unscientific, it is bound to meet with antagonism within its own ranks; for though priests are trained to dissimulation, even they sometimes become fiercely and uncompromisingly honest. Savanorola is to-day, not only one of the great names of Florence, but of the world, and his martyrdom still profoundly influences the Italian character.

Macchiavelli is another name, illustrious in the history of Florence. He was born in 1469, was employed in public office at a very early age, and was regarded as the literary representative of the political life of the important period to which he belongs. In 1498 he became chancellor of Florence, passing through many political tempests, in one of which he was arrested for conspiracy and put to the torture. He denied all knowledge of the conspiracy, was pardoned, but required to withdraw from public life for several years, which period was devoted to literature. Later he came into political favor resumed his old official position, and performed various diplomatic services. His writings are very numerous, but the great source of his reputation for good or evil, is the celebrated book, "Del Principle," in which he approves of war, and reduces it to an art. Notwithstanding his arguments had the effect of horrifying the world, still war goes on, and Macchiavelli still has his followers. Why do men fight, if it is not natural that they should fight? Fighting being natural, fighting must certainly take place. Therefore war should be regarded as a condition of nature to be dealt with, to be discussed, humanized as much as possible, or in other words reduced to an art. This is the basis of his teachings, and while there

is a large peace element in the world, it cannot be denied that nations still depend upon war for existence.

Macchiavelli, the Spirit of War, is interred in Sante Croce, and his magnificent tomb is ornamented with the winged Angel of Peace.

Nearly all of the great minds of Italy have been more or less associated with the history of Florence, Poets, Painters, Sculptors, Warriors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Scientists, Mathematicians, Architects and Popes—and her illustrious names, which rank among the immortals, will ever make this city, a historical center of the first importance.

The Protestant elements are gaining a foot-hold here, and have several small congregations and societies; but I doubt if Protestant Christianity will ever make great headway in Italy. In the first place, it is characteristic of the Catholic to go from one extreme to the other. He is not disposed to quit one superstition, and take up another. When he has acquired sufficient education, common sense, and independence of character, to throw off the myths into which his youth has been indoctrinated, and which he has nursed from his mother, he has then the qualifications of the Rationalist, and instead of leaving one superstition for another, he bounds over them all into the ranks of Freethought.

In the second place, the introduction of the Protestant beliefs necessitate the building of new churches and accessories, and the Italians, already made poor by such burdens, will be slow to take on new ones. The Italian is now wide awake on the subject of economics. He sees that therein is his salvation. He has come to regard the church as one of the economic tyrannies, and to be opposed along those lines. Labor Unions, Mutual Aids, Socialism and Secret Societies, now command the attention of the masses, and they have come to know that they will be helped by God, when they help themselves.

The Jewish element is strong in Florence. They have the grandest modern edifice in the city, and one of the finest places of worship in Europe.

The people generally seemed to be polite and tolerant, although my stay was all too short for extended observations, and for looking deeply into social matters, yet I sounded quite a number on the matter of religion, purposely touching them to the quick. Likewise did I talk with the Milanese and Venetians, and I did not have one to exhibit anger. All the hotels, banks, and leading stores, have English speaking help, and many of the street venders speak fair English, so it was not so hard to get the general impressions of the people.

I would point to the passing priests or Monks, and say: "Those are the fellows that have kept you Italians down. As long as you

have them, you will never have school teachers, as long as you have churches and nunneries, you wont have school-houses and factories, as long as you have them, you will never hold your heads high among other nations, and otherwise I touched them closely on matters of faith." If I had talked in the same fashion to an American born Catholic, he would have been in for taking my life. The Italian, however, would smile and say, "Yes, we're finding that out," or "the church is not getting the support it used to get," or "we don't believe much in it—raised that way, you know."

I took a half day to go through the markets and stores, and saw much of interest, but will not enter into details. I will only make mention of the butcher-shops. These are patterns for every shop of this kind in the world. The finest of them are all finished in marble. Walls, clear to the ceiling, counters, refrigerators, all pure white marble. There is not a piece of meat on exhibit anywhere about the shop. No animals hanging on hooks, half skinned or quartered, no blood dripping from the cut throat, to the floor, no baby calves, with their great soft eyes, staring at you, lusterless in death, nothing whatever to offend the æsthetic sense. I looked into these shops several times, and passed on wondering what business was conducted therein. Finally observing a customer making a purchase, I entered, and by making signs to the butcher, that I wanted to see how he kept his meats, he very politely showed me through, and seemed greatly pleased at my expressions of approval, which, though he could not understand, he divined by my enthusiastic manner. I don't go much, though, on Italian meats, which mostly consist of cows grown old in dairy service, or oxen grown useless at the plough.

But now I must leave this city of the Cosmos, the Guelphs and the Medicis—this city of Charlemagne, Galileo, Amerigo Vespucci, Toscannelli, Angelo, Donatelli, Dante, Alfieri, Savanorola and Macchiavelli, and onward speed to the city Eternal.

Though disappointed somewhat, in its general appearance, yet I leave profoundly impressed with its history; for this city, above all others, perhaps marked the evolution of human thought toward higher ideals, toward freedom of thought and scientific discovery. Here science struggled in the ten fold grasp of the python of superstition, but the enmeshed Galileo survived its close and crushing coils. Here Art, Science, Mathematics and the Muse, have together contributed to soften the savage heart of man throughout the world; and still high to-day they rise, above the dungeon, the torture chamber, and the flaming fagots of the priest.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning, that I took my departure from Florence. There was an excursion to the Holy City and the train was crowded. There were seven men, among them a priest, in the compartment with me, and none could speak a word of Eng-

lish. As soon as an Italian gets well settled in a train, he goes to sleep. There I sat for hours among all these sleeping Italians. Occasionally, when the train stopped they would wake up, and look out then sink back to sleep when it again moved on. But the priest was a study to me. He spoke not to any of the men in the compartment, nor they to him. Occasionally, he would take out a little Bible, read it for awhile, then lay his head back, close his eyes and pray for a quarter of an hour, his lips going all the time, while he repeatedly crossed himself. I sat opposite and kept my eyes right on him. He became conscious that I was studying him, and it was amusing to see him peep through his lids at me; so amusing, that I laughed right in his face. After this he got so ill at ease he could hardly pray. I could see that he was vexed, for as soon as he began praying, I looked at him, and he would peep to see if I was looking. I took out my note book and began writing, this was too much for him, he raised right up out of a prayer, grabbed his valise, and went to another compartment, where he wouldn't have his devotions disturbed.

If there is one person in the world that I have contempt for, it is a big wine-soaked priest, who, when on a train, takes out his Bible, and reads and prays, for the evident purpose of impressing the public with his holiness, when his whole body bears the stamp of bestiality. This priest instinctively saw, that I saw through him, and he evidently read me, and he couldn't stand the study I was making of him.

The country between Florence and Rome is less interesting than along the other lines of my travel. The farming is not nearly so good. There is less fruit grown, and in some places the soil is very poor, and a general air of desolation prevails. There are no towns of importance, and very little manufacturing. Here and there is an old castle and remnants of a walled city. There is very little hay and wheat, but considerable Indian corn. When the Indian corn is gathered, three or four leaves of the husks are left on the butt of the ear. This is for the purpose of tying the ears in bunches. In place of a crib or granary, the corn is carried up into the trees about the houses or barns, and tied to the trunk and limbs. They begin at the top, and completely cover the trunk and such parts of the limbs strong enough to support the grain. It is a very odd sight to see the trees thus trimmed with the yellow corn, only the tips of the limbs, and the lower trunks being visible. The object, I was told, was to keep the corn from the rats and mice, which are plagues in this part of Italy. The Italians have no out-houses, sheds, cellars and cribs, as we have in America. Much of their winter food is stored by hanging it on both the inside and outside walls of the house.

As we neared Rome, the soil appeared a little better, but the approach to the city gave evidence of the least progress and prosper-

ity of any city I ever entered. I did not see a factory of any kind or size, not a smokestack, not a villa nor suburb.

My first sight of Rome, was the dome of St. Peters, o'er-topping one of her seven hills.

In a short time I had passed through the great wall which had withstood many a siege of Gaul and Goth, and at 3 P. M. was landed at the station.

At last the dreams of my youth were realized. At last I stood amid the scenes where stood the mightiest men of old, and where dwelleth to-day, the Holy One, through whom, the Almighty God of boundless space, and Creator of all the shining wheeling worlds, chooseth to make known his will to men.

Stepping from the station which is located in the new part of the city, on the Esquiline Hill, my first inside glimpse of Rome was a pleasant surprise. Across a plaza about three hundred feet wide, and extending a quarter of a mile on either side, dotted here and there with fountains and trees arose pretentious hotels, and other buildings with long colonnades, very much after the style of architecture in Paris, new, modern and inviting.

Across this plaza stood the new "Grand Hotel Continental," which was to be official headquarters of the Great Freethought Congress, where I was soon quartered, finding myself next room to M. Mangasarian of Chicago.

I have forgotten to mention the use of the word "Grand," as applied to the hotels throughout Europe. Of course they can't all be "The" Grand, but they manage to stick the word "Grand" on, for the reason I suppose that they think the word big and catchy to the traveler. I never stopped at, or saw so many "Grand" Hotels in my life. Each city first, has A Grand Hotel, then comes the "Hotel Metripolitan Grand," "Hotel Grand de Europe," "Hotel Grand Continental," "Hotel Grand New York and London," "Hotel Grand St. Petersburg," and many other like names, all "Grand" in name, but not so glittering in reality.

The Grand Hotel Continental, Rome, however proved to be a very pleasant stopping place, with English speaking attendants, who were very obliging and courteous. Among these was the concierge, or porter, Mr. Mariano Janni. The porter, in European hotels, is not a menial as in ours. He is generally the most important personage, or at least the most useful. In the first place he must be a linguist. He is the bureau of information, and the post-master. He receives and introduces, and thus comes into contact with all, Mr. Janni soon came to know the objects of the group with whom I associated, and, was not slow in informing us, that he was in sympathy with our meeting. He was the son of a gardener, living some little ways out of the city, had no opportunities for education except such as the church offered, which was practically nothing except singing and praying. He resolved to rise out of his lowly condition and by

hard struggling had attained to this responsible position in the hotel. By coming in contact with the travelling public, he acquired the languages, learned much of men and nations, had found time to read a great deal, and just as he had observed and broadened and compared men of other nations with his own, it dawned upon him that the difference lay in the start of life, for which the church was responsible, and as he looked deep into the matter of his religion, he became a pronounced Rationalist. I give this example of the evolution of a lowly catholic right in Rome, to show the effect of contact, of the intercommunication of peoples. The vast travel to Rome is a constant education to the residents, having the effect of liberalizing them, as in the case of Mr. Janni. The effect on those who visit Rome is likewise productive of a great change, especially those strongly imbued with the religious instinct. Religion is like everything else, the farther off, the bigger it looks to the eyes, but once having seen the thing we venerate never again does it appear so large or important.

This is the effect Rome has upon the religious devotee, even if he be educated, travelled, and critical.

Rome after all is not so great, and the Pope cuts such a little figure in affairs, and the churches seem so antiquated, and the city and people so far behind the times, that a big part of the gloss is rubbed off his superstition.

The American religionist will worship a self-proclaimed Savior who lived two thousand years ago, believing absolutely in all the impossible circumstances of his birth, life and death.

They worship him, first because he is dead; second, because he lived a long time ago; third, because he is unprovable.

Were an American Savior, or even the Christ to come to them, now under exactly the same circumstances, they would treat with derision and contempt the very pretentions, they now accept with confidence.

Men never worship the men or principles they know something about. Men never cling to a religion when they once understand it.

Nine tenths of the veneration for the Pope to-day, arises from the fact that he is away off, also to his exclusion from the public, and to his being surrounded with mystery and curiosity. To thus exclude him and make an audience with him a rarity and a special favor, as if God Almighty, Himself were being gazed upon, is a diplomatic trick of his advisers which answers well their purpose. It is thus they maintain their hold upon the shallow, the be-fuddled and the ignorant, especially of foreign countries.

For these reasons, the American Catholic is far more devout than the Italian. The farther away from Rome, the better the Romanist. I am firmly of the belief that the effect, in the main of Catholic pilgrimages to Rome ,is to weaken people in their faith, for once having seen, and the curiosity becoming satisfied, and the

observations more or less a disappointment, piety thereafter is never quite so prominent nor faith so essential to the youth-blinded devotee.

At the same time, I am sure that the travel of all classes to Rome, and their contact with the people, have awakened the Romans to the fact of the superiority of those people, in no way influenced by the Pope, and that if religion be the power which elevates and advances mankind, then theirs have evidently been occupying one of the rear stations.

It is thus the leaven is leavening. It is thus the power of the Papacy is being dissipated. As one Italian said to me, "If we had had a different religion, we too would have been educated and prosperous, and could travel like you Americans."

I can give no better evidence of the proof of my position than the recent declaration of Mary Gwendolyn Caldwell, who endowed the Catholic University of Washington, with the gift of three hundred thousand dollars, and who has declared that since she had traveled in Europe, and saw Catholicism as it is, she was sorry that she had been imposed upon, and so induced, to make the gift. Thus we perceive the effect a visit to Rome may have upon Catholics themselves.

Ten years ago, Miss Caldwell married a French nobleman, to whom she gave $25,000 yearly for his support. He abused her, and she had to leave him. After thus sinking a half million, she cut loose, both from him and the church, and has returned to her Kentucky home, ruined in health, a broken-hearted, but a wiser woman. Her public renouncement of Catholicism was an awful blow to the "Mother" Church, and the Pope even honored (?) her with a private audience, and tried to fix matters, but she had been "skinned" to the limit, and her eyes were opened, at last.

The most common proverb in Rome, and one that I have heard spoken a hundred times while there, is this: *"Rome seen, faith lost."* I had heard this proverb spoken frequently before I had reached the Holy City.

After resting for an hour after my arrival, I started out along the broad plaza for a walk. It was now about four p. m. One of the first sights that attracted my attention was a large lithograph, about twelve feet high of Giordano Bruno, with the announcement below of the coming Congress. As I walked on, Bruno loomed up everywhere. Where the walls were spacious enough, there would be two or three of these huge lithographs pasted thereon. I noticed also numerous small posters about three feet square, which by the headings I made out to be Socialistic, Labor and Masonic manifestos, and around which men, women and boys stood reading. After a time I got a fellow at a news stand to translate them for me.

They were manifestos calling upon all liberal and progressive

citizens, all who believed in liberty of thought and speech, all who believed that government should rest on the consent of the governed, all who believed in civil marriage and divorce, all who believed in just economics, all who hoped for peace among mankind, all who desired to see Italy take rank among the nations of the world, to come out and give the Congress the approval of their presence, and otherwise assist to make it a success. The posters were signed by committees consisting of the leading citizens of Rome.

I stood looking at the pictures of Bruno and these numerous posters with awe. I knew that such manifestos put up in any American city would have caused a riot. They would have been quickly torn down or mutilated. Here in old Rome, not a single one did I see with a tear or scratch. People stood about them peacefully reading and commenting on them; and it was a Sabbath in the Holy City.

Verily, verily said I to myself, "Rome seen, faith lost."

I walked over to an immense fountain, the largest in Rome. I had never seen a fountain so beautiful. Talk about all your sacred art. Here was the modern woman in her rapturous beauty. Here were figures sensate with life. A fountain to be impressive must not be made to appear that the city is practicing economy in the waterworks department. In Rome there is no stint to the water, and here is where her fountains surpass in beauty.

Over the way, between some trees, I observed a large American flag, which then appeared far more beautiful than the fountain. I thought at once of the flag I had seen in Florence a week previous, and wondered if this one too, was flung to the breeze in honor of the birth of a King. I walked over in that direction and as I nearer approached, found that the flag was hung from the second story window in a corner of a vast ruin and an inscription read *"Welcome Liberals."*

Did I salute Old Glory? Did my heart swell with pride and joy? Ah, yes! for well I knew that the influence of the Declaration of Independence, for which that flag stood, had done much to make free speech in Rome a possibility. And it seemed appropriate too that it should wave from the ruins of a race, which, no matter what other faults they may have had, stood to the very last, for free speech.

I learned that the ruins were the ancient baths of the proud monarch, Diocletian, and that the flag waved from a window in the studio of Sir Moses Ezekiel, the eminent American sculptor, and a native of Cincinnati. To him I had a letter of introduction in my valise at the hotel, so did not call at that time, but took a street car to see some of the city. Everywhere did I see lithographs of Bruno, and the posters of the Masons, and the Socialists, and that

none of them were mutilated impressed me with the strict government of the city and liberal disposition of the people.

Returning to my hotel I met a number of delegates, men and women, from France and Belguim, among them M. Fournemont of Brussels, Secretary of the Congress. A banquet had been previously ordered, of which all the delegates present partook. I never saw a more elegant table, or sat down to a finer feast. The next day Monday, I spent in the Coliseum and amid the ruins of the Forum.

CHAPTER XI.

Great Liberal Congress.

The twentieth day of September, 1904, will be a memorable day in the archives of Freethought, and in the history of the world's progress, for on this day the International Congress of Liberals and Freethinkers met for the first time in the city of Rome. It was an occasion, unusual, unprecedented, and its importance may be measured by the fact that not within the last 1600 years could such a meeting have taken place without resulting in riot and massacre. Therefore the peaceful assemblage of men and women from all parts of the civilized world met for the purpose of opposing the old order of things, was the triumph of centuries of human struggle, sacrifice and persecution, marking an epoch, second to none in the history of the progress of mankind.

Here, for many centuries, has been intrenched that mighty power which by its constant control over the emotions and prejudices of the human race, became the holy patron of tyrannical autocracy, thus uniting despotism and superstition in one common interest—the mental degradation and enslavement of men. Never in all the history of the world has there existed such a merciless conspiracy against the human race as that which has existed between the Christian church and the governmental powers of the world. Their methods have ever been to sway the masses by fear and prejudice, keep them submissive and ignorant, and then declare them incapable of government because of their ignorance.

Thus the priesthood became the scourger, the plunderer, the authorizer, the protector, the agent, the sanctifier of all the perjury, the robbery, the vengeance, the vileness, the bloody wars, massacres, and abominations which, for so many centuries, have been practiced by the holy autocrats of humanity.

The Christian religion became the sacred mantle to cover the intrigues, the extortions, the selfishness and the concubinage of the imperial dens of infamy. In return, the autocracy protected the church in the gratification of every indulgence and luxury it demanded. King and priest made each others positions of power secure. This is the double-play by which the toilers, for so many centuries, have been cheated of their liberties and of their common and just rights to rise above the planes of poverty, degradation and ignorance.

Theology was the means, through which everywhere, one portion of humanity placd itself in a position above men in order to be able to debase the other portion below men. The result was that both the political and social life of the whole world in their conceptions and institutions became imbued and corrupted by the fictions, degradations and viciousness of theology, setting them back, and keeping them back through a thousand years of intellectual darkness.

Right here in Rome, the headquarters of the Christian superstition, this conspiracy against humanity was hatched. It was so conscienceless that it did not even hesitate to affiliate with the Borgia's. Some of its Pontiffs even exceeded them in their vices and cruelties. As soon as some of mankind began to show a disposition toward self assertion, and the free expression of thought, it founded the Inquisition. Despot joined with priest, in persecuting with exile, excommunication, irmpisonment, torture, and death at the stake, all those who dared to express an opinion of their own, or who boldly endeavored to raise men to a true manhood, and free them from a tyrannizing belief in a mysterious power, in whose name they were robbed of their happiness, their dignity and their liberty.

But even exile, excommunication, torture and death of millions, could not stay the march of mind. Human nature revolted. The Inquisition in time, became reactionary in its effect, and resulted in the disintegration of the Catholic power, which disintegration has continued to this day.

An adequate comprehension of the importance of this Congress cannot be arrived at without a full knowledge of the iniquitous history of the Christian superstition throughout all the dark ages of its autocratic career. There must be considered the ignorance into which it plunged the world, the suppression of thought, the persecution of science, the wars, massacres, tortures, the degradation of women, the illiteracy, the illegitimacy, the books that were burned, the censorship of literature and history, the association of all inventions with the devil, the depravity of morals, and the retarding of progress in many directions. All of these, Rome, the seat of this tyrannical power, was last to give up.

It has been a world's war, and not until all these iniquities were minimized, was it safe for the emancipating element of humanity to meet in peaceful assembly in Rome.

The wolf of superstition has been bearded in his very den. But a few years ago, such a Congress would have been the occasion of riot and slaughter.

This Congress, therefore, is the most important event that has taken place since the Reformation. It marks an epoch in the history of human evolution. It surpasses in consequence the conquests of nations, and the rise and fall of empires. It is the victory of all

the great Pagan Moralists, the victory of Hypatia, Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno, Vanini, Voltaire, Rosseau, Paine, Shelley, and of every brave and loving soul, of their time, and since their day, who have given the thoughts of their brains to make men free.

No greater honor could ever have come to me, than that of representing American Freethought, as delegate to this Congress. No moment so proud in my life, as when I sat in convention, in old Rome in the midst of many of the world's greatest Iconoclasts,—proud not of any personal distinction, but proud of the time, and the place, and the fulfillment of the dreams of freedom of the millions who had suffered and died in its cause—proud that I was but an atom of the dagger, that at last, had reached the heart of Superstition.

In presenting the details of this congress, I will not have space to give but a small part of the addresses made, and the work accomplished. I will aim rather to give a general idea of the proceedings, and such extracts of speeches as will show the determination, vigor, courage, fearlessness, and enthusiasm of the delegates. In America, people are timid in attacking the Papacy. It will be interesting to the reader to know how Italians speak out in Rome. Nothing could exceed their bold and defiant acclamations. What a contrast, these with former times, said I. Verily, verily "Rome seen, faith lost!"

THE CONGRESS.

First Day

Tuesday, Sept. 20th, 1904.

The Day for Philosophers and Savants, And Demonstration of the Porta Pia.

It was a glorious day in old Rome. There was no storm, nor thunder, nor lightning, and the veil of the temple of St. Peter's was not rent. Nature gave no cloud nor frown, and the gods no sign of disapproval Bright over the Pagan ruins, and the ancient institute of the Jesuits where we met, the sun shone in festival splendors. It was significant of the mighty change in the evolution of human thought, that the first assembly of Freethinkers to meet in Rome, should gather by permission of the Minister of Instruction of the Kingdom of Italy in what was once a Jesuit College, but which to-day is the College of Rome, and the greatest temple of learning in the kingdom. This college had been confiscated by the state, and put to secular use—evidence of the supremacy of state

over church. A plaza, about two hundred feet wide faces the college, the front of which is the length of a city square. Entering, the hall leads straight back to an open square, about the size of an acre, this inclosed square is in the center of the college. It is marble paved, and all around are marble pillars supporting an upper and lower gallery. The Italians call this open space in their buildings—"The Cortile."

Here for centuries, the reverend Jesuit Fathers had sunned themselves, secure from the vulgar gaze of the impious and ignorant public. Here they had walked in holy contemplation. If they could not always walk straight, there was none from without, could see them. Here they had discussed the culinary merits of a Jewish roast or an Infidel fry. Here through long ages, they had burned incense, and poured over their heart's devotions to a most loving and merciful God.

Significant, is it not, that Science has chosen its residence in the most formidable school of obscurantism that the world has ever known, and but a few steps away, from that enormous church, built in honor of St. Ignatius Loyola.

Upon one side of the Cortile a large stage was erected, upon which were chairs and tables for reporters. The balconies were handsomely draped with flags, and immense palms and other plants were arranged all around.

With Leon Fournemont, secretary, I arrived at the college at eight in the morning. Already at this early hour hundreds had gathered on the plaza. By nine, the immense Cortile and galleries were crowded, and thousands were standing out on the Plaza. The band begun playing, thousands joined in singing, and hundreds of banners and standards were waved. There were flags representing many Italian societies, but the most numerous were those of the Freemasons and Socialists. I counted eighty-five of the Freemasons alone, and the men with the banners standing all around, under the draped balconies, and between the palms, made a very pretty back-ground.

There were delegates here from all the states of Europe, France being the best represented with two thousand, Spain, benighted, priest ridden Spain, sent three hundred. America, wide awake, prosperous America sent but three. I was invited by Fournemont to a place on the stage, and took a seat in the first row. The majority of those who occupied the stage were eminent professors of colleges throughout Europe. Besides these, there were scientists, members of parliament, physicians, editors, lawyers, artists and many others of note.

Among the names familiar to me now, were those of Haeckel, of Germany: Hector Denis, of Belgium; Watts, Foote, Maudsley, Robertson, Cohen, McCabe, and Heaford of England; Prof. Salmeron, of Spain; Novicow of Russia; Sergi, Ghisleri, Lombroso and

Troila, of Italy; Moncure D. Conway, and M. Mangasarian of the United States, and Sir Moses Ezekiel of Cincinnati and Rome.

Prof. Guiseppe Sergi, the noted Authropologist, and a professor in the College of Rome, presided throughout the whole Congress Three other professors of this college took an equally active part. When we consider that these eminent men are in the employ of the government of the Kingdom of Italy, the growth of liberal sentiment in Rome may be easily reckoned. What professor in a great State educational institution in this country would have the courage thus to join in the proceedings of an International Freethought assembly?

The Congress was opened by reading of the minutes and a short address by Fournemont, Secretary. Fournemont is a noted attorney of Brussels. He is a powerful man, with a great voice, and pleasing delivery. I didn't know much that he said, as he spoke in French, but he set the people wild. Sis Moses Ezekiel, to whom I am indebted for many courteous favors, kindly translated the leading points, some of which startled me with their boldness. Fournemont was followed by President Sergi. His discourse expressed a considerable part of that which one might call the philosophy of the Congress. It would be complete if its author had taken more account of the economic conditions which have been necessary to the expansion of Freethought in society and the individual. I am able to give only a brief resume taken chiefly from the accounts given in the Italian journals.

The Discourse of Sergi.

"It has been thirty-five since the violence of modern weapons made the breach of the Porta Pia, not so much for the purpose of annexing glorious Rome to regenerated Italy, as to destroy the theocratic power of Popery. This conquest is not yet complete. In order to achieve it, it is necessary that the human intellect should be emancipated from all servitudes, whatever they be. This is the reason we are striving to divorce the mind from dogma.

We admit neither a limit to the investigations of science, nor to the diffusion of science. Science, to the human mind is like a boundless sky; it grows and extends to infinity.

We ignore not the worth of religion. This is a phenomenon which belongs to history. It is the production of primitive, barbarous humanity. It was born of the ignorance and fear of the first men. The substance of all religion is fetichism. Catholicism is established on fetichism and fear. The Catholic believes in the mysterious virtues of holy relics. He trembles before the pretended mysteries that lie beyond the tomb. It is in the domain of ignorance and terror that Catholicism triumphs, and it is there only that it can triumph.

Science to the contrary, is the product of those historical epochs, when humanity has learned to take account of itself. Relatively to religions, it is very strong. The shadows will disappear before pure light.

We who oppose such, accuse ourselves even of missing the ideal. They imagine, or very much desire to make it appear that the ideal exists in religion and credence in God only.

What error! They ignore the joys of science, and art, which joys are as pure and elevated, as one can experience in being submissive to the capricious wishes of a chimerical supreme being. We, who do not need the experience of prayer or church worship, study, contemplate and know Nature. You who do, see beauty, more luminous, more delicately tinted than the Alpine lakes. The candles you look upon are lamps more dazzling than the sun, and to you the roof above you, is more majestic than the vast expanse of the sky in a night serene and starry pure.

Behold our temple; it is not peopled with terrors and nightmares. It is bathed with the light of day. It is perfumed with the ideal—an ideal living and fruitful. It is rational and makes man more conscious of his dignity and worth; makes him more and more intelligent, and more enthusiastic for science and for truth.

We love humanity. We desire that it should be happy and good. We wish it to be brotherly and peaceful. We promulgate universal friendship and peace. We call upon the people of all nations to join us in this grand ideal of science and humanity. We unite only against the powers of darkness, against the alliance of religion with autocratic power. Let us league for truth and progress. The victory is ours."

The discussion of Sergi was loudly applauded, and was followed by a patriotic air from the band, joined by a thousand voices. This short extract from his speech, gives no adequate idea of its importance. Sergi stands purely for demonstrated facts, the only platform on which the true scientist can stand. He disavows the mysticism of Renan, and the theory of the unknowable of Herbert Spencer. In the judgment of Sergi, they are apologetic and infected with mysticism, and too favorable to spiritual metaphysics.

Speaking from a political view-point, he declared that the emanciapation of Italy from the power of Catholicism, was not so complete as many seemed to believe. The church, he said, resorting to other tactics, has been able to keep its hands on all institutions, the schools benevolent establishments and the state. Energetically, he declared, that if we disarm, if we become too confident, if we become indolent, if we cease the propaganda of Freethought for a day, it would not be long before we should again see men burned at the stake. The Prohibition Index still exists, and still in places, men are obliged to retract what they believe to be the

truth, and think as dogma commands. The eminent savant deliberately classed himself in the category of active politicians, showing that it was through politics, Italy had gained the freedom she now possesses, and that only through politics could she maintain her freedom. These words of Sergi's should open the eyes of those Liberals in America, who are able plainly to perceive that the Church through politics is gradually encroaching upon their liberties, but who haven't wisdom enough to know that they must fight the Devil with his own fire. There are a lot of this kind, who are Republicans or Democrats, or Prohibitionists or Socialists before they are Freethinkers.

Haeckel Introduced.

The next speaker on the program was Hæckel. When he arose to be introduced by Sergi, the entire Congress arose, the band struck up, "L' International," the refrain being sung by several thousand voices, adding to that truly triumphant occasion, a character of serious and profound humanity. Every nook and cranny of those old Jesuitical walls were filled with the vibrating pulsations of liberty. It was a sublime sight to see the grand old man, standing like a colossus of thought, amid the music, the song, the cheers, the waving of hats, and waving of banners, waiting for the demonstration to cease. The news had been carried to the outside that Hæckel had arose to speak, and the cheers within, commingled with the thousands out on the plaza. It was thus the public thanked him for honoring the Congress with his presence, and the glory of his name.

The genial author of "The Riddle of the Universe," pronounced in German an allocution, wherein he gave a rapid survey of his philosophy, Monism. This philosophy which is the most modern and comprehensive expression of materialism, excludes from nature the action and presence of God. It has not on one side, a creative spirit, nor on the other side a creative matter, order and vivified by a Creator. There is only a single thing in the world—(monos, signifying single in Greek). That thing manifests itself to us, as so much force, so much matter, so much life, consciousness, sentiment, intelligence, spirit and soul. But under all these diverse forms, the world is one. This is the ancient doctrine of Democritus, Leucippus, Lucretius and Epicurus, fortified and enriched by all the discoveries of modern science.

This doctrine, Hæckel has corroborated and amplified by his research into biology, and notably to that law, revealing truly the secrets of life, in virtue of which, the young of all the vertebrates, in their pre-natal existence pass more or less rapidly through all the phases of evolution, and reproduce by their successive transformations, the series of living beings, ending in the relative perfection, now attained by their kinds. The powerful and decisive conclusions

which the great German scholar has drawn from this law, have been most disconcerting to the adherents of the old prejudices, relative to the fixity and immutability of the species—Monism is the most demonstrative proof of the unity and identity of life in all the animal scale. Monism means unity and continuity in all nature and in all the universe.

Some Opinions of Haeckel.

Hæckel announced his intention of founding a society of Monists, which will spread throughout the world, the conception of the universe based on the theory of Monism. With that intention, he has devised and distributed a treatise upon Monism which has already appeared in print. This treatise is divided into two sections. Theoretical and Practical Monism. The first of these is the conception of the unity of the world, based exclusively on the gifts of science, acquired by reason and critical experiment. "Likewise," he declares, "we attempt to establish our morality exclusively on scientific knowledge of the world and of life. It is our stern duty to oppose all dogmatism. Dogmas, too often, depend upon studied deception."

"The universe is the same in all parts. The world is a unit. The same laws govern all the stars, and all the solar systems, Natrue is one. Matter, force and life are everywhere identical. Living bodies are controlled by the same laws as inorganic ones, or those of brutes. An uninterrupted chain of transformations is sufficient to explain the evolution of the solar system, of the earth and of animate beings. Through biology, or the science of life, we know a great part of this chain.

"All living beings to-day are the descendants, widely modified, of a vast series of animal existence, which disappeared ages ago. That series has developed on our planet during many millions of years. Man is the final term of that immense series of living beings. Also the phenomena of life are reducible to those of physics and chemistry, life, energy and matter all being one thing. Man forms merely a part of nature. He has not had a Creator. In him then as in everything else, monism is the truth. The species nearest to man, and which is in fact a very inferior man, is the Singeo."

"Thought is a natural produce or function of the brain. Consciousness ceases when the brain stops operation. When the brain is dead, thought is dead, and the promised immortality of the soul, an illusion. In regard to the idea of the Christian heaven, it must be relegated to the domain of mystical poesy. Science rejects it emphatically. Science knows nothing of God..

From different principles, scientifically established, Hæckel draws a number of conclusions of a practical order, concerning education, morality and politics. These conclusions energetically oppose religion and ecclesiasticism. I have not space to give the details of the same.

Hæckel is an educator, rather than a politician. Specialists, those scholars most continually attached to their laboratories, are generally strangers to social ideas. Hæckel introduces nothing new in the domain of ethics and politics.

It is remarkable therefore, that he should have caused the distribution of a propagandic pamphlet, for the purpose of disseminating Monism, practical as well as theoretical. It is an indication of the times, proving that scholars are beginning to realize the importance of the application of their theories and of applying practical remedies.

Before concluding his address, Hæckel proposed that the Congress send a telegram to Minister Combes of France, assuring him of the sympathies of progressive Europe in his struggle to adopt the American idea of a free church in a free state, each independent and separate of the other.

The mammoth audience leaped to its feet, shouting in French, Spanish, American, English, Greek, German and Italian. The band played "The Marsellaise," while thousands sang the inspiring song, banners and hand-kerchiefs were waved, all making a scene of enthusiasm seldom witnessed.

Here was a man that couldn't be matched. The audience was imbued with the valuable contributions to human knowledge, of the great philosopher of Jena, and again and again, it burst into applause. Later, I found occasion to inquire of Hæckel what was the religious condition among the common people of Germany, and if they were progressing out of superstition?

He replied: "They are progressing, but slowly; and would progress more rapidly, but for the bourgeoisie (the middle or commercial classes)," "These," said he, "no longer believe in the old faith, themselves, but favor religion for the common people, the laborers, peasants, and mechanics. They wish to continue the people in their stupidity, submission and resignation, in order to safeguard their pecuniary privileges, and the Emperor is their ally and accomplice."

"Then," said I, "it is plain, that economic liberty must be considered inseparate from religious liberty, and we must go into politics." "It looks that way" he replied.

The Discourse of Hector Denis.

This celebrated Belgian professor and deputy, discussed the subject of Positivism. He had prepared an able article of great length, and I regret, that I have not space for it. He spoke especially of the harmony of Positivism and Social science.

"Theology and Metaphysics," said he, "have proven more and more their incapacity to furnish a foundation for moral science, political science and for social science. Their conclusions, which they declare to be final, are uncertain and transitory. Positive

science, which is founded on observation and experiment, is alone capable of establishing a sociology, not more definite (for all is changable and relative) but more durable and beneficient. Positive science arrays itself against religion, destroying the myths and fables, which confine humanity in the prisons of ignorance and delusion, and which makes them resigned to such a fate. It aims to eliminate those dreadful fictions and pernicious errors, which are the source of intolerance and persecution. It repels the religious solution, the bourgeoise solution, and the anarchistic solution of the social problem.

Concerning the Congress at Rome," said he, "it marks a date of the highest importance in the social and positive evolution of humanity. It affirms that humanity intends to direct its own destiny. It consigns God to the priests. It is firm in its resolve to construct alone the edifice of its moral and social life. Freethought has definitely entered the domain of action and of life. It is now of age, and capable of organizing and creating. Henceforth it cannot be reproached with only being capable of revolt and negation. Freethought has become one with positive science, and is both organic and legislative."

Within the above short extract from the discourse of the distinguished Belgian, there is much food for thought. This man is a member of the Belgian parliament, and a professor in her leading university, and the above principles are openly advocated by him, both in school and in parliament—an example of freedom of speech unknown in our own Congress of the United States, or in our Universities.

From reading the discourse of Denis, the conclusion is reached that Positivism is Socialistic, or, if not so, it will become so, as Socialism on its side, more and more approaches Positivism. Enrico Ferri, the Italian Socialist leader, declared one day that "Sociology would be Socialistic or cease to be," Hector Denis affirms that Socialism will be sociological, then scholarly, methodical, and positive, or that it will cease to be.

"In short, Modern Socialism," says he, "essentially plastic and evolving, will adopt itself better and better to the data of Social science, which itself will become more socialistic."

Address of Moncure D. Conway.

Moncure D. Conway is one of the world's great preachers and teachers. He began his liberal career in Cincinnati, but of late years has divided his time between New York and London. His greatest achievement is that of "The Life of Thomas Paine," the truth about whom, he has unearthed from the mountain of calumny heaped upon his good name by ecclesiastical wrath. For this, the world owes a debt of gratitude to Moncure D. Conway,

and it will forever gratefully associate him with the name of the greatest man in the formative period of our history. I regret that I have not space for Mr. Conways address in full. His subject was:

Dogma and Science.

Dogma means strictly an opinion, or an hypothesis. Every discovery of Science begins as an hypothesis. But among the hypothesis of primitive Science there was one—the theory of deities—of such vast import that it excited popular fears, gave rise to priesthoods, and to an authority able to establish that hypothesis as in itself final. In Science, hypothesis is never an end, but a means; it can attain authenticity only by verificaton, and the verification is always open to question. Any truth is an arrest of the scientific process. Such is Dogma.

The development of theory into Dogma was very slow. Indeed Dogma would appear to be conclusively an institution of Christianism.

It is the darling delusion of mankind that the world is progressive in religion, toleration, freedom, as it is progressive in machinery. But in some things the world has deteriorated. There is now a wider diffusion of what is called education, but in religion and ethics it is largely educated ignorance. People may outgrow natural ignorance, but ignorance carefully cultured, polished, propagated, and called divine truth, can rarely be outgrown, because it paralyzes the power of growth. Natural ignorance is as the young tree absorbing the rain and sunshine, and growing; educated ignorance is as the iron-bound cask which may be pumped full of purest water or finest wine, but derives nothing from them, and remains the same dead wooden cask till it rots. The difficulty of outgrowing the long breeding in Christianism is exemplified even by the survival in many Freethinkers of the spirit of ancient faith after its letter is lost. Whence comes our belief in progress? It is said, time is on our side, and the future is inevitably ours. Is that a relic of the millennium? Time devours impartially the beautiful and the deformed, the good, and the evil. It destroys the Parthenon of wisdom and the Colosseum of cruel combat. In reading Lucian we find him as once ridiculing the dilapidated gods of Greece and affrighted by the more repulsive shapes of the new superstition advancing to take their place. That new superstition, Christianism, crushed the heart and brain of Greece, and to-day the land of ancient intellectual giants is occupied by a race of intellectual dwarfs.

The Freethinker in America to-day stands in a position corresponding to that of Lucian and Celsus in the early days of Christianism. The United States was founded by great Freethinkers. Franklin, Jefferson, Washington, Adams, and other statesmen took care to frame a constitution excluding religion from any part in the government. To-day the nation is enforcing a hard and cruel Sab-

bath; we are taxed to support a corps of chaplains in army, navy, and Congress, and the vast properties of churches being exempt from taxation, we are all taxed to support the Dogmas whether we believe in them or not. We are all supporting propagation by the sword of dogmas in the realms of Confucius and of Mohammed. Our gallant Secularists have to struggle hard to prevent a Dogma from being incorporated in the United States Constitution. A large and growing party insists on overthrowing the freedom founded by our fathers. And we know well that if that Dogma of God is inserted in the Constitution it will be no idle word, but the inauguration of a relentless persecution in behalf of a composite traditionary image of a vulgar majority. Freethinking journals will be suppressed; assemblies and lectures will be suppressed; Science will be intimidated under a suspended sword; every official in the nation will be required to declare under oath his belief in the collectivist God.

Another Dogma to which Freethinkers often lend themselves is that truth crushed to earth will rise again. Truth has been crushed to earth thousands of times without rising again. Buddha denies the gods and is made a god himself. Jesus drives the sacrificial animals from the temple and is made a sacrifice himself. Not long ago I received a letter from the late Herbert Spencer, whom I long knew personally, in which he warns me against an error in which he himself had long been misled, namely, the error of believing that man is a rational being. Man is not a rational being, he declares, but a bundle of passions, and his action depends on the passion that is uppermost at the time. But Herbert Spencer's error, I think, and that of most philosophers, is that of supposing that man is a truth-loving being. In personal affairs mankind likes veracity, but in religion the world is diseased, and demands the artificial temperature of illusion. The clear, bracing air of truth, sustaining to Science, is brutal to the poitrinaire heart, long nourshed on illusions, and moving in a waking dream.

Those of us who have been brought up under a rigid regime of Protestant dogmas, gradually discovered their falsity, and now see them as odious, have to wonder why we so long clung to them tenaciously, defending every link in the chain that bound us. We fight off the truth as long as it is possible. No doubt this is largely because our social and domestic affections have climbed on those stony walls of Dogma, covering them with flowers and casting them into the mud.

There are many thousands of ingenious forgeries in the Bible, all now admitted by theologians. Christendom circulates them by millions in 150 different languages; that is, it circulates throughout the world millions of admitted falsehoods. But if it is all for the glory of God, who cares for the falsehoods?

The supremacy of the bishop of Rome over all other bishops

rests upon a perversion of one sentence in a decree of the Council of Nice. The original manuscript is in the British Museum; anybody may examine it. There is no superiority given by the Council to one bishop over another. As Renan said, at the bottom of every institution there is a fiction.

One great difficulty of any direct propagation of Freethought is that half the world are in holy livery. The livery of politicians and legislators may not be so visible, but in truth the majority of people find it useful and comfortable to belong to parties and sects, and escape individual responsibility. But the Freethinker is that man who welcomes every teacher, but calls no man master. It is well that there should be congresses of this kind, because in no country can there be any continuous organization for any particular type of Freethought.

The only bond which can unite Freethinkers is the negation they have in common. Everyone of us here, representing a group or groups, feels perfectly certain that the creeds and Dogmas are untrue. It never even occurs to us to take a theological Dogma seriously. Their growth, history, development, represent departments of ethnology and anthropology. We study them, explain them, but never answer them. When Freethinkers step away from their common negation, and begin to affirm, they become distinct individualities. They accept the facts of Science, but Science can give them nothing final; the seeming solid facts of to-day may be all floated by new facts discovered to-morrow. We cannot, therefore, compete with the organizations founded on Dogma. Those are for people who have adjourned their lives to another world. The Freethinker considers only the world he is in; he has all the heaven there is, and aims to make the most of it.

It was the belief of Frederick Strauss, author of the "Leben Jesu," that all freedom must be preceded by emancipation from supernaturalism.

Strauss said he felt oppressed at seeing nearly every nation in Europe chained by an allied despotism of prince and priest. He studied long the nature of this oppression, and came to the conclusion that the chain was rather inward than outward, and without the inward thraldom the outward would soon rust away. The inward chain was superstition, and the form in which it bound the people of Europe was Christian supernaturalism. So long as men accept religious control not based on reason, they will accept political control not based on reason. The man who gives up the whole of his moral nature to an unquestioned authority suffers a paralysis of his mind, and all the changes of outward circumstances in the world cannot make him a free man."

The English Speaking Representatives.

Were at a great disadvantage in this Congress, owing to their

inability to speak French, Robertson and Heaford, being the only ones proficient in the French tongue. Consequently England and America did not exercise the potent influence in shaping the proceedings of the Congress, that they might otherwise, have done. Those on the programme, Watts, Foote, Gott, Cohen, McCabe, Mangasarian and others, perceiving that an address in English would prove wearisome, and pall upon the assembly, chose not to address it.

The writer had prepared an address on "Organization," but for the same reasons, did not address the Congress, and submitted his manuscript to the Committee on Organization, of which he was a member.

The Congress would have been more complete, and more international in character if the representatives named, had been able to take a leading part, for which they were eminently qualified.

I was greatly impressed with the English delegation. Robertson is a tall, solid, formidable looking Scotchman, while McCabe is a little sawed-off Irishman, with an Oliver Goldsmith head. Robertson is a great favorite in America, and McCabe is becoming widely known, and both are powers in the Freethought ranks. Editor Gott first became known to Americans by his recent imprisonment for exercising the privilege of free-speech. He is a self-made man, genial, and intellectual in appearance, and impressed me as one possessing the stuff of which patriots and heroes are made. Cohen is a writer well and favorably known in America, and as deep and brilliant in conversation as with his masterly pen.

Every one of course, knows Foote, not only as editor and author, but as one of the heroes of Freethought. More than once has he suffered imprisonment for the expression of his principles. Personally, he is a charming man, with a finely modulated voice, and he is one Englishman who can talk English. You don't have to continually be asking him, "How's that?" "Beg pardon! but what did you say?" etc., etc. Foote, though naturally reticent, is genial enough, and to be with him is to be learning something all the time. He is a good fellow to wander with amid old historical places, and in the foot-steps of the great, for he knows all about them. It is not necessary to speak of his brilliant writings, with which most of my readers are acquainted. Suffice it to say that his graceful and polished English is an education and a delight, and in force and persuasion, equalled only by the few.

Charles Watts, I believe, is the most popular and well known Englishman, with the Liberal element in this country. He has been with us more frequently, and most of us have met him personally, and have learned to appreciate him for his many noble endowments of heart and brain. As an all-around man, Orator, Editor, Essayist, Scientist and Freethought Propagandist, he has no superior. As some prominent Englishman said of Daniel Webster, so I may justly say of Mr. Watts: "He is a steam-engine in

breeches." Mr. Watts was on the programme for an address, but for the reasons mentioned, did not deliver it. I produce it in part here and would be glad to do likewise with the addresses of others, but his is the only address in my possession.

The Progress of Free Thought.

By Charles Watts.

This International Freethough Congress is unique in the history of human progress. It is composed of representatives from nearly all parts of the civilized world. It voices the heartfelt gratification of thousands of earnest men and women who look back with sorrow upon the gloom and darkness of the past, and who, with feeelings of pride and joy, contemplate the sunshine of the present. Freethought is the emblem of liberty and the precursor of advancement.

Two thousand years have passed since, according to the orthodox belief, the angels of an omnipotent God came down through the blue vault of the firmament with the welcome message of "Peace on earth, good will towards men." Instead, however, of such peace and goodwill having been inaugurated, the centuries that have since passed have been notorious for exhibitions of discord and hatred. In lieu of peace and happiness we have had disunion and misery. Many of our so-called Christian institutions and laws have kept the people in idleness and degradation. Pauperism has been perpetuated, bad habits have been fostered, and crime has been encouraged. To-day, under the shadows of our proud cathedrals with their lofty domes, where incense burns and gaudily vested priests and choristers chant praises to God for having done all things well, we find these evils still existing, robbing the race of its true heritage of individual happiness and national greatness.

The true remedy for this deplorable condition of things is to be found in the moral, physical, and intellectual development of human nature, the acquirement and application of purely secular education, and the destruction of all priestly power as hampering human thought and action. The highest outcome of ancient civilization in Greece and Rome was at a time when democratic freedom adorned their history. In Athens and republican Rome we have a glowing illustration of this fact. Potent in arms, able at one period to defend and preserve their liberties against every aggressor, these States were mighty in other and nobler fields. In philosophy, science, literature, art, and all that enriches and elevates the human race, these grand democracies were unequalled. Even to-day they are to us as luminaries—they "being dead, yet speak" to all posterity.

As the oldest delegate present from Great Britain, having spent

nearly a half-century in Freethought propaganda, it is to me an unqualified pleasure to testify, not only to the rapid growth of Freethought, but also to the improved methods of its advocacy. Old creeds have had their day, and before the power of modern thought the superstition which those creeds bolstered up is fast tottering to its very basis. Althought the right of free speech is not universally won, we are nevertheless much nearer its triumph than were our predecessors when the Church burnt to ashes that noble martyr, the undaunted Bruno. All honor to his memory. Long may the recollection of his heroic deeds inspire mankind to carry on the grand work to which, he devoted and sacrificed his life. In Great Britain heretical views now find free expression, the spirit of the times having outgrown the idea of suppression or persecution. In fact, heresy has become so fashionable that even bishops and prominent Anglican clergymen are openly indulging in the luxury. This progress is most encouraging, and inspires hope that the time is not far distant when the priests, with their incantations and mummeries, will be known only as evils of the past. When that period dawns a new era will be inaugurated wherein men will be their own kings and priests—kings in their own free individuality, and priests in the grand temple of nature.

Under the ægis of true Freethought, virtue will array herself more resolutely than ever against vice. Brother will cease slaying brother at the command of kings, and despots, and the communities withh be crowned with the laurels of peace. Priestcraft will lose its influence over humanity, and mental liberty will have a new birth. The barriers of social caste will be broken down, and the brotherhood of man thereby consolidated.

Some two centuries ago Pompeii was discovered beneath the ruins caused by the fire of Vesuvius. In the niche of the entrance to the city gates rested the skeleton of the Roman guard who was on duty the fatal day that ushered in Pompeii's doom. Let us place ourselves in a niche of the temple of Freethought, guarding it against the invasion of the armies of theological bigotry, and remembering that even if we perish in the work we shall die in the noble act of duty. But there is no cause for misgiving as to our ultimate victory. If we are faithful and persistent in the stern battle for truth and mental freedom, we may with confidence hope that the theological delusions engendered during ages as dark as they are remote will ultimately disappear, and will be replaced by the grandest monument the world has ever seen—a cultured, an unfettered, and a happy people.

Letters, Telegrams.

Hundreds of letters and telegrams of congratulations were received, coming principally from the leading scientists and college professors of Europe. Bjornson of Norway, who was expected to at-

tend, on account of age, could not come, and so, sent a letter of congratulation. So many were the letters that all could not be read. I will give but one, that of Prof. Mercelin Berthelot, the leading scientist of France, upon whom the Royal Society of Science of England, as well as the scientific societies of all countries have bestowed the highest honors in their power. Fearing for his health, Berthelot did not come to Rome, but sent the following letter, the chief points in which are the great significance of the Congress, and the proclamation of the necessity of a morality founded on the idea of human solidarity.

The Letter of Berthelot.

"I salute the Congress of Freethought, reunited in Rome and I send the members my best wishes for their work and their persons. The reunion of the Congress of Freethought in Rome is a sign of the times. Rome has been the center of the oppression of Science and of thought for fifteen hundred years. It has been like to that abyss announced in the Apocalypse, from which poured the poisonous vapors of superstition, fanaticism and of the Inquisition, excited by theocracy. and supported by monkish militia, thus combining to keep men eternally under the dominion of the double sword, spiritual and temporal.

Even in our day, and in the city of Paris, we have heard a dominician claim the intervention of the secular power of our high chair of state. Italy has suffered longer and more from the vicious pretentions of the church than any other nation; and suffers yet in these modern times when the free development of thought and Science, is being choked in its bosom, by the ignorance, poverty and degradation, which the church engenders. The stake at which Giordano Bruno was burned, smokes yet. The trial and punishment of Galileo should never be forgotten, for that was the solemn condemnation, even of religion, in the name of dogma and the Holy Scriptures.

Here, even at Rome, ecclesiastical oppression ceased only in the day when Italy took possesion of the temporal power. It is then, an enterprise, just and worthy, and salutary for humankind, that this great Congress should meet in Rome. It marks the evolution of the modern spirit, and the triumph of the new society, which draws its authority from the independence of opinion and the irresistible proofs of science.

"Witness the flags that we raise in the face of the Vatican, seat of divine revelation, and of the infallible Pope.

"Thus we establish in the world a reign of reason, free of ancient prejudices, and of dogmatic systems,—that is to say, a higher ideal, a morality more lofty and safe than that of past times,

because it is based on knowledge of human nature, and proclaims and demonstrates the intellectual and moral brotherhood of nations."

This clear-cut letter of Berthelot, is replete with the entire history of the Christian irreligion. It describes its past and its present, and gives warning of its capacity still to hamper thought, and to persecute, degrade and brutalize mankind. What a contrast in this frank, fearless declaration of the leading scientist of France, and the truckling to, and veneering of superstition, by American educators, who affect to represent and reflect scientific progress in the United States. With the concluding of reading of letters and telegrams, all of which were received with great enthusiasm, Signor Vanni, deputy of the Italian Parliament and representing the King entered, and was introduced amid prolonged cheers. He welcomed the Congress to Rome, in eloquent and fitting words, and announced that the government, desiring to show its appreciation of the objects of the Congress, and its respect for the delegates, granted them half fare rates on the railways in all parts of Italy, and cards which admitted them free to all the ruins, galleries, and other public places in Rome, Naples, Pompeii and Herculaneum. What a contrast with the political truckling to be found in free America. I could not help but feel ashamed of my country, for well I knew, that should the International Freethought Congress convene in Washington, the President could not be induced to notice it, or extend it even common courtesies; and I, from the land of Washington, Jefferson, Franklin, Paine, Girard, Madison, Lincoln, Garrison, Phillips and Stanton. More clearly than ever, came home to me, the knowledge, that while the Catholic power is losing its hold upon the old world countries, it is growing slowly stronger in its grasp upon our own; and not till the American people, like those of Europe, have fully found it out, will it cease to grow strong. There is work ahead for the Freethinker in America. Let none imagine that the problem of Freedom has been solved. The Catholic superstition has the nine lives of the tiger family. It has only lost its power to persecute physically, and is resourceful in other methods of retrodegradation. Following the address of welcome by Deputy Vanni, Secretary Fournamont announced that the procession would immediately form on the Plaza in front of the College, and the march be made to the Porta Pia, where public addresses would be made. The Porta Pia is a gateway in the old Roman wall, which Garibaldi battered down, and through which he and his troops entered Rome and defeated the Papal army. This occured on Sept. 20th, 1869, thirty-five years ago. Ever since, the occasion has been annually celebrated by the Italian people, that is, by the Garibaldians. This, then, the 20th of September, the day on which our Congress convened, was also the anniversary of Italian union and inde-

pendence. It was a holiday in old Rome. They had celebrated this event before, but never in conjunction with a Freethought Congress. Here were over five thousand patriotic spirits of other countries to join them in celebrating the triumph of conscience over superstition. The Italian heart was ablaze with enthusiasm. A Freethought demonstration was a new thing. Those who could not get near the college assembled at the Porta Pia.

There were twelve to fifteen thousand in the procession, a band, two brigades of old Garibaldians in red shirts leading and the women numbering perhaps a thousand. The procession was headed by a long row of carriages containing Haeckel, Sergi, Vanni, Conway and other notables. There were two other bands in the parade, and as they played the national airs, and the Marsellaise, their music was drowned by the thousands of voices that joined in singing. All the Italians, French and German can sing. There were banners, standards, wreaths and palms galore. I had never seen just such another procession. The leading educators, editors, attorneys, artists, physicians and civilians of Rome were in line. They walked five abreast, and with me, were Watts and Heaford of London, and Sir Moses Ezekel and Erminio, Troilo, a rising young philosopher of Rome. It was a proud day for me, and I stepped high. The one thought most in my mind was regret that all my American friends, those from the far Pacific coast, from the great broad prairies, from the sunny south, the cheery north, and the glowing east, could not be there to see and join in the enthusiasm. It was too much glory for me, and I wanted to share it. It seemed but a step back to the Septembers of my youth, when as a boy, I was shocking corn, and gathering the harvest in my far country place, pondering oft on the great, glorious and despicable events I had read in Roman history; and I could hardly realize that I was marching through the streets of the Eternal City, celebrating with Roman people themselves, their day of independence, and political emancipation from the superstitious tyranny that has cursed them for centuries.

Passing through Porta Pia, we entered a well paved boulevard about one hundred feet wide, running parallel to the Roman wall. This boulevard had been covered for an inch deep with a fine white sand. This is a custom with the Romans, the sand securing against dust, and making standing comfortable. Against the Roman wall, was a large bronze tablet about twelve feet square, which covered a hole made by a cannon-ball. Here was where the first attack was made, and through which Garibaldi's men first entered the city. Many fell at this spot, and the names of those who lost their lives here are recorded on the bronze tablet. Here the head of the procession halted. The tablet was garlanded with magnificient wreaths and flags, the bands played, the people sang and patriotic speeches were delivered. It was estimated that thirty thousand people had

gathered here to greet the procession of Freethinkers, making an assembly of at least forty thousand. And while all this was going on a gloomy silence, as if inhabited by souls forsaken and desolate, pervaded St. Peters and the Vatican.

The Roman papers declared that the demonstration exceeded all expectations, even of the Freethinkers themselves, and never had there been a more orderly parade, or one composed in such large part of representative citizens.

It was all the more surprising, as Rome, I was told, is not given to great public demonstrations and parades of any kind.

I will have space for an extract of but one of the speeches at this historic spot on this historic occasion—that of Leon Fournemont, Secretary of the Congress, whose echoing voice was frequently sandwiched with applause.

The Address of Fournamont.

"In the name of the International Federation, and in the name of the Congress of Rome, we salute the valiant Italian people, who, on this day, September twentieth, 1870, tore Rome from the Pope, and wrenched from theocracy, the rights and liberties of the people. The French revolution had affirmed the universal character of the rights of the man and the citizen. Italy, in releasing Rome from the Pope, declared before the universe the right and duty which the people should have to succor the poor from theocracy and religion.

Italians have taken for their motto: "L.' Italian fara da se"—"Italy acts for herself." We follow their example, and we say in our turn: "L.' humanita fara da se." Humanity will accomplish its destiny without recourse either to priests, popes or gods. The Vatican sorrows deeply that it has fallen into an irremediable decadence, also into an intellectual and moral blight. The Internatonal Federation of Freethinkers will continue to oppose this mighty superstition untii it shall have succeeded in chasing from all consciences the shades of ignorance and fear which it has cast upon the world."

A long salvo of applause confirmed his last words, and the members of the Congress followed the bands back into the city; leaving the historic wall, decorated with flags and flowers, the tributes of the International Freethought Congress at Rome. It was indeed a precious privilege to me to have the opportunity of participating in the celebration of the victory of Garibaldi, and on the spot where it was achieved.

The afternoon session was devoted largely to business affairs of the Congress, but several addresses were made. I had the honor of being placed on the Committee of Organization, and fortunate I was in procuring an interpreter, a young Italian, who had lived several years in Cincinnati, and who couldn't do enough for me just because I came from where he had lived and knew some folks whom he knew.

During this session, a representative of the Grand Orient Masons, the highest Masonic body in the world, whose work reaches to the ninetieth degree, was introduced to the Congress, and in an address of welcome, extended an invitation to the delegates, both men and women, to attend the same evening, a reception in their honor at the Masonic Temple. About three thousand availed themselves of the opportunity; and all were loud in their praise of Roman hospitality; and the splendor and magnificence of the occasion.

This, to my mind, was one of the most important and significant events of the whole Congress. The Pope has placed the ban upon Free-Masonry, a pitiable pretention, inasmuch as he lacks the power to suppress, in the least, that which he most condemns.

When we consider that the Masonic order is very strong in Rome, and composed of its most learned and influential citiizens, and owing to the Papal ban, and the activity of the church against it, that it is likewise defiant and aggressive, it is easy to perceive that Papal influence is narrowed to the ignorant majority, and its weakness is disclosed by its inconsequential attempts to command and brow-beat the leading citizens of Rome. The Masonic body is today far more influential in government affairs than the Papacy.

Masonry is as old, almost, as the history of man. Like all religions, it is founded on Phalllic and Solar worship.

The ancient Chinese, Babylonians, Egyptians and Jews were all in posession of this cult, weaving it, more or less, with the threads of their own particular histories. It has thus passed through many modifications. The Essenes were the Masons at the time of Christ. The claim that Modern Masonry originated with the building of Solomon's temple is a pure myth. "There is no certain history of there ever having been a Solomon's Temple. Jewish Masonry may have experienced a revival at that time. Modern Masonry is only about seven hundred years old, and had its origin in Rome among a number of wealthy and learned men, who were desirous of meeting and entertaining opinions of their own, as well as being free to investigate natural laws, without being dictated to by the church, and without endangering their lives at the hands of the Inquisition. They had to meet very secretly, and was often discovered, persecuted and put to death. Masonry, too, has had its thousands of martyrs at the hands of Holy Mother Church. But the cult grew. It was simply a revival of the old Essenic ritual, interwoven with some Jewish history, modern thought and humanitarianism. While it had to work secretly, it ever stood, and stands to-day for liberty of thought, speech and investigation.

The Masonic order has performed incalculable service in freeing the mind of man from superstition. In France, Italy and Spain, it is to-day in close alliance with the reform parties. It did not hesitate to march with its banners into the halls of our Freethought Congress, and in its parades, as well as to open its doors in

hospitable welcome. This open stand for freedom and humanity, by French and Italian Masonry, has resulted in a split in the Masonic ranks, and it is no longer a universal, world wide brotherhood. The English and the American Mason no longer affiliates with his French and Italian brother. Why? First, because of the opposition existing between masonry and the Papal power. Second, because the French and Italian Mason, aiming to be purely secular, and broad enough to admit any man of any belief or disbelief, and thus put themselves upon the plane of universal brotherhood, dispensed with the use of the Bible upon their altars, and eliminated the oath of belief in a God.

The English and American Mason still maintain this narrow, superstitious form and by so doing cuts off from their fellowship the leading scientific minds of the world. French and Italian Masonry, finds room for the Herbert Spencers, the Huxleys, the Haeckels, the Berthelots, the Darwins, and the Tolstois, but there is not the smallest corner for the same in the English and American fraternities. I spoke to several prominent French and Italian Masons on this subject, and they just laughed, and said, "what do we care whether the English and American Masons affiliate with us or not? If they want to be narrow, that does not hurt us. They are under the ban of the Pope as well as we; and it is only a question of time when, they will have the same fight on hands that we have always had. Besides, as to not affiliating, that is all bosh. When they come over here, the first thing many do, is to look us up.

The difference, so far as I am able to perceive between the two factions is this. Besides the worthy objects of helping and sustaining each other, the French and Italian Mason finds time to help friends and protect the ignorant and the oppressed, and assist humanity in general.

The English and American, narrow their assistance to those of their own cult. This is indeed worthy as applied to fraternity, but narrow and selfish as applied to universal brotherhood. By excluding the fellowship of high scientific minds, they build a wall around ther own brains. Instead of reaching out to help protect and uplift all humanity, too much of the American Mason's time is taken up in helping a brother into office or into a position of some kind, and in keeping others out of the penitentiary. I cannot see, that in so far as their relations to the uplifting of humanity are concerned, the English and American Masons are any better for their belief in a God, than the French and Italian for their disbelief in a God.

I am inclined to believe with the Italian brother, that the American Mason, now under the ban of the Pope, will have the same fight on hands in time; and when that time comes, he will throw off his truckling lethargy, and stand boldly out for the freedom of thought and speech, which he professes now to uphold. He will be-

come broad enough to admit men into fellowship, because of their manhood and humanity, and not because of their belief or disbelief in any book, or in some unknown and incomprehensible being. If the time comes, when they will have the same forces to combat, that the French and Italian Mason have had to contend with, I am sure they too, will be found fighting in the ranks of Freethought.

CHAPTER XII.

Second Day of the Congress.

September 21, 1904.

Of the many committees appointed, I will give the report of but one—that on Propaganda.

Of this, I can only give extracts, which will serve to show the methods of procedure, the strong virile sentiment, and the open, fearless, public expression tolerated right in Rome, the seat of Papal domination.

All reports were freely discussed as soon as presented, often eight or ten short speeches of five or ten minutes being made. I can conceive of no matter that would be of greater interest to Liberals, than the full reports of all the committees and the discussions that followed. They know how to conduct conventions. For each day, a programme of the proceedings was printed, and the business carried out orderly and promptly.

The names of the Committee on Propaganda were Maurice Vernes, Prof. in the University of Ecole d esHautes Etudes, George Renard, Prof. in the Conservatory of Arts and Crafts, and G. Seailles, Prof. in the Sarbonne, with whose reports, the session of the second day was opened.

Extracts From the Report of M. Vernes.

Subject—The Christian Doctrine Condemned by Science.

"It no longer remains to Roman Catholicism, divorced from the domain of Science to control serious questions. Alchemy has become chemistry; astrology, astronomy; and we announce that the true creed is a scientific study of religions. No longer can the church induce mankind to the belief that religious sentiment is above demonstration, that its assertions require no verification.

"Withdraw," say some, the support afforded morality by religion and you expose it to ruin. To this, we reply, that false assertions without basis have never strengthened a doctrine of conduct. The Jewish Decalogue, yet taught by the church, works as a last argument that Israel was made a chosen people, and lifted out of Egyptian servitude—an assertion doubly a mistake. Besides the

church has always indulged in deception. The rational truth, without hesitation, is sacrificed to faith in the symbols of Nice and Athanasius, and to the syllabus.

We give dismissal to the mastery of St. Peter by saying to him, "The science of religion, as well as Biblical exegesis, confirm the condemnation pronounced against you in the name of right, philosophy and reason. In the presence of results obtained by an examination of phenomena of a religious order, you are shown to be systematically ignorant. By your equivocation, you oblige us to say, you are an avowed deceiver without an excuse. You know how to escape attracting to yourself, the outrageous memory of a bad faith.

Extract Form the Report of George Renard.

Subject—Morals and Freethought From the Social View Point.

The accomplishment of good finds in itself, its reward, and should be presented as a business deal. Man, believing as he must, and not as he would, should not be punished for what he believes. It is a scandulous iniquity to suppose, and teach, that before their birth, men are assured of blessing, or condemned to suffering on account of their belief. It sufficies not to counsel the rich to give to the poor the crumbs of their superfluity. It is necessary to preach the obligation, to collaborate with them to produce a social state, where each will receive his due. Duty consists, not in crippling human nature, by inculcating superstition, and by refusing to the heart, mind and body, their proper satisfaction; but on the contrary, to develop all the energies, that increase the dignity, joy, knowledge and independence of thought in the individual, and in the race.

Conclusion of the Report of G. Sailles.

Subject—Dogma and Science and the Propaganda of Freethought.

The true propaganda of Freethought is the diffusion of Instruction. We ask the people not to consent to be ignorant; that they guard against mental inertia, be alive to the value of education, and allow not labor to crush them so low, that they will be blind to the needs of that instruction, whereby they may be able to baffle the scheming of the autocratic and ecclesiastic powers. We render superstition impossible by ascribing everything to natural law; in substituting for the rewards of Paradise, the rule of work; for clerical magic, the action of the man who relies on science, and placing for the good of the efficacious action, the full realization of Justice on earth.

This conclusion is founded chiefly on this fact; the church becomes more and more audacious and cynical in the war which it makes against reason and science.

The church is against Reason. As Reason becomes more ex-

acting and demands the right of free examination, the church imposes on it new sacrifices and violence. It multiplies beliefs, adds new dogmas to the old, promulgates the infallibility of the Pope, erects into an article of faith, the immaculate conception, which makes of the Virgin a goddess, by a veritable outrage of the beautiful legend, which grew out of the heart and fancy of man, and which is a reproach to motherhood.

To suppress reason, the church offers to the crowd, a religion lowered to the level of the basest instincts. It translates its dogmas into the coarsest metaphors. The Passion becomes the precious blood. The sacred heart a viscera pierced with blows, dripping with bloody tears. It disdains the spiritual symbolisms, the generations which free human faith from dogma, and all appeals to reason. It creates faith by displaying images, impressing religious tenets, and unthinkable falsehoods on the minds through the eyes.

Under the superficial coat of scientific culture, it takes advantage of profound learning, by twisting and applying it to the ignorance and fetichism of the ages. It adores the bull and donkey of the stable, as well as the impossible divine child. It erects in all parts those superstitious and childish gew-gaws, which Joseph de Maistrie calls "the outworks and ramparts of religion."

It escapes ridicule by the audacity with which it braves it. It has a pagan pantheon of Saints, who make use of miracles, to cheat the blind and ignorant. A Saint Anthony, with whom a devotee is made to believe that he can enter into a correspondence and for a pecuniary consideration may find lost keys, lost hearts and attain most any selfish desire. It makes the Virgin to descend from heaven and appear at springs, which are afterwards to be utilized for profit. The human mind can conceive of no ideas more extravagant and ridiculous than it has invented to fool and cheat the ignorant multitude, and to awe and suppress the intellectual minority, by gathering unto itself a physical and dangerous majority.

Thus it seeks the perpetuity of its power through the inculcation of those ancient instincts of faith and fear which have survived a long time because they have lived a long time."

From the above extracts the reader will be able to derive an idea of the fearless arraignments of the church, which were made at the Congress. But these are mild compared to the many short speeches that followed each discussion and proposition.

A full report of all the speeches and proceedings was published in all the daily papers. There was no fear on their part of hurting some one's feelings, or of losing an advertisement, as with American editors. Some of the papers printed four full pages daily of the proceedings of the Congress. The whole city was reading them. It was something new, an innovation. The papers seemed to be glad to have an excuse to let loose on the Vatican and they used the occasion

for all there was in it. I saw a paper of only four pages, three of which were wholly devoted to the Congress. It even dropped the news of the world to print the proceedings. What a mighty awakening was all this to the Roman people. Nothing like it had ever before occurred in the ancient city. Never before had there been such a demonstration for free speech. Never before had the common people the opportunity to know of the mighty opposition to the church and the convincing arguments against its influence. Men and women stood in groups reading and discussing the accounts, but in no instance, did I see evidence of anger. Rather they seemed either elated, or as if they didn't know what to think, or say about it.

Questions of the Day.

A brief analysis of a few of the debates will be of interest, as it will reveal the practical methods of the Congress, and its far reaching plans and objects. Each subject to be presented had been determined six months previous, and some eminent Liberal appointed to present it. The entire proceedings were thus prepared beforehand, and there was not a hitch in the programme. To each proposition some practical action or remedy was proposed. With the conclusion of each discourse, an open discussion followed in which as many as twenty would debate the matter, and a vote for the acceptance or rejection of the proposition follow. Thus each subject was disposed of in a practical business way, as it was presented, and future plans of action laid down.

Deputy Hubbard was charged with delivering a report on the "Diplomatic Relations between Governments and Churches." The rupture between France and the Vatican at this time, gave the subject of international rights a practical interest. Again I want to impress upon the mind of the reader that the majority of names mentioned in this report, those who took the leading part in the discussions of this Congress were members of the parliaments, the various law-making bodies of Europe. Next in numbers were professors of the leading universities, and altogether, Deputies and Professors, there were over two hundred . In this report I am able to give the names of only a few of those who addressed the Congress, and joined in the debates.

The Main Conclusions of Hubbard.

"There is no place to establish any essential differences in a judicial view-point between any religious organization, Roman Catholic censorship and should not be considered a sovereign in the moral or intellectual community of view.

The Pope of Rome is only the chief of the universal Roman Catholic or any other, and the groups reposing on philosophical, political sense of the word.,

The conventions called concordats should not have the authority of international treaties.

It is the duty of governments to consider the Pope to be a simple citizen, head of a vast censorship of individuals of different nationalties and consequently, every act tending to confer upon him even a limited sovereignty over the city of Rome, or any part of Italian territory would be a violation of self-government.

The Congress voted unanimously for the conclusions of Hubbard. The subjects next under discussion were:—

Public Rights:—The church face to face with state sovereignty, exposition of the situation in modern states.

The Concordats:—Their condition in the various states.

Separation:— From the point view of organization, finances, guarantees of liberty of conscience, and of the independence of civil society.

After eloquent speeches by Renard and Lorand, the Belgium Deputy, and member of the Belgium Parliament, the Congress voted unanimously for the following conclusions, presented by Renard.

Separation of Church and State.

The International Congress of Freethinkers demands a separation of State and Church, as a logical consequence of the liberty of conscience, and the equal right of every human being in respect to his belief. "Public powers should not interfere to favor or hinder the exercise of any cult, or the expression of any opinion.

Separation of State and Church brings naturally the secularization of all public services.

The Congress invites all Freethinkers to an energetic action in order to secure the consecration of these principles by the legislatures of their respective governments. We felicitate with France on the example it has given in demanding this reform. We hope that it will continue to the end of that work of human emancipation.

The Secularization of Education.

No subject was given more attention than this. The discussion was not confined to the conditions existing in Italy, but included all countries. It was a noble debate, as broad as humanity. The question was put as follows:—

Education:— State of legislation on education in various countries. The churches and their hold upon state favors. Propositions for the solution of the conflict. The entire secularization of Education.

I will present but one of the many debates upon this subject, that of Sergi, the illustrious President of the Congress, and Professor in the University of Rome. This extract from his address will

serve to show the spirit and determination of the Congress to combat this mighty evil. Coming from this eminent scientist, a paid professor in the College of Rome, and therefore a representative of the Italian government, this address is weighty with importance.

The Report of Sergi.

"In respect to the condition of education, relative to the influence of the confessional and religion in civilized nations, the situation is deplorable. Everywhere, the churches, for centuries have succeeded in dominating humanity by dominating the morals of the schools, and this is the secret of its hold upon the politics of the world. Germany, Switzerland, Spain, and other countries, even the United States have particularly to suffer from clerical meddling in the schools, by Protestant as well as Catholic. In Germany, and I should say in all non-Catholic countries, the religious ensignment is more powerful and dominant than in Catholic countries. At Geneva, even during the Autumn vacations, numerous religious lectures are forced upon the students.

In Italy and France, the situation tends to become ameliorated, because Catholicism and Protestantism are less puissant. The Italian schools are almost completely secular. Yet a little more courage is needed on the part of the government, to make them entirely so. But the most serious obstacle in our way is the maintaining of the parochial school, and the evil will never be put down, until all schools are made purely secular.

Until recently the schools of France have been wholly under the sway of the religious congregations. The Catholic clergy suppressed the spirit of the people and enslaved them.

But France, under the ministry, presided over by M. Combes, is happily almost free. A new era begins with the French people. By secular education she will succeed in shaking off the domination of the church, and will guide all other nations to a lay school, possessing all the characteristics of liberty of thought.

I propose the secularization of education. I do not ask for tolerance, nor for liberty of conscience. Freethought has clearly passed that stage. To-day, it acts definitely, and is organized to deliver humanity from dogma and religious subserviency.

Religions were born during the primitive state of humanity; when man was profoundly ignorant of the relations existing between himself and nature. From this ignorance, joined to the fear of inexplicable phenomena, were born the concepts of the soul, of a future life, and of a God, all superstitions and errors which have clouded the human mind, and given a false direction to human conduct, and practical living in general.

Though great progress has been made, it is necessary to beware of believing the victory to be already acquired. The general situation has changed, but the peril from ecclesiasticism remains. The

reptile has only changed its skin. As long as education remains under the influence of the religious powers, superstition and fanaticism will continue to fortify itself and grow.

To-day, when the civil power has learned how to fortify itself against superstition, and to compel respect and obedience, more or less, by the churches, we observe them masking under the guise of liberty, becoming crafty prudent and hypocritical, and insinuating themselves, by dark methods, back into power. They are thus harder to fight, than if they were brutally intolerant and openly aggressive.

What then is our greatest weapon? What is the remedy? The entire secularization of education. It suffices not that we have public schools, without religious education. It is needful to prohibit the clerical school, under whatever form it may take, that all children alike become thoroughly imbued with the common interests which attach to a common community, to a common state and to a common humanity.

The state should supply all teachers, and determine instruction. The "brothers" and "sisters" should never be permitted to teach, or conduct schools or boarding schools, or be educators of any kindergarten on the pretext of a religion, which establishes a class, arrayed against the common interests of men and governments. Two objections may be made to these affirmations. First, that it is necessary for man to have morality, and that until now, morality has been closely bound to religion, and thus it is commonly believed that one cannot have morality without religion. I affirm that morality is essentially social, and that religion has usurped it for the advantage it derives in claiming to be its sponsor, just as religion has usurped all civil and intellectual progress, in order to clothe itself as the jay with the plums of the peacock. Social ethics should be in the future, the business of the school of humanity, and independent morality, essentially secular, by consequence of secular education, the morality of life, under a biological and sociological aspect, without fear or hope of the beyond; that is to say without those fearful and fanciful illusions derived from errors inculcated in the past.

The second objection that may be made is, that the prohibition of the parochial school, would be an opposition to liberty.

This is the common ground for those who think that the state cannot forbid any one the liberty of founding schools and becoming educators. That objection would have a just motive, if the problems of education were less complex. If the state has the right to divorce the church, or tax it, or in any way to control it, it has the same right, on the principle of the common good, to make its evils amenable to the law, the same as any other class of individuals, or corporations. The state which defends against injury the physical life, ought also to defend the psychical life. The state which would

have men free in their business, should not allow their minds to be imprisoned in their youths, and inoculated with the ferment of error and superstition to such an extent that it can never escape it.

The state has the right to suppress religious influence in the schools, and ought to see to it, that the minds of youth shall develop under the rational dictates of science, the only thing which has a right to authority in the social life, and upon which all creeds that seek the truth, may unite without infringing on liberty or rights of conscience. It is therefore, the duty of the state to take charge of the education of the child, leaving the mind free to choose for itself on becoming adult. Freethinkers then must stand for the Secular school, where the physical, moral and intellectual education derived, shall conform to the exigencies of science which demonstrates the relations of man with nature and the community, and which teaches that while the life of the individual is limited, that of the state is constantly renewed."

Secular Education Debated.

Sergi was warmly congratulated by Haeckel and many others, at the conclusion, of this bold and masterly presentation of the subject, the importance of which must be felt by the reader, when he considers that it came from the lips of the leading savant of Rome, and was delivered in the greatest temple of learning in Italy, once a Jesuit college.

The Belgium Deputies, Demblon, Denis and Lorand, in short speeches disputed the conclusions of Sergi, demanding entire freedom for all, for the religionist as well as for the Secularist.

The French Deputy, Brisson, also fought the proposition of Sergi, and presented the following:—

"The Congress proclaims that there is an incompatibility between the functions of secular instructor and professor on one side, and the ecclesiastic or monastic professor on the other. The Congress affirms the freedom of secular education."

The Italians, Scuderi, Bossi and Podrecca, in warm speeches, supported the conclusions of Sergi, who closed the debate by declaring that it was inconsistent for the Congress to affirm the freedom of secular education, without making all education tributary to the state. Otherwise there can be no real freedom of education, that in order to make sure of the guarantee of the freedom of education, it must depend upon the government. The majority was with Sergi, but owing to the importance of the question, it was agreed to carry it over to the next Congress, and the question again debated, and voted upon. This is a principle which involves some fine and delicate discrimination.

As Freethinkers and advocates of Liberty, we must grant all others those rights of conscience which we demand for ourselves. The religionist regards parochial training as a matter of con-

science to which he has the right. But in truth, is it really a matter of right and conscience with him, or is it a matter of imposition and abuse of his mind in childhood, that leads him to imagine that it is a right of conscience?

I am inclined to side with Sergi. No set of men should have the right, under the mask of liberty of conscience, to take my child from me, and indoctrinate it with a religion, which will lead it, under exciting circumstances, to massacre, or torture, or burn at the stake some other man's child.

If the state has the right to draft men into the army, and force them to fight for defense of country, or for a principle,—if it has the right to command the very lives of the people, it certainly has the the right to say how they shall be educated, and by whom. In determining justice in this matter, we must not forget that the church assumes that the state has no rights, that she is obliged to respect, when they conflict with her own. It is all a question then, of which is biggest—state or church; of whether government, which is society in common, should have a common basic system of education, which will develop mutual interests, or whether it shall permit a large portion of the youth to be indoctrinated with prejudices, antagonistic to the government, using education as the means by which their first allegiance is attached to a foreign pontiff, instead of to the home governing powers.

In France, it was a question of President or Pope. The same conditions may exist in America, at no for off time. But Freethought will win as it has won in France. The eternal law of progress, is bound to leave behind in its shining march, the mythical saviors, virgins, saints, and gloomy superstitious of antiquity. We will win, but we have to continue to fight to win.

It is a great loss to Freethought that a complete record was not kept of all the papers read at the Congress, and the debates upon the same. As it was the first Congress held in Rome, it was of such diginty that it should have been regarded with historical importance, and all the proceedings preserved. The full report would have made a book of six or eight hundred pages. In this brief report of mine, I am guided only by a small Bulletin that has been issued, by the Secretary of the Congress, and by Roman news-paper accounts, which I gathered while there. The difficulty of translation was such, that I have, in many places, had to use my own language to make the subject clear. I understand that there is to be no further official reports issued, and it is hardly likely that any besides this will be issued in English. Consequently this little book ought to be a valuable historical reference in the years to come.

The Work of Religious Missions and Colonial Wars

This subpect was ably discussed by William Heaford of London, and on conclusion of his discourse, Congress unanimously

adopted, as each was read, the following resolutions prepared by Heaford.

1. "That the vices caused among the poor by European influences, tax the feeble efforts of the church, to develop morality among its own followers in Europe. Therefore the church is disqualified for the task of civilizing other races.

2. "That the discrimination of weaker races on one hand, and their expropriation on the other, succeeding the introduction among them of European influences, which were followed or preceeded by Christianity justifies the opinion, that the missions are not the true means to civilize either the European or the weaker races.

3. "That the extension of Christianity among the heathen, which is discredited as it grows and increases, and as it loses prestige among intellectual Europeans, is a menace to the normal progress of humanity and a perpetual source of danger to the world's peace and civilization.

4. "That it is important that we appeal to the European governments to reject all the demands introduced by the missionaries, to possess a jurisdiction and the rights of favor, in making an infraction of the principle of equality as between Heathen and Christian, and to cease to protect and support the missionaries and their contending and differing societies.

5. "That it is a matter of importance to withdraw the subsidies from the convents and universities established to sustain religious missions, and to organize and apply said subsidies to lay works.

6. "That in the colonies or European possessions where religious faith prevails among the indigent, the politics of European countries should remain neutral, and that they ought to be impartial concerning the struggles of religious rivals, whether Christian or Heathen.

7. "That in the schools and colleges, subsidized by the governments, instruction ought to be free of the religious elements, and free of theology.

8. "That support ought to be given native races, and that they should be taught a practical knowledge of modern science, of its results and conclusions, in regard to the importance of the present life, and of the practical material means, necessary to ameliorate it, and make it more perfect.

9. "That in order to attain this end, an organization ought to be founded destined for the establishment of Freethought missions in the native lands of the soi-distant pagans, not only for the intention of unveiling the machinations of Christian missionaries, and opposng them, but in order to enable the races to understand the benevolent side of modern Science, in opposition to the Bible, and with which they have long been familiarized.

10. "That the immediate object of these lay missions is to permit

a. Education, primary and secondary,
b. Technical and scientific knowledge,
c. History, and the history of religions,
d. Comparative mythology,
e. Ethics.

This program and its application should be modified according to the countries and the needs and capacities of the inhabitants.

11. "That the general object of these missions will be to prepare the way for the establishment of a harmony of sentiment, and sincerely sympathetic relations between different races, by the elimination of the odious distinctions of superor and inferior; by the culture of a spirit of tolerance and mental benevolence, and by united efforts in harmony with science and trained reason, to try to gain a better understanding among different races, and to build for future happiness the Temple of Humanity, sufficiently vast, to contain all nations under the banner of Fraternity.

Public Assistance.

Among other subjects discussed during this session were the following:

1. The works of Charities in the various countries.
2. The work of charity in the convents, orphan's homes and workshops.
3. The secularization of all public and social charity that encumbers the state.

These subjects were reported by M. Junoy, Counsellor from Barcelona, and Deputy to the Spanish Parliament, and the citizen, Debierre, Professor at the University of Lisle. The debates on these subjects were of much greater importance than the relation of the church to the state in the matter of charity. There is no doubt that the greatest means which the church of to-day employs in attaching sympathy and credit to itself, is that of the dispensation of charity, and it is by such means that it blinds the world to its own extravagances, vanities, falsehoods, mysticisms, and evasions of law and justice.

By evading taxation, it increases the burdens of the poor. In turn, the clergy beg to give to beggars. Where they receive a loaf, they give a crumb. The amount they dole out in the name of charity is a contemptible trifle compared to the amount put into salaries of the clergy and in building and sustaining churches. The church makes the claim that the state is indebted to it for its relief to the poor, thus lessening the burdens of the state.

The facts are, the church itself is an object of charity and a mighty burden to the state. It takes from the state yearly many

millions by evasion of taxation, by salaries, and unjust and illegal appropriations, all of which must be paid by labor, and labor is poor. Thus they unjustly filch from the poor, and beg from the rich, and after feasting like lords, sweep up the crumbs, and with godly airs, scatter them among the poor they've robbed—robbed not only of their labor, but of their power to think and determine for themselves. And this is the kind of charity, by which the church is gaining and holding the world's respect. Charity is always degrading. Who wants to be an object of charity. The system is all wrong. It is the duty of the state to furnish employment, to the people, and it is its duty to provide for them if they cannot get it. it is the duty of the state to permit no class privileges. It should make the church pay its just share of the public burdens ,and stop corporations from robbing the people, and there would be little need for charity. There never was a greater humbug than church charity. Deprived of this pretentious display of holiness and goodness of heart, the church would have but little left to commend itself to men. The poor want labor, the opportunity to work, and a just share of their production, and not charity. Systematic charity has the effect of encouraging indigence in the weak and vicious minded, and instead of lessening the evils of poverty and want, it makes beggars.

In the discussions of the subjects presented here, "Dogma condemned by Science" "Morals and Freethought from the social view," "The Propaganda of Freethought," "The Diplomatic Relation Between Governments and Churches," "Public Rights," "The Concordats," "Separation of State and Church," "The Secularization of Education," "The Work of Religious Missions and Colonial Wars," and "The Secularization of Public Charities," the reader will observe the broad scope of the second lay's proceedings And in the brief extracts I have given, they will further observe, the virile, practical handling of the subjects. I do not believe that ever in the history of the world, was there an assembly of men and women, met with loftier purposes, and nobler desires, to solve the great problems of human life and happiness; to lift the lowly out of their superstitions and social degradations, and to join all men together in a common brotherhood. The remedy they offered for the evils that debase mankind, and the basis of the brother-hood to be, was Science. They pointed out that no common brotherhood can be based upon religion, because religion disintegrates, and the various branches dispute, quarrel and fight among themselves. All may unite upon Science. There can be no quarrel with facts. There will be eternal divisions and hates with mysticism. The work we have on hands is to educate people to this knowledge.

The Feast of the Palatine.

The close of the second day's session at 3 P. M., was followed by a procession to the Palatine Hill. The Palatine to-day is only a

hill of ruins and memories. Pile upon pile, the great stones rise, on the top of which is an ancient garden, containing cypress, oaks, great pines, superb date-palms, magnolias, and enormous aloes, while beautiful vines and roses trail over mountain walls, touching them with grace and melancholy. The Palatine was the central and lowest of the seven hills, and was the fortification of the ancient Romans. Each of the seven hills was originally occupied by different clans, which were either at peace with each other, or at deadly strife; but finally united into one nation. The Palatine being in the center, was made the sight of the imperial palace and gardens. All around at its foot stretches the ruins of the Forum. As Emperor after Emperor came into power, the palace of his predecesor was declared not good enough for him, so upon the foundations of the old, a new and more gorgeous palace would be erected. The Palatine, then, is a hill upon which is reared palace upon palace. The reader may imagine the strength of the walls of the lower palaces, which support four or five palaces on top of them, the walls of the upper palaces being three to five feet in thickness. Beneath the present surface is an interminable cavern of rooms and halls, stretching for miles, which were once the majestic apartments of Tiberius, Augustus, and the Caesars. I took a torch-light trip through these mighty foundations, and was overwhelmed at the magnitude of ancient architecture.

On the top of the hill is a great open space or court called the Stadium. It is about two hundred feet wide, and the length of a city square. Originally, all around this space, great marble steps led up to the palaces, and to the hanging gardens. Many beautiful colonnades are still standing. Here on this hill in this space, amusements were given for the Emperor and nobles. Chariot races, athletic games of all kinds, and even water could be turned into the space and a naval fight given for their entertainment. It was in this old court of the Roman Emperors, we held our feast. There were five thousand in attendance. It was said to be the greatest feast in numbers, that had ever taken place in the Palatine, since the times of imperial glory. The cost to each, was but three liras, or seventy-five cents in our money. The manner in which the Romans give a feast will be of interest. Two rows of tables, running parallel to each other stretched the entire length of the Stadium. These were decorated with flowers, and from them were served cake and ice cream, to such as wanted it. But each individual was supplied with a neat little Roman basket, containing, sandwiches, crackers, cakes, fruit and a bottle of wine, and these we carried about with us, some standing, and some sitting in groups, and eating and drinking. At the same time, short speeches were being made here and there, and crowds would cheer as they ate. Grand old Hæckel towering over all others, was always a center of attraction, and was frequently called on for a speech. Likewise Sergi,

Enrico Ferri, Fournemont, Salmeron and many others. Deaudries, an Italian Republican Deputy, after saluting the members of the Congress, and paying a tribute to all nations, ended by glorifying France, because she is governed by a ministry which rises above all the power of the Vatican. All applauded, crying "Bravo! Bravo Long live Combes!" I never witnessed more joyous and fraternal feeling. Bands played the national airs of all nations, and thousands joined in singing. Again, it was too much glory for me, and I wished that all my friends could have been here to share it. It seemed to me a pity, that any of them should miss this Congress, and this feast of good fellowship, between Liberals of all nations. After the feasting and speaking the delegates scattered in groups to explore the ruins of the Palatine, and then returned to the city.

Papal Counter Demonstration.

The big attendance at the Congress, the unprecedented parade of the first day, the printing of the full details of the proceedings in the daily papers, and the great feast of the Palatine, on the second day, caused weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth at the Vatican. The Divine Powers had never before been so rudely assaulted. They were not accustomed to such open, bold and defiant public attacks upon their stronghold. It was an intrusion, a desecration of sacred rights. They were offended. They thought it too bad. The holy city had been profaned; but one thing should not be allowed, the Vatican should not be desecrated with the presence of the corrupt and corrupting Infidels, and the Pope ordered it closed for the next two days, which would be one day longer than Congress would last.

The closing of the Vatican and Sistine Chapel was something unusual in Rome. The Pope gave out as his reason for closing them, that so many pilgrims were in the city, that the public could not be accommodated, a statement that all knew to be false. Every one knew that the real reason was, his chagrin at the success of the Freethinkers, and the feeling of contamination of their presence. This action caused general comment in the daily papers, some going so far as to say, that the Vatican was public property and the Pope had no right to close it against the public, that in doing so, he showed illiberality, and discommoded the travelling public, Catholic and Protestants, as well as Freethinkers; that if he had wished to spite the Freethinkers, "the best way to have done it was to have let them in and observe the magnificence with which he was surrounded."

At the Congress there was much laughing at the petty spite manifested, and all regarded it as an exhibition of weakness, and that the Pope had advertised to the world the importance of the Congress.

The Italian Freethinkers did not take it so good naturedly, as

they felt that the city had been disgraced, and that it was an act of inhospitality, in a way, although we were there in opposition to religion. Nearly all the Italians who spoke thereafter referred to the matter in denunciatory terms, the most common assertion made by them being, "The day is not far distant when the people will have the say as to the opening and closing of the doors of the Vatican."

I found that there is a growing feeling along this line, the people claiming that the art, books and manuscripts in the Vatican, properly, are a portion of Italian history, that Italian genius has contributed largely to these treasures, and that they rightfully belong to Italy and should become a part of her archives.

They care not for the Vatican buildings, but their contents are treasures that they jealously guard. Were the Pope to attempt to sell them or move them from Italy, the attempt would be quickly contested.

The Vatican had made some preparations for our coming, and had ordered a number of Pilgrimages to arrive on our opening day which was also Italian Independence day; most of these were poor country people who came and went the same day, and their presence cut no figure whatever. The big parade to Porta Pia put the Pope in a panic. Something had to be done. Telegrams flew thick and fast to all the priests in the vicinity to come at once to Rome and bring as many of their flocks as they could urge to come.

When I returned to the Grand Hotel Continental from the Palatine feast there wasn't sitting room for a Freethinker anywhere. There were some fifty or sixty priests in the lobby and sitting room, surrounded by a lot of people. By morning, there was a hundred or more, and the hotel was crowded. I asked Janni, the porter previously mentioned, about this sudden cataclysm of sanctity, and was informed that it was a counter demonstration; that, heretofore pilgrimages announced their coming beforehand; and figured on making rates, but this visit of the clergy was unusual, and unexpected. Other hotels were likewise filled. Their presence served to make the excuse of closing the doors of the Vatican more plausible, but if it effected any other result I did not see it.

I was rather glad they came, as their presence afforded me the opportunity of studying the Italian priesthood. There were five or six of them who were fine looking and intelligent appearing men. Most of them smoked cigarettes, and sat around the wine early and late, but that is a custom in Italy and nothing is thought of it. The average Italian priest though, is a queer specimen of the genus homo. They have such queer heads, faces and bodies. How they ever happened to be "called of God," I don't know. How it ever happened that they were endowed with superior capacity for guiding souls into heaven, is a deep mystery, and a still deeper mystery is, how humanity of any class to-day, with the advantages of educa-

tion observation and comparison which the world affords, can yield to the moral, intellectual and spiritual censorship of such a repulsive and forbidding set of men.

There were a number of monks among them, genuine monks of different orders, and these were even a deeper study. Where monks are, there you will always find, poverty, beggary, ignorance, degradation and starvation, and the people all go to heaven. Where monks are not, there you will find education, labor, prosperity and progress, and the people all go to hell.

At one of these monks I couldn't help laughing. His face was a compound of all the griffins I had seen on the Cathedral of Cologne. He was dirty, vile dirty, black with dirt, and I couldn't look at him without thinking of Poe's Raven.

"And that ebony bird beguiling,?
My sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum
Of the countenance it wore;
Though thy crest be shorn and shaven,
Thou, cans't croak like any craven,
Wandering from the nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is
On the Night's Plutonian shore?
And the Monk said, 'Nevermore!"

I held a conversation with this useful member of society, through interpreter Janni. I said to him, "you appear to me as one who has lost his human identity—as one not belonging to this life and age; as if you might be the inhabitant of some other world. I know you monks have a hard time of it, while these priests sitting around here in silk hats, drinking wine, don't have any more regard for you than a dog. What happiness do you find in such a life, and what reward do you hope for? I am not a catholic, so you need not be afraid to talk."

He replied "that he chose that kind of life to best serve the Lord, and that while it was a hard life here, he was sure of heaven, and a life of eternal happiness."

But, said I, these priests are just as sure of all that as you are, and they are having a gay and easy time here. A monk can't hope to rank with a priest in heaven, and the difference is, the priests get all there is out of both earth and heaven, while you are getting nothing out of this life and a back seat in the next.

To this, I could not get him to make reply. I asked him several other pertinent questions, to none of which he would reply, but stood mumbling a prayer for awhile, and then asked me for money. Thus alternately he would pray for me, and ask for money, until I gave the poor devil a piece. A close study of his face showed that while general intelligence was almost entirely crushed out of him by

fasting, privation and prayer, he was sleek, dissimulating, and keenly sharp in getting money, his actions and display of intelligence being not unlike, nor above the hand organ monkey, used to collect coin on the streets.

This reminds me that I did not see a hand-organ and monkey in Italy. No doubt they are to be found there, butI didn't see them. Some years ago, "Puck" cartooned King Humbert, as an Italian hand-organist, which very much offended the Italian people. It is probable that the government is keeping the hand-organist and monkey off the streets of the principal cities.

But let us return to the monk. I could not but feel sorry for these creatures. Their youths are imposed upon, by the church. They are induced to believe that they have a mission, and so enter this life, no doubt honest and aspiring to be of good to humanity. By a systematic training, will, ambition and individuality are crushed, and the immortal part of them, Reason, is extinguished. Cruelty to animals is a virtue compared to this treatment. Monks are to the Catholic church what the Salvation army is to Protestantism. They are utilized to do the work, the priests shrink from doing. It is a sin for them to experience a pleasure of any kind. While the priest is treading the primrose path, they, by suppression, emasculate themselves; and their whole existences are unnatural and demoralizing. There is no greater crime than thus to pervert innocent, healthy, youth, and turn it from the procreative channel, into that of mental and physical impotency. In the 14th century Spanish monks became so corrupt among themselves, that the state was compelled to neutralize their gender. When a human being is reduced to the condition of the monk, he no longer is akin to humanity, nor belongs to this life. He is but the echo of existence, a mournful "Nevermore," coming up out of the Plutonian darkness.

I do not detest them—I detest the system that makes them what they are. The condition of the monk in Italy is deplorable at the present time. They cannot dispense charity, for they are miserable mendicants themselves, and have even become a nuisance to the people of their own faith. The government is ashamed of them, and is clearing them out just as it is doing with the hand-organist and monkey. It is closing up the monasteries, and turning them into schools. In another century the picturesque monk will be classified by the evolutionist as one of the remnants of pre-historic man. Thus little by little the old ship of Faith is drifting from her moorings. I could not help but smile, however, at this act of the Vatican, in running into Rome, all these queer priests and monks, to impress Freethinkers with the lingering importance of the Catholic power. A right smart diplomat would have kept them out of sight of modern, progressive people. He would not have wanted them to see the ignorance and bigotry which the church had indelibly stamped upon their faces.

CHAPTER XIII.

Third Day of Congress.

The greater part of this day was taken up with the economic questions. In America, economics have not yet developed into a decided phase of Freethought, neither have politics; but as the church encroaches more and more upon the government, these principles of action must become of the very deepest concern to us. In fact, to-day we are beginning to realize, that we cannot consider religious freedom apart from economic freedom. More and more we are beginning to realize that unbelief without action accomplishes nothing. What is the use to have an opinion, if you don't act upon it. Those of us who are blind and indifferent to the economic phase of Freethought, must see our errors, if we live long enough.

In Europe this is a question of the first importance with Freethinkers. State and Church are united. Vast sums of money flow from the pockets of the people, through the state treasury, into the coffers of the church. In Italy the church has no hospitals, no charities, no schools to speak of. It is itself, an object of charity, a burden upon the state. The Italian people are fast learning the methods of other nations, and of America especially, in taking care of the aged and poor, of the orphans, of the sick, of education of all classes alike, of business schools, technical schools, night schools, and of many other just necessities.

They are fast learning that there is something else in life besides class privileges, aristocracy, churches, and sacred art. They are beginning to demand the good things that other nations enjoy, and that the money which is being given to the church and for other useless appropriations, shall be turned into secular charities and other institutions,—hospitals, schools, infirmaries, orphan's homes, etc.

The Catholic church in America is pretty well supplied with all these, because it has had to compete with Protestantism and the state. In Italy there are none of these, of any importance whatever. The money given the Church by the State goes to sustain the Church and the priest-hood. Since Church, Autocracy and Capitalism are all combined, it should be plain to every Freethinker, that Freethought applies as much to Autocracy and Capitalism, as to Church, and therefore is inseparately related to the economic

issues. While there is not a union of church and state in our country, in name, there is in fact; and simply disbelieving in the Church, does not make us free of its evils. The same union exists with Capitalism. There is no greater bar to the expression of Freethought than the fear men have of losing their positions or of injuring their business. This fear is far greater in my opinion, than fear of the church. How then, can we disassociate the subject of Freethought from the economic issues.

That an individual may become truly a Freethinker, it is first necessary that he have extra perception and common sense, and then certain education. After this, it is a matter of money, a question of economy—a social question.

That he may remain truly a Freethinker, it is necessary that he should not be dominated and constrained by patrons, employers, or by political autocracy. Of course there are a few who would be outspoken Freethinkers, no matter what the restraint, no matter whether they have employment, or suffer loss of business ,or if even they starve. But it is an undeniable fact that nine-tenths of the Freethinkers are not Free-actors, and that they keep silent because of the dominating powers of both capital and church, which own their means of a livelihood. It is a choice between Free speech and starvation or ruin in business.

That all men may be truly free to think and speak, they must be independent of capital and militarism as well as independent of the church. Freethought then, certainly applies to economics—and to the social question, as well as to liberation from mysticism and superstition. When we are free of the church, we are only half free. The women of America who are free of the church, are certainly not economically or politically free. No one can ever be free of the church, as long as he has to pay taxes to support it. Consequently there is no escape from the economic issues. Freethought is nothing, if it aspires not to social action.

In the fiirst and second day's proceedings, the admirable discussions of Haeckel, Conway, Ferri, Fournemont, Denis and others, had gone no farther than to the threshhold of the economical and social conditions. They had expressed the most generous sentiments in regard to social solidarity ,but they did not reach the practical problem, the realization of those conditions which wipe out class privileges and open opportunitv to all men, without distinction.

But on the third day, this became a live subject, and the conduct of the sessions, though at times stormy, was extraordinarily instructive.

I will give a few of the arguments presented by the Socialistic delegates, which, I think, will fairly represent all the rest.

Argument of Ferdinand Buisson of Paris.

"The world has long believed that the intellectual and moral emancipation alone is sufficient. It is impossible, it is vain, it is ridiculous, that it should not assist in economic emancipation. For, if we affirm the sovereign rights of Reason, why should Reason be confined alone to philosophical and religious ideas?

It is essential that Reason be applied to the government of humanity, to the relations of men and peoples, to the establishment of justice, and to the realization of the ideal of the solidarity of organized humanity, following justice.

We Socialists of all countries, never find force and eloquence enough in our declarations in this regard. There are no limits, no favoritism, no aristocracy in Freethought."

This introduction of the subject of the relations of Freethought to economics roused the Congress to a high pitch. It gave me a fair idea of the excitement we read of among the members of the French and Italian parliaments, when questions of fierce dispute arise among them. I enjoyed the uproar. Like women there were often several talking at once. I could only get a general idea from my interpreter, and enjoyed the sight rather than the discussion. Every one seemed impatient to speak, each insisting on giving expression of his ideas concerning the social character of Freethought. One man would have the floor, when another without even addressing the President, would step right out beside him, and there both would stand talking, and neither stopped until each had said his say. The speeches were mostly five minutes, and seldom longer than ten. These people make a lot of fuss when excited ,but don't mean anything by it. It is their way. The best of feeling prevailed. France has a change of cabinets almost yearly. Imagine such happenings in the United States, and England. I discussed this matter with both Watts and Foote. They said that such proceedings tried their nerves—that the French and Italians lack judgment and deliberation, and they didn't see how any business could ever be accomplished under such spells of excitement.

I agreed with them partly. If we had understood their language, and every thing said, we might have formed different judgment. While Americans and English are slow and deliberative, there is such a thing as being too slow and deliberative. Justice is about the slowest thing I know of in the United States. Our representatives debate forever on adopting a plain duty, and when made a law, don't put it in force. I believe that some of the Italian and French "go at it and do it" would add greatly to our dignified deliberations.

"Anyhow," I told Watts and Foote, "they know how to get up a Congress over here and get a crowd, and accomplish something, and that is more than we Americans and English can do, and under

the circumstances, we have to take a back seat, and can afford to overlook the ferment of excitement that prevails now and then. Upon the whole, however, the conduct of the Congress was as judicial and deliberative as could be wished. After about forty of the delegates had discussed this very important matter, the following conclusions, defining Freethought and its relations to society, were read by Buisson, and affirmed by the Congress.

Buisson's Conclusions.

Defining the Meaning and Relations of Freethought to Society.

1. "Freethought is not a doctrine, it is a method; the method of untrammelled examination."

2. "Freethought exacts that its adherents shall have expressly rejected not only all imposed belief, but all authority pretending to control faith.

3. "Freethought substitutes for the religious ideal the purely human ideal, that is, the pursuit of the indefinite is displaced by that of science, wealth by morality, and it is always ready to compute or rectify the discoveries of yesterday by those of tomorrow.

4. "It is the duty of Freethought to furnish a rule of life for society as well as the individual. It should apply the laws of Reason to the social organization, and secularize the state by separating it and all other public services from the church. It especially demands the institution of a regime by which every human being will be placed in a condition to freely exercise the rights of a man, and to accomplish all the duties of a man.

5. Freethought, then, tends to create social justice, and is the only rational means of establishing pure relations between men and nations.

6. Every effort for the moral and intellectual liberation of mankind has no efficiency, except as it insures the emancipation of the universal proletariat.

In short, Freethought is lay, democratic and social; that is, it rejects this triple alliance—the abusive power of authority in religious matters, class privileges in politics, and in economics."

The above conclusions are not as clearly and happily expressed as they might have been, but that may be largely due to translation. In quoting the translated parts, I have had to do considerable trimming, and shaping up in my own language, and cannot always guarantee the actual text.

The last resolution of the above should receive particular attention inasmuch as the Congress, while leaving each one free in his application of Freethought and without allying itself with Socialism, virtually affirms that Freethought is related to Politics and Economics as well as to religion. In fact that it applies to all im-

position of belief, and to such public acts as abridge Freedom and Justice.

It is plain to be seen, that the great common idea, the soul of these resolutions, draws from Freethought, as its natural consequence, the idea of "social justice," and is the capitol fact of the Congress.

I will now reveal some important history that has not heretofore been made public. The programme of the third and final day was to end with a great parade to the statue of Giordano Bruno, and to that of the patriot and Freethinker, Garibaldi, and there adjourn.

At dinner lunch, I asked Fournemont, Secretary, the exact time of starting, as I had in mind the obtaining of Sir Moses Ezekiel's fine American flag, which I desired to carry in the parade.

Fournemont informed me, confidentially, that the parade had been called off, and at the time of starting, it would be announced, that there would be no parade but that such as desired to go to the monument, might go at any time they so pleased. I protested against this, saying that the one thought that had dominated my mind, and which was closest in my heart ever since I had started from America, was that of joining in the triumphant march to the spot where Giordano Bruno was burned at the stake; and that it looked to me like ingratitude if we did not march in a body to pay our respects to the memory of the man who had died for us, and whose martyrdom had helped to make our Congress a possibility. I told him, that I hardly believed it possible for Freethinkers thus to neglect Bruno, and thus officially pass him by."

Desiring to satisfy me, he told me that the Pope had just issued a letter protesting against our presence and our desecration of the city, and that owing to the big parade the first day, the extensive newspaper notices, and other prominent features of the Congress, that a murmur had arisen among the ignorant, no doubt incited by the presence of the many priests, and there was talk of trouble ahead, if we made the parade to the statue of Bruno, and rather than have trouble, the parade would be called off.

Further talk about the matter convinced me that this was the part of wisdom; for if a single stone had been thrown or a gun fired there would have probably been a little war on hand, and many hurt or killed. The newspapers all over the world would never have printed the truth about it, but, would have said that it was incited by the Infidels, and it would have proven an injury to us in the end. It would be better to leave the city, with the reputation of having been a peaceful, harmonious dignified and representative body. I understood that some of the leading citizens in sympathy with us, advised against the parade, saying that our victory was complete as it was. This went against the grain with me, but I felt that, under such circumstances, it was best not to parade.

Learning that the discussions of the afternoon would be along

the same lines as those of the morning session, I did not attend the Congress, but joined the English delegation, and together went to the statue of Bruno, and to other places of interest.

At the foot of the statue of Bruno, I read the following poem, a warm and grateful tribute to the martyr.

It is from the pen of editor Walter Hurt, is inscribed to me, and was given me before my departure, to be read at the statue of Bruno, if occasion presented itself. I am happy to say that I found the occasion, and my English friends were delighted with the glowing words. Editor Foote demanded the manuscript, and bore it off to print in his London paper.

Challenge to the Church

In the heart of the Seven Hilled City
You long sat superbly enthroned,
A courtesan queen, without pity,
While all of humanity groaned
Beneath the red rod that you wielded
In the name of a crucified Lord,
And the cross that your holy shame shielded
Served well as the hilt of a sword.

You slew and waxed glad in the slaughter;
You bowed down the proud and erect;
You ravaged; and bloody the water
In which you baptized your elect.
Yea, crowned in this City Eternal,
You governed with crime and with curse,
With teachings and tortures infernal
That hell were ashamed to rehearse.

Your consort, whose tongue was your trumpet,
Your awful anathemas hurled
Till strife that was born of a trumpet
Had wrecked all the peace of the world.
Where Jupiter once reigned with Juno
Less cruel than Jesus, you came
And offered the body of Bruno.
To feed to the greed of the flame.

The tiger would know more of mercy
Than you at sanguinolent shrine;
And vice, like the voice of a Circe,
Your votaries turned into swine.
Your priests than the beasts more rapacious
You sent forth to pillage the poor,
And their acts shamed the prowlers predaceous
Whose haunts are the jungle and moor.

And you, tiger queen, sat in splendor,
While, powerless to hinder or help,
The tortured world saw you grow tender
Alone at the whine of your whelp.
But recently all the world feared you
To the uttermost dwellings of men;
Now here in your fastness we beard you
And camp at the door of your den.

No longer the Vatican voices
Its rulings for all of the race,
For Reason now reigns and rejoices
In liberty's glory and grace.
No longer your hot anger scorches
Its victims in dungeons of gloom,
For Truth with its uplifted torches
Is lighting the fires of your doom.

Your temporal power long broken,
Your spiritual sway now is o'er;
We come and we bring you a token
As death leaves his sign at the door.
Within your own walls we defy you,
And make of your mission a mock;
Your followers speak to deny you,
As Peter at crow of the cock.

Whatever the present presages,
Or the past and its pages relate,
Not all of the tears of the ages
Extinguished the fires of your hate.
We know this, and, knowing, we never
Our heels shall remove from your head
Till priestcraft has vanished forever
And all superstition is dead.

After visiting the Pantheon, and several other places, I returned to the Congress to see the wind-up, and learned that there had been a heated discussion about eliminating the parade to Bruno's monument. The Romans were very indignant over it, saying that it reflected upon the city government, upon the people of Rome, that in this enlightened day, men and women of the character of which this Congress was composed, scientists, philosophers, savants, historians, educators, professional men, members of parliament, artists, men of all the business and industrial pursuits, could not peacefully parade in the streets of Rome, without being secure from violence. They were not going to have people of other countries

to leave Rome, and say that about her people; and they declared that there wuld be a parade, a big parade, and they would see to it, if there was violence. Such threatening had the effect of not only widening the breach between the people of Rome and the Vatican, but immensely advertised the parade.

In French and Latin, they do not use the word, "Father," or Holy Father, as applied to the Pope or Priesthood. It is always "Pa-pa." Well they were letting out a whole string of "Pa-pas" All during the Congress, I reckon I heard a thousand references to "Pa-pa," and often that would be all I would know of the matter in discussion. Whenever I would hear them talking about "Pa-pa" and a big laugh and cheers followed, I would have my interpreter to tell me the sentiment which caused the applause. In speaking of the Pope, they were never personally vindictive or disrespectful, but in speaking of the church and the system, they unloosed the Italian vocabulary.

The session of the third day closed with the election of officers, and the vote to hold an International Congress annually, and that the next meeting place should be Paris. There was a strong sentiment to meet in Barcelona, also in Buenos Ayres. The arguments presented by the Spanish and South American delegates met with hearty approval, and it was the wish of all to gratify the demand for meeting in these places. In Spain, the hod-bed of the Inquisition, Freethought is springing into vigorous action, and it needed the encouragement and assistance of the Congress, especially at this time, when the church is arraying all its forces to crush Freethought in the bud. The church would not dare to treat with discourtesy the representatives of other nations, and Spain would not permit it. The presence of the International Congress of Freethinkers would completely break the power of the church in Spain and give an immense impetus to the cause. About the same arguments were made by the South American delegates. This great continent is isolated from the rest of the world of Freethought. The meeting of the International Congress of Freethinkers would have the effect of starting the movement all over South America. It was claimed that most of the educated people of South America are Freethinkers, principally Atheists, for when the Catholic changes, he seldom takes up Protestantism.

But owing to the present political fight on hand in France, in which that nation is endeavoring to effect the separation of church and state, it was thought that the greatest good would be accomplished by meeting in Paris.

Besides, Paris would be most accessible to all nations, and it was desirous that the attendance should be as great as possible, in order to perfect the organization, adopt lines of action, and so give an impetus to the cause throughout the world.

There was a general understanding that the next Congress

following that of Paris, would take place at Barcelona, and the next at Buenos Ayres.

The Congress voted to continue in session for another day and that the members should form in line of parade in front of the college at two P. M., and march to the monument of Bruno, and from there to the Equestrian statue of Garibaldi, and there adjourn.

CHAPTER XIV.

Fourth Day of Congress.

With each day of the Congress, the interest increased, and I believe the last day to have been most enthusiastic of all. There was no set programme, the floor was free to any one who desired to speak, and there was no dearth of speakers. Every Italian, Frenchman and Spaniard seemed to be a ready made orator. The excitement ran high at times, and the applause reverberated throughout the halls and cloisters of the one time retreat of the holy fathers of Jesuitism. What would they have thought if, at this moment, they could have descended from their celestial abodes in Paradise, and looked in on this desecration of their temple?

It was very interesting to me to witness the proceedings and listen to the oratory and applause, although I had to depend upon the interpreter, and could only get snatches of the remarks. But whenever I saw an arm thrust out, and a finger point straight toward the Vatican, and hear something said about "Pa-pa," I could see the situation ripening for a shout, and I yelled with all the rest, though I only guessed often at what was said.

The Italian language is golden, and the Italians know how to make it shine. They seemed to me to be natural orators, and the more I listened to them, the more I enjoyed their speaking. There was one in particular who attracted and interested me greatly. I observed him the first day of the Congress on the stage. He seemed to know every one, and was an important personage. I could hardly take my eyes off this man. In size, face and head, he was a lingering type of the old Roman. He was tall, straight, had a powerful neck, square strong jaws, a Roman nose, curly black hair, dark complexion, and eyes that at times blazed fearfully—eyes, in which the volcano seemed to slumber, and the lightnings congregate.

I said to Sir Moses Ezekiel, "there is a man who is a combination of Cataline, Rienzi, Marc Antony, and Junius Brutus, all in one. That man aroused, would be a dangerous foe. He is a man to head anything desperate and daring, and I prophesy that he will lead a mob through Rome some day. Who is he? I was told that has name was Pedrocca, and that he was the editor of the Satirical journal "L'Asine," which means, "The Ass," and also that he was one of the most popular men in Rome. I got a copy of "The Ass," which is gotten up after the style of our "Judge" or "Puck."

On the front cover is the picture of a monk with the ears of an ass attached to him. The illustrations all through satirized priests and the nobility. Some of these illustrations were simply terrible in their cutting severity. There could be no keener exposition of the shams, hypocrisies, and methods of extortion of the church. The circulation of such a paper in any city of America, would result in a riot before an hour. I am mentioning this paper particularly, that the reader may judge of the progress of free speech, right within Rome itself. This paper is edited weekly, and every one reads it. I frequently saw groups of boys at the news-stands reading it, and having a great laugh at the comic pictures of priests. This man, Pedrocca is an Anarchist, and speaks just as fearlessly along this line. For such writing in America, he would soon be sent to prison.

I said to Ezekiel again, "Why is it they don't kill this man? I wonder that they allow him to live a day."

"Ah!" said he, "they would like to, but they dare not kill that man. Were they to kill him, there would rise up a mob, that wouldn't leave one stone on the other. People of all classes love that man. He is absolutely without fear, and he has braved all kinds of threats, but he cannot be frightened. He is the mouth-piece of all the laboring and common classes, and he don't mince words about anything or anybody. You are right in your estimation of him."

Later, I was introduced to Pedrocca, and in conversing with him, the man seemed transformed to another being. I never looked into kinder eyes, and he had a smile as sweet as a young girl's, and teeth as even and white. His amiability and gentleness was as marked as, the fiery, convulsive spirit when moved by passion.

I wondered why during the first three days that he never took part in the debates, and was told that the Congress did not wish to give the opposition an opportunity of charging them with being Anarchists, and owing to Pedrocca's prominence it was best that he did not take part.

But on this last day, when general topics were being discussed, and it was a go as you please crowd, Pedrocca was urged to speak. He was modest and had to be dragged out, but to such a speech, I never listened, although I did not understand the words. He was literally a being aflame—great in voice, figure and gesture, and swayed the crowd with the force and fire of his speech. Hearing him, I could understand how Marc Antony moved the mob of Rome to rise in mutiny. I don't know what he said when he referred to "Pa-pa," but the bravos and yells which followed, indicated that it was something which met with special approval. I greatly regret that I could not have a copy of this and of many other speeches, just to illustrate the liberty and fearlessness of speech in Rome.

There is one other Freethought paper in Rome, called, "L' Pensero," the Freethinker. It is a splendidly edited weekly journal,

and is printed and illustrated in first class, up-to-date style. It always has a double illustrated page, picturing some idea reflecting upon the shams of Church, Monopoly or Militarism.

One illustration that attracted me was that of Justice, a female figure sitting upon a throne. On the steps at her feet, lying prostrate, was a wretched woman, and her starved and ragged children. To the right of these stood a scowling priest in a slinking attitude. To the left stood a begrimed laborer, erect, with one hand pointing to the wrectched woman and children, and the right hand pointing fiercely at the scowling priest, upon whom Justice also is casting her condemning frown. The title of the picture was, *"Thou Art The Man."* In the background, was a row of hooded monks, slinking away in the darkness.

The picture was plain, even to children. It was Labor charging the priesthood with the condition of the wretchedness and starvation of the women and children of Italy. These illustrated journals were spread out at all the news-stands, and people of all ages were standing around them. There is not a news-stand in the United States that would handle a journal like this; and any attempt to circulate such a journal would get the editor into serious trouble. There is more religious liberty and tolerance in Rome to-day, than in any city of America.

There is a reason for this, however. There are but two classes the Liberals, and those controlled by the priest-hood, and the Liberals are in power. They have but one church to deal with. In this country we have them all, and the pressure is from many sides. Protestant intolerance is much worse, in some ways than Catholic. As between Catholicism and Freethought, Protestantism generally sides with the former, and when it does, it is even more fanatical.

The Vatican Denounces the Congress.

For several months before the Congress, those journals inspired by the Vatican and the congregation spoke disdainfully of the vain demonstration that the unbelievers were preparing, prophesying that it would be composed of no-bodys, and be poorly attended, that it would fail in its purposes, amount to nothing, etc.

But after the demonstrations of the first day, the consternation at the Vatican may be reckoned, by the speedy closing from the public, the doors of the museum of the Vatican and of the Sistine Chapel. The further chagrin and dismay was manifested by the following official letter from the Pope, addressed to the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, Respighi, and which letter was highly enjoyed by all "The Terrible."

POPE PIUS.

Proclaims Against the Infidel Powers.

"Monsieur the Cardinal:—

A new cause of bitterness is added to the multiplied chagrins which pertain especially in this age to the government of the church universal. We have learned with infinite sadness that the professed faithful of freethought have reunited at Rome, and the mournful echo of their discourse has firmly convinced us of the evil designs which we foresaw at the commencement of their Congress.

Intelligence is a very noble gift, with which the Creator has enriched us; but it results in a sacrilege to God, if one pretends through it, to have no need of celestial aid, or to school one's self to repulse the direction and support of supernatural truths.

The gravity of the wrong increases a thousand fold, when one reflects upon the sacred place which it has invaded, and the external pomp, with which it has surrounded itself. Is not Rome the city destined to guard the majesty of the faith?

It is true that the infernal powers prevail not, and are not able to prevail against the Church; but their reunion in a Congress of Freethinkers in an international manner has always the character of an outrage and provocation, and it is needless to say, that it takes from Rome the title of the tranquil and respectable seat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We suffer an offense to ourselves and to God, in receiving this bitterness into our midst.

But it is not merely to solace our grief that we write you, Monsieur, Cardinal. We recognize that even in the extreme sadness of the hour, the Lord is able to strengthen us through the demonstration of filial sentiment, with which, from all parts of Italy, the clergy and the people press to us and protest against this new offense given to God and religion.

But our desire is, that the evil which we deplore, may have a reparation, prompt and extensive. We make an appeal to the zeal which at all times, Monsieur Cardinal, you have given noble proof, and we invite you to make dispositions for the holding of a solemn ceremony at Rome, in order to have reparation for the outrage offered the Divine Majesty by the International Congress of Freethinkers.

We doubt not that sons of Rome, happily solicitous for you, will earnestly respond to our desire, as their saintly faith demands, for the love of that faith and the good renown of their city.

Also, as a sign of our particular benevolence, we accord to you, with all our heart, Monsieur Cardinal, the Apostolic Blessing.

Pope Pius X.

The Vatican, September Twenty-fourth, 1904.

This letter which had been published in the morning papers was read at the Congress, and while some caustic remarks were made, it was treated generally with amusement and contempt. We were all glad to know that the Congress was a "cause of bitterness" to Pius; that it gave him "infinite sadness;" that news of it came as "a mournful echo," to him; that he had to seek means to "solace his grief," that it was a wrong of "thousand-fold gravity," that it had "surrounded itself with external pomp," and "taken from Rome the title of the tranquil and respectable seat of the Vicar of Jesus Christ."

If any one should wonder or ask what benefit, what visible results, what accomplishment for good, what importance to the world, was this Congress, no better reply could be given than this letter of protest and condemnation by Pope Pius.

Its importance may be reckoned by the "extreme sadness" it gave to His Holiness. From a literary standpoint, the Pope's letter is a study. Could anything be more comic? To me it reads exactly like some of the proclamations I read in the British Museum, made by Oriental Kings about five thousand years before the deluge. In my chapter on Venice, I made the remark that this Pope is a weakling; and no better evidence is needed of this fact, than this childish protest against free-speech.

The most important item in the letter is that in which he consoles himself with the statement that "the clergy and people from all parts of Italy pressed to him to protest against this new offence to God and religion."

By the above, one would imagine that the people and clergy were pressing into the Vatican in droves. This, no doubt, was for the purpose of impressing all the outside world to whom the associated press would bear his letter, with the idea of a big counter demonstration. The facts are that the "Pilgrimages" did not make a ripple on the streets, or about the Vatican. There were probably three or four hundred priests, most of whom hung around the hotels and cafes, and several small pilgrimages of people. When scattered about through the churches and over the city, there presence was unnoticable.

The protest of the pope advertised to the world the importance of our Congress. It disclosed his "great grief." In common American he revealed the fact that he was "all broken up."

It was a plain confession that he could not help himself, that he was impotent to prevent it in the first place, and the second to rectify it, in any other way, than to call a big meeting of the faithful, "fill St. Peters with a lot of holy smoke, jingle some bells, chant some Latin, sprinkle an altar with some Cologne water, take a big guzzle of wine and so declare the sacred city purged.

In an address to a few young French Catholics who had come to Rome, the Pope, referring to the Freethinkers said:

"In the opinion of the Church, they have discovered nothing,—these most celebrated savants, who in the confusion of a new Tower of Babel, support not verity, but falsehood; not certainty but doubt; not virtue but vice."

If the Pope had really believed the above, there was no consistency in grieving over the presence of the Congress in Rome, nor in protesting, and exhibiting an "infinite sadness." These who protest become Protestants, do they not?

The Demonstration of Giordano Bruno.

The Italians meant it when they said that they would see to it that the march to the monument of Bruno would be attended without trouble. At two P. M. about three hundred state troops, in their finest uniforms marched into the plaza fronting the College of Rome. There were also a long line of Garibaldi veterans, arrayed in the red uniforms in which they fought for Italian independence. These were given the head of the procession, a squad of state troops following, and the remainder of the state troops bringing up the rear. It had been decided, since Bruno was a philosopher, the parade should not be of a political or class character, but rather that of a tribute to a citizen and man. For this reason a band of music, and flags of all societies were dispensed with. The only music was the singing of the people, and the only insignia was the numerous wreaths of flowers.

The parade started at three P. M., the veterans of Garibaldi stepping proudly, and looking fierce as the old Roman legions of that republic which counted among its sons Caius and Tiberius Gracchus.

Down past the Pantheon, and through the narrow streets of old Rome, singing the songs of glory, the procession wended its way to the Campo di Fiore, now a market place, where stands the fine and impressive monument of Bruno. There was no disturbance whatever. People from the tenement windows greeted and waved handkerchiefs. I always mark such indications. When I saw the poor down-trodden and priest-ridden, saluting us, I could well measure the power of the Vatican over the people.

Around the statue the immense throng gathered, increased by the swarm of people attracted by the crowd. Here, where, three hundred and four years ago, the flames leaped high around the invincible soul of Bruno, amid the jeers and yells of the savage superstitious mob, the hymn of the Marsellaise arose and resounded upon the air.

The crowd gave way for the officials and others who had come in carriages, and for those who bore garlands of flowers and wreaths of laurel. High over all was to be seen the hoary head of Haeckel, as he bore an immense palm leaf, twelve feet in length, all garlanded with roses and lilies, and inclined it against the monument.

Attached to the palm was a black satin ribbon, eight inches in width and six or eight feet in length. Printed on the ribbon in letters of gold, six inches long, were the words:

"Germany's Tribute to Bruno. Ernest Haeckel."

The base of the monument was literally banked with wreaths and flowers. At the conclusion of the singing of the Marsellaise, in which thousands joined, Fournemont mounted to the upper base of the monument and saluted the crowd in the name of Bruno and Freethought. Said he:—

"If we are to think without restraint, and to express freely our thoughts, we are indebted to the martyrs, who, like Bruno, dared to brave the church and its fires."

"Bruno is more alive here, to-day, in this statue of cold bronze, on this place, Campo di Fiore, where the church burned him alive, than that very church which killed him, and which to-day, cringes, crawls and fights for existence."

After Fournemont, the crowd chanted "L'Hymn des Travailleurs," when Gerault Richard addressed the throng, giving a description of the past struggles and persecutions of Freethought, of which Bruno was hero and martyr, an example of the past, and a lesson for the present. "This monument," said he, "is an illustration of how the church, when it was master, understood and practiced liberty; and to-day, it opposes those same ideas of liberty against democracy."

Pedrocca, followed Richard with an address, which judging by the glow of his countenance and flash of his eyes, was fiery with indignation and victory. I regret that I was unable to obtain these speeches. With the conclusion of this speech the great throng saluted Bruno with a rousing cheer, then fell into line, and proceeded to the Equestrian statue of Garibaldi on the hill Janicule, overlooking Rome. This demonstration in the honor of Bruno impressed me greatly. I had looked forward to it with feelings aglow with triumph and victory. Bruno seemed to me, at all times, to be the central figure, of the First International Freethought Congress held in Rome. This celebration in his honor, to me, seemed to be incomplete, to be without full meaning, unless Bruno were conscious of it; and I indulged the hope of immortality, and the wish that he who had so bravely dared to speak and die for truth, and for the happiness of men unborn, could have full knowledge of the appreciation they were now showing.

It is not out of place here to give a short history of this glorious martyr of Freethought, who was literally "butchered to make a Roman holiday." I take the following biographical sketch from a little pamphlet called, "Infidel Death Beds," compiled by editor G. W. Foote.

Giordano Bruno.

Giordano Bruno was born at Nola, near Naples in 1548, ten years after the death of Copernicus, and ten years after the death of Bacon. At the age of fifteen he became a novice in the monastery of San Domenico Maggiore, and after his year's novitiate expired, he took the monastic vows. Studying deeply, he became heretical, and an act of accusation was drawn up against the boy of sixteen. Eight years later, he was threatened with another trial for heresy. A third process was more to be dreaded, and in his twenty-eighth year, Bruno fled from his persecutors.

He visited Rome, Noli, Venice, Turin and Padua. At Milan, he made the acquaintance of Sir Philip Sydney. After teaching here for some time in the university, he went to Chaurberg, but the ignorance and bigotry of the monks were too great for his patience. He next visited Geneva, but although John Calvin was dead, his dark spirit still remained, and only flight preserved Bruno from the fate of Servetus. Through Lyons, he went to Toulouse, where he was elected public lecturer to the University. In 1579, he went to Paris. The streets were still foul with the blood of the Bartholomew massacre, but Bruno declined a professorship at the Sarbonne, a condition of which, was attending mass. Henry the Third, however, made him Lecturer Extraordinary at the University. Paris, at length, became too hot for him, and he went to London, where he lodged with the French Ambassador. So great was his fame, that he was invited to read at the University of Oxford where he also held a public debate with its orthodox professors on the Copernican astronomy.

Leaving London in 1584, he returned to Paris, where he also publicly disputed with the Sarbonne. His safety being once more threatened, he went to Marburg, and thence to Wittenberg, where he taught for two years. At Helenstadt, he was excommunicated by Boetius. Repairing to Frankfort, he made the acquaintance of a nobleman, who lured him to Venice, and betrayed him to the Inquisition.

The Venetian council transferred him to Rome, where he languished for seven long years in a foul and pestiferous dungeon, and was repeatedly tortured, according to the hellish code of the Inquisition. At length, on February 10th, 1600, he was led out to the church of Santa Maria, and sentenced to be burned alive, or, as the Holy, Merciful Church hypocritically phrased it, to be punished, "as mercifully as possible, and without effusion of blood."

As the judge was about to pass sentence, Bruno haughtily raising his head, exclaimed, "You are more afraid to pronounce my sentence than I to receive it."

He was allowed a week's grace for recantation, but without avail, and on the 17th of February, 1609, he was led out to the Campo di Fiore, or Field of Flowers, and burnt to death. To the

last, he was brave and defiant. He contemptuously pushed aside the crucifix they presented him to kiss, and as one of his enemies said, "he died without a plaint or groan." It was probably Bruno, that Shelley had in mind when he wrote these thrilling lines in Queen Mab:—

"I was an infant when my mother went
To see an Atheist burned. She took me there.
The dark-robed priests were met around the pile;
The multitude were gazing silently;
And as the culprit passed with dauntless mien,
Tempered disdain in his unaltering eye,
Mixed with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth;
The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs;
His resolute eyes were scorched to blindness soon;
His death pang rent my heart! The insensate mob
Uttered a cry of triumph, and I wept."

I was impressed with the fine condition in which the monument is kept. Under the circumstances, one would naturally expect it to be mutilated, but it is not. I forgot to mention that among the inscriptions on the monument is the declaration of Bruno to his judges: "I expect you pronounce my sentence with far more fear than I hear it." There are a number of bronze imitation wreaths lying against the monument, which are kept there all the time, and which are never disturbed. Among them is a large bronze wreath of imitation laurel and flowers, in the center of which, is a square and compass, the emblem of the Freemasons, and a tribute by the Freemasons.

It must be very irritating to Holy Mother Church to observe in her midst an expiatory monument to the man who singly and alone defied her power, who dared to break away from the faith, and school himself in Pantheism, and affirm the theory of plurality of inhabited worlds, all of which the scientific world approves to-day.

Bruno was a man of fine presence and individuality, a linguist an orator, and very eloquent in expression. He was the Ingersoll of his time, going from place to place, challenging the clergy.

Such heroism, such bravery, such physical endurance through years of dungeon and torture, such fortitude in death, stirs the blood more than the sound of a trumpet. Bruno stood at the stake in solitary and awful grandeur. There was not a friendly face in the vast crowd around him, no mother, no sister, no followers. It was one man against the world.

Surely this Knight of Liberty, this champion of Freethought, who lived such a life and died such a death, without hope of reward on earth or in heaven, sustained only by his indomnitable

manhood, is worthy to be accounted the supreme martyr of all time.

Martyrdom, by death of any kind, is horrible to think of. The Christian religion has typified suffering and anguish by death of its Savior on the cross; but such death was mild compared to the many methods of prolonged torture that Christianity itself, cunningly conceived and inflicted on Bruno. Christ did not have to lie in a dungeon for seven years, and be frequently put to tortures which were even worse than the death he suffered.

If martyrdom be a reason, for which men should justly uphold and glorify a cause, then no cause, has greater incentive for hero worship than Freethought. Its martyrs are greatest, because they died for progress, for the truth which uplifts and advances humanity. Towering high above the less disinterested martyrs of Faith, Giordano Bruno stands like a Colossus. "The proudest of them, aye even Christ himself, might walk under him without bending."

The Demonstration in Honor of Garibaldi, Homage to Italy and Adjournment.

As the procession left the Campo di Fiore, and proceeded toward the high hill on which stands the statue of Garibaldi. Many citizens, men, women and boys fell in line, and greatly increased the size of the throng.

The hill, Janicule is the highest in Rome, and commands the finest view of the city. Here, Rome is seen at its best, with St. Peters and the Vatican lying far below; and spreading in every direction is a panorama of monuments, domes, bell towers, ruins, gardens crowned with cypress and pine, palaces, great buildings in course of erection, the endless jumble of sombre or painted tiled roofs, the Alban hills and Sabine mountains in the distance, which look like stationary clouds, rose saffron and violet tinted, while over all, the glowing evening sun, seemed to be sporting in the joy and caprices of shadow and light.

On the top of the hill, among stately oaks, parasol pines and cypresses, as gloomy and grave as the distant ruins, and as straight as their solitary columns, stands the great statue of Garibaldi. It is one of the largest if not the largest equestrian statue in the world, and can be seen all over Rome. There was a design in placing it at this location. It was placed to be seen, and to tower over everything else. It does not look up at the Vatican, but down upon it. This statue symbolizes the power of the state. The first base is about thirty by sixty feet and twelve feet high. The second base is three feet less each way and rises thirty feet high. Surmounting this is the bronze horse forty feet high, and on the horse the bronze figure of Garibaldi, twenty-five feet high.

Monument of Giordano Bruno, Rome.

In honoring Garibaldi, homage was paid to Italy, and glowing tributes were paid to both. Demblon, member of the Belgium parliament, and one of the finest orators of the Congress, was mounted to the top of the first base, and there addressed the throng. He eulogized the hero and liberator and said that "he belonged not only to Italy, but humanity also. In return humanity honors Garibaldi, as the champion of all its liberties. History will see in him one of the most sympathetic figures of that epoch of transition, when war was the instrument of liberty. Peace, even when it reigns without division in the minds of men, never disowns the valiant and disinterested man, who has seized the sword to protect the right. Garibaldi, much as he was a soldier, will be honored as one of the heroes of the universal republic."

A number of speeches were made, in all of which expressions of friendship and gratitude were expressed for the Roman and Italian people and for the warm and fraternal reception given the Congress.

Guiseppe Garibaldi's name is a household word in every civilized country. His romantic life and superb achievements are so recent and well known, that it is not necessary that I should make any recital of them here.

"The Lion of Caprera," as he was called, found the priests the greatest enemies of his beloved Italy, and he hated them accordingly. In the preface to his memoirs, "The priest," he says, "is the personification of falsehood, the liar is a thief, and the thief is an assassin." In a letter, he laconically writes, "Dear friends: Man has created God, not God Man."

He desired his body to be cremated, and gave strict orders that no priest should officiate at his funeral. He also had his sarcophagus made at Caprera, but the family yielded to the wish of the government, and he was buried in Rome. And here, on the hill Janicule, overlooking that proud power, from whose superstitious grasp, this patriot hero and Freethinker wrenched the Independence of Italy, around this glorious statue, erected to his memory, the International Freethought Congress, assembled for the last time, adjourned and passed into history.

Here, overlooking the eternal city, the mouldering ruins of Pagan glory, and the shrinking power of haughty Christian pride, we brothers of Freethought, and of many nations, bade each other farewell. It was a fiitting close to this epochal event, and as romantic as fitting.

This Congress was the triumph of sixteen hundred years of the struggle of the human mind to free itself from the slavery and bondage of the Christian Superstition. Proud am I to have been a member of this great Congress, and prouder still, that the privilege has fallen to me to record this small part of its proceedings, and to describe, in full, its leading events.

Gradually, the crowds dispersed, and I lingered alone. Mounting a high wall, I watched the sun go down over the Eternal City.

I saw his parting beams light up the dome of St. Peters, and shine benignantly down into the Campo di Fiora, where, night and day, the bronzed Bruno, ponders deep in starry thought. I saw him glint along the ruffled surface of the troubled Tiber; beam soft over ruins hoary with the crumbling touch of Time; and cast a lingering smile on the far Sabine hills, from which the heroic Hannibal and his Carthagenian hosts, with victorious eyes, first spied their envious enemy's terraced towers.

A throng of glorious thought swept through my mind. I thought of the mighty deeds of war and conquest that had taken place here; and of the great men, who had lived, spoken and written here. I thought of the influence for good and evil, this city had had upon both ancient and modern civilizations; of the laws, philosophies and superstitions it had transmitted to mankind. I thought of the histories I had read, and which had filled and thrilled my youthful mind with the glory and greatness of Rome; but little did I dream in those far days, that I would thus look down upon the scenes where all those mighty deeds were wrought.

I thought of the inspiration this city had imparted to great minds to record the mighty and romantic events of her history. I thought of Shakespeare, Gibbon, Macauley, Shelly and Byron; and vividly I recalled the glowing verse, which swelled my soul in school-boy days, and which many and many a time, I had proudly declaimed.

"Oh Rome! my country! City of the Soul!
The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
Lone mother of dead empires! and control,
In their shut breasts, their petty misery;
What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
The cypress, hear the owl, and plod your way
O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye!
Whose agonies are evils of a day—
A world is at our feet, as fragile as our clay.

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands,
Whose holy dust was scattered long ago;
The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now;
The very sepulchers lie tenantless
Of their heroic dwellers; dost thou flow
Old Tiber! through a marble wilderness?
Rise with thy yellow waves and mantle her distress.

"The double night of ages, and of her,

Night's Ignorance, hath wrapt and wrapt
All round us; we but feel our way to err:
The ocean hath her chart, the stars their map,
And knowledge spreads them on her ample lap;
But Rome is as the desert, where we steer,
Stumbling o'er recollections, now we clasp
Our hands and cry "Eureka!" It is clear—
When but some false mirage of ruin rises near.

"Alas the lofty city! and alas!
The trebly hundred triumphs! and the day,
When Brutus made the dagger's edge surpass
The Conqueror's sword in bearing fame away!
Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page! But these shall be
Her resurrection; all beside—decay;
Alas, for Earth! for never shall we see
That brightness in her eye, when Rome was free!

Thus wrote Byron nearly a hundred years ago, when Rome was still under the absolute sway of superstition; still far behind all cities of her time, still mantled with the somber gloom of the Dark Ages.

He did not forsee that within one short century, the ranks of Freethought (of which he himself was a mighty exponent) would gather in International Congress in the "City of the Soul" and give new life to "the lone mother of dead empires," He could not foresee Rome, resurrected, and modernized by science, with the brightness of her ancient glory new beaming in her unbandaged eyes.

CHAPTER XV.

Notes on the Congress.

Naturally, it will be asked, what practical, good, what decisive-effect has resulted from this Congress?

First, I would say, it has had the effect of strengthening Freethought Organization throughout the world, and wonderfully stimulating the cause. It has had the result of awakening Freethought, and of causing it to feel the importance of its power. Its practical benefits are apparent to all keenly perceptive men, inasmuch, that, with the ascendency of Freethought, human liberty and justice become more secure.

Mankind is coming to know that there is an eternal warfare between the selfish and powerful of humanity on one side, and the weak and ignorant on the other; and that Freethought, Science, and Education, are the battlefields. They are coming to know that when Freethought was persecuted and suppressed, there was no liberty, no freedom, no humanity, no progress. They are coming to know that with the advance of Freethought, all these blessings are coming to men.

This Congress drew the attention of the world to the difference between Rome under absolute Christian sway, and Rome free, and dominated by Science, and Liberal and Ethical teaching. It advertised to the world the progressive impotency of the Papacy. Although the religiously subsidized press did not give it the notice its importance demanded, still enough was given to attract general and world wide attention to its proceedings. What the press failed to do, the Pope made up for, in his letter of protest, the bitterness and chagrin of which, plainly reflected the importance of the occasion.

This mobilization of Freethought forces in the face of the Vatican has had the effect of producing international adhesion.

North and South America have been joined to Europe in concerted action. Republicans, Democrats, Monarchists and Socialists, have come together, and proven that they can amicably unite on the one great principle of Freedom.

This Congress of Rome gave to scholars, philosophers, economists, and the most distinguished thinkers in the world, the opportunity to affirm publicly their devotion to Freethought and Rationalism.

It gave to the savants, philosophers and thinkers the occasion to expose, under circumstances of incomparable grandeur, and before an enlightened public, eager for the truths of progress and science, the essential principles of Positivism, which is the foundation of Rationalism, and also that the future action of Freethought shall be directed not only aginst the errors of Faith, but also toward the separation of church and state and the solution of the social questions.

Instead of meeting at odd times, as heretofore, it decided to meet annually, that greater solidarity might result, and that it might be better equipped for putting into practical action, the principles it had promulgated. In the discussion of all questions, the practical application was equally considered, and the principal work of the next Congress will be the establishing of ways and means to put the forces of Rationalism on a good working basis. These International Congresses are bound to attract the attention of the world, especially when they have progressed to the point of being able to extend their influenec to remote nations like those of South America; also when they have demonstrated their proposition to establish missions in the so-called Heathen countries, for the purpose of informing those people of the true relations of Christianity to governments and to the masses of mankind.

But there is one great practical good of this Congress which must not be overlooked, and that was its effect upon the people of Rome. The Roman people have been fettered to the Christian superstition for many centuries. While Rome to-day is practically free, as I have demonstrated, still the church is a mighty power and she is using the money she is gleaning from all other nations, to secure and retain the influence upon Italy, which she has always wielded. The church is bound to Rome for two reasons. First, were she to leave Rome, she would have to surrender largely, the historical glamor and interest which has always surrounded her. Second, the Roman people would never permit her to remove the treasures of art, and the Vatican library, and without these, and the glitter and gew-gaws of her walls and ceilings and altars, her powers to hypnotize the ignorant would be gone. To leave Rome, would be to confess that the Gates of Hell had prevailed against the rock on which she is built; consequently her death struggle must take place right here. She perceives at last that she has modern thought to compete with and that she must change her tactics. She has begun to build schools and provide for practical charities, and establish a claim even upon science. It is a bitter pill for her to swallow, but her capacities of digestion are unlimited. For a long time she will deceive the many.

Now, let us note the effect this Congress has had upon the people of Rome. As before stated, the daily papers gave from one-fourth to one-half their space to the proceedings of the Congress.

This had the effect of opening the eyes of the masses, first to the importance of Freethought, and second to the principles it promulgates. It was an innovation, something new, and the papers were eagerly devoured by the people, the liberalizing effects of which, must have been far reaching. They were given the opportunity to perceive that the representatives of Freethought embraced the great minds of the world, that they came as ministers for the downtrodden and enslaved, that they were men and women of dignity and character, and of splendid behavior, and that they were practically guests of the government. They perceived that these Congressmen did not come seeking honor and glory for themselves, but to devise means of helping humanity to their own level, all of which must have left a profound impression upon the Roman people. Further it was a practical demonstration of the general lack of respect for the sacred feelings of the Pope, and his inability to prevent such innovations. Rome will never again be, religiously, what she was before.

Absolute power is always bound to be respected and regarded with awe; but once let it degenerate into helplessness, then quickly the former blind obeisance is changed to indifference or contempt. As an illustration, I will record some observations on the youth of Rome. The sway of the church depends upon seizing and retaining its hold upon the mind of the child, and here at Rome, especially, one would naturally expect to observe a marked devoutness on the part of the children.

Roman boys are not unlike American boys in their inclination to follow a band or a procession. I judge that there were five hundred or more youngsters fell in with the procession as we marched to the statue of Garibaldi. And like the American boy, these youngsters crowded to the front, and huddled around the speakers. Some of them had gotten a board and had climbed up to the top of the first base of the monument about twelve feet high, and sat around the edges, with their feet dangling over. There were fully fifty up there, all bare-headed and bare-footed, and as mischievous and rakish a lot as I had ever seen.

I noticed them licking an oval piece of paper about twice the size of a postage stamp, and sticking it on their foreheads. Then they would look at each other and laugh, and look out over the crowd as proudly, as though they had done some big thing. All the youngsters running around had the same stamp pasted on their foreheads. I stopped several of them, and found that the stamp had on it, the picture of a monk with the ears of an ass.

Verily, verily, said I to myself, "Rome seen, Faith lost." When the mothers of Rome allow their youngsters to follow a Freethought parade, and thus ridicule "De Monk," and otherwise blaspheme the Holy Priesthood, it began to look to me, that about the best place

for Christian missionary work in all the world was Rome, itself. A little wind like this surely reflects the direction of straws.

I was greatly interested in these youngsters. I thought that, most probably, they were put up to do this, and did not act intelligently, and for themselves. I found an interpreter and conversed with several groups, asking them if they were not ashamed thus to make fun of the Holy Pa-pas.

"Naw!" they replied, "We are Garibaldians!" "Oh!" said I, "I thought maybe you were Freethinkers!" "Well, we're Freethinkers, too!" they would say. They got all of my loose coin.

The personel of this Congress was of such high character that it commanded the notice of all Europe. There were many members of the parliaments of France, Germany, Holland Belgium, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Spain and Italy. There were College professors and noted savants, from all of these and other countries. Letters of congratulation poured in from statesmen, scientists, writers, and from many of the universities of Europe. Many of those who either took part or interested themselves, were men of international reputations, such men as Berthelot and Combes, premier of France, Bjorsen of Norway, Holyoake, Watts, Foote, Robertson and McCabe of England, Moncure D. Conway and M. Mangasarian of the United States, Hector Denis of Belgium, Ferri, Sergi, and Lombrosi of Italy, Salmeron of Spain, Novicow and Tolstoi of Russia, and Haeckel of Germany.

Haeckel

Of all these grand personalities, I will have space for particular mention of but one. All my readers know Haeckel, the writer, the student, the scientist and philosopher, and I am sure they will desire to know something of the man, his appearance, manners, dress and individuality. I will say, that while I saw a great deal of him, I was not in his company for any great length of time, and therefore am not qualified to pass on him in very many particulars. You must know that his time was wholly monopolized, and since every one aimed to meet him, no one person could make a large claim upon his attention. Still I watched my opportunities and got my full share. I felt that as I was to write this book, I was entitled to a little more than many others, and so "butted in" wherever and whenever I thought I could get an item.

Haeckel is over six feet in height, big boned, and of heavy build, but not corpulent. He is grey, wears a short full beard and is partly bald. He is of blond complexion, and has blue eyes. They are small and of a laughing merry expression, rather than of the full, keen and brilliant order, such as one naturally expects to see in the head of a genius. He has a mild voice, and is a poor speaker. In general appearance, he resembles an old time country doctor

or Kentucky farmer, dressed up in his Sunday best. He wore a black Prince Albert suit, not very well fitting, his hat is the style worn by the southern planter—a soft black felt, with a very wide brim—a brim so wide that it drooped to one side of its own weight, He wears boots, very wide, wrinkled and of the old fashioned kind, I cannot better describe him than to say that he looks like a well-to-do farmer, who has come to the village church on a Sunday, and who seems to be ill at ease, and out of place on being dressed up.

He is much the type of C. C. Moore in appearance. These two together, would make about as fine a pair of old "hayseeds" as you could imagine. There is this marked difference between them. Mr. Moore, coming into a crowd, would soon know everybody and everybody would know him. Haeckel has not the gift of extending quick acquaintance. He is very modest and backward and there is absolutely no air of importance about him; but he is easily approached and very genial and affable, almost girlish in his manner. If you make over him, he takes it as if he was wondering what it means; or, as if he were asking himself, "what have I done to deserve so much praise?"

In talking to him, he does not make you feel that he knows it all, and that you know nothing. It is rather the other way. In conversing with him, I forgot all about his knowing a thousand times as much as I. There is an air of kindness, goodness and purity about him that makes him seem lovable, attractive and really magnetic and charming. I take it that his backward and retiring disposition is largely due to his long life at teaching. When I was a teacher I used to notice that teaching had the effect of making men effeminate, and of making women masculine.

I had several short talks with him, and he seemed to take to me, chiefly because I was from the United States, I think. He spoke of the greatness of our country, and the impetus given Free-thought and modern science in the old world, by the recognition of it in the United States. He spoke of his visit to us some years ago, and said that if he were not so old, he would like to visit us again. I urged him to come, and told him that we are far more intimately acquainted with him now, than when he visited us years ago, and if he would come again, he would get such a welcome, as would make his passage across the Styx easy.

I told him that his name had become a house-hold word with us, and while Spencer and others were eminently respected he was loved.

"Is it so? Is it so?" he would say, in a delighted manner, just like a girl.

I further told him that I regarded Darwin, Spencer and Haeckel as having done the most to establish the positivism of modern Scientific thought; but of these three, I placed Haeckel

first, and that I was sure, that this reflected the general sentiment in America.

"Is it so? I am glad!" said the great man.

"My reasons," said I, are these, "In America we find the clergy quoting Spencer against himself; likewise with Darwin; and they even half way claim these two great scientists. But I never hear of them claiming Haeckel, or quoting one of his sayings to disprove others. In your disputations, there are no evasions, no compromising, no straddling. When we place our fingers on you, we know right where to find you, and that is what we like."

"You do me much honor," said he, "but I am glad you think so." "Oh, this is no jolly," said I.

"Jolly?" said he, "I don't understand 'jolly,' what do you mean by jolly?"

I explained that it was American for, "this is no flattery."

He laughed and said "I see! you Americans say such funny things. I do not always understand you; but I like to hear you talk."

I suppose I had been slinging a lot of slang at him and didn't know it. On another occasion, I sat at his side on the stage while an Italian delegate was speaking. As neither of us understood his words, we drifted into a low conversation.

"Professor," said I, "I want to test your knowledge of Anthropology. Run your eye over the audience and point out some of the old Roman types, if you can find any."

"That will be interesting," said he. "The ancient type is not so common, but here and there it is observable." So, together both of us picked out the Emperors Nero and Commodus, Julius Caesar, Cincinnatus, Marcus Aurelius, and many other great historic characters. There were a great many handsome and distinguished looking Romans in the audience.

I remarked that if the statues we see, faithfully reflect the shape of the ancient Roman skull, those of the present day exhibit a decided change; but I was inclined to believe that the sculptors were deficient in their ability to carve heads and expression, and that the Roman philosophers must have possessed different skulls than the pumpkin shaped craniums pictured by the artists. He agreed with me that ancient art only expressed a general type and no correct likeness.

Our conversation was cut short by a lady who wished to make his acquaintance. Haeckel was common property. Every one saw that he was approachable, and they just went up and introduced themselves, and I noticed, with every one alike, his was an old fashioned greeting, just as if he had always known the speaker. In talking to him, the Thinker was forgotten in the charm of the Man.

The truly great man is always plain and unassuming. He is not above men, nor above the earth; but of men and of the earth.

The great man feels that to a large degree, his life belongs to his race—to humanity, and he delights in men. He does not try to get away from them. He is not proud. The proud man places himself at a distance from other men, and from this distance, other men look little to him; but he forgets that this very distance causes him to appear equally little to others. Some ancient philosopher has said: "The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart," and that describes Haeckel. He has intellectual dignity, it is true, but at the same time he has the simplicity and lovableness of a child.

On the evening of the last day of Congress, I went to call on the English delegation, at their hotel, away down in the heart of the old part of Rome, and not far from the college. I bade them adieu at 10:30, and started for my hotel, having some five or six squares to walk to my car.

I got turned around, lost my way, and soon found myself in an open square in the center of which stands the great towering column of Trajan. A band had been playing, and the crowd was dispersing. I asked fully twenty people the direction to my car, but none could understand me. I entered a narrow street but soon got into such a forbidding looking place that I returned to the square, concluding I would better invest in a cab.

Just as I entered the square, out came Haeckel from another dark street. At first I wasn't sure that it was he, as he had changed clothes, but the big lop-sided hat identified him as he came closer.

Hello! Professor, aren't you lost? said I. "That I am," said he. He said that he had left his hotel about an hour previous, just to wander around and see Rome by night, and had lost his way. I commiserated with him, being in the same fix, and then proposed that we go over to a cafe and rest and refresh ourselves. We took a seat at a table on the pavement and remained for a half hour in which time I had a better opportunity to study the man Haeckel.

Foreigners are advised not to drink the water of Rome, especially in the hot summer, for fear of contracting the Roman fever; consequently we did not drink any—water.

We talked of Trajan, and the ancient Romans, and of what mighty people they were, then of the Papacy, and the social conditions, and the Congress, all of which would be interesting if I could remember it. He speaks English brokenly and I could not always understand him, nor he me, but we made out to comprehend each other tolerably well. The plain unaffected manner of the man, his simplicity of speech, and his smile and cheery laugh, won me completely. It was more like having met your grand-daddy than one of the world's greatest thinkers.

I could not help but note the change of his clothes. He had evidently taken off his Sunday-go-to-meetin' suit from the habit of practicing economy, and arrayed himself in a common brown one

of a sack cut, just as the American farmer does when he returns home from church or from a visit.

I would judge from this, that Haeckel is poor. His salary is not large, and he probably spends a good deal on books, pamphlets and investigations of various kinds, and it behooves him to make his clothes go as far as they can. I don't know but that it is a good thing to starve genius, for then its woes compel it to find satisfaction in giving the soul expression. The miseries of Burns impelled him to sing heart-songs for humanity. It would never have done to have fattened him, for he would have ceased to sing. Yes, genius should suffer, mourn and starve.

Haeckel is instinctively a Humanitarian, consequently it is natural that he should keep in close touch with humanity.

After questioning a good many passers-by, we finally found a news-boy, about nine years of age, who spoke fair English, and who guided us to Haeckel's hotel, and then showed me the way to my car.

I thought this sketch of Haeckel would be of interest to my readers and so have given all I saw of him, which is not so very much, but all that my opportunities afforded.

I told him that I was to write a book on my return, which would give an extended account of the Rome Congress and that I should mention having met him, and the high honors the Congress had paid him. He said to express in my book, his greetings and good wishes to his friends in America.

I am not inclined to seek, run after, or shout for great men; but it was a genuine pleasure and gratification to meet and converse with Haeckel, superior in reason and intellect, superb in his defiance of error, majestic in discourse, lofty in character, humane in his aspirations, plain and unaffected in dress and manner, sweet, gentle, boyish, and congenial in disposition,—one of the greatest men of all times.

I would have been pleased to have given personal sketches of Sergi, Lombrosi, Enrico Ferri, and also of Erminia Troilo, a rising young philosopher of Rome, but my inability to converse with them, limited my communication to an introduction and to the exchange of a few words of greeting.

CHAPTER XVI.

How Pagan Rome Became Christian.

Rome has two great objects of attraction—its Pagan ruins and St. Peters' Cathedral and the Vatican—the latter being the headquarters of that peculiar portion of humanity, calling themselves Christians. To a large part of these, Rome is still a sacred city, and pilgrimages from all nations flock to this shrine.

Since the Christian religion enters so largely into the history of Rome, and since much that I will have to describe will pertain to it, it will not be out of place here to give a short history of the rise of this cult, and of its founder.

Of Pagan Rome, it will only be necessary to say that through centuries of successful war and conquest, the people had grown immensely rich, and ease, luxury and every extravagance followed. The nation had declined mentally, morally and physically, and as it has often happened in other nations, this weakened condition gave opportunity to another cult to step into power. This was accomplished, not because of the superiority of the Christian tenets over the Pagan, but purely by a political move. Any other cult, professing meekness and morality, if it had been started just at this time, would have succeeded as well as the Christian, in the overthrowing of the weak and irresponsible Roman government. In those days, even as now, nations and armies were accustomed to gather around a God of some kind, and it so happened that Constantine found it expedient to take up the Christian God, to aid him in his brutal ambitions, and but for this political and military move on his part, Christianity would never have spread over the earth. The history of the start and rise of all religions is based, First, upon the influence of some zealous fanatic, who is gifted with oratory, personal magnetism and sleight-of-hand, and who skillfully exerts these persuasive powers over the ignorant masses. Second: after the fanatic and zealot has succeeded in gaining a dominating physical force, it must attach itself to the state through the military powers. No religion was even known to exert a powerful influence over humanity, separate from the state, and without barricading itself behind cannon and the ranks of war. There never was a religion in the majority, that was a religion of peace. There never was a religion in the world, started by reasoning thinking people—by men looking for demonstrated facts. The foundation principle of

all existing religions is mystification, and deception of the ignorant. To-day, it begins with the child. All religions, however, have followers among the reasoning and thinking, for the simple reason, that all religions are dangerous. In past ages, religions struck at human life. To-day, it applies the boycott. Reasoning and thinking people, ever being in the minority, there seems to have been no other alternative, but that they should bow the knee to the preposterous.

The early Christians compared with the Pagans, as the Salvation Army to-day compares with the average masses. In their blind fanatical way, they tried to be and do good, and did do good. They preached, peace, morality and virtue. Their example appealed to the poor like unto themselves, and they won converts rapidly. The common people began to respect them. They came to know that a poor, but moral and sacrificing Christian was better than a brutal and profligate Pagan. They began to feel the oppressions of the government. As to-day, all property was in the hands of the few. Poverty and degradation lay on all sides. They began to think through their stomachs, and were ready to turn to any religion, or political party that offered them something better. It was a great opportunity for Christianity to make converts. But still the Christian religion made slow headway through doctrinal teaching. Not until Christians became the objects of persecution, did their numbers become important. The oppression of any people, for opinion's sake, has always the effect of winning sympathy, and fixing those opinions deeper, and rendering them more important.

Whether the doctrine be true or false, it is always the same. It is not a matter of reason or thought or truth or fact. The faction persecuted grows through sympathy. If the Romans had not persecuted the Christians, if they had permitted them to come into the city and preach, if they had been given the fullest privileges to tell their ghost story, they would have remained but one of the hundreds of small sects in Rome, and gradually died out with the rest and the world would never have been cursed with the Christian tyranny. It would never have known the Dark Ages the Inquisition, the Crusades, the Thirty Years War, and the Massacres innumerable, even down to to-day.

The early Christians were not allowed within the walls of Rome. They were chased out as often as they came in, and stoned. They were followed into their holes leading down into the Catacombs. Very naturally the common, ignorant people would say to each other: "There must be something in this Christianity, when it leads people thus to sacrifice an even die for their faith. They did not look into their doctrine, in fact they were not possessed of sufficient reason to determine any principle of theology. They could not even read or write. They were moved wholly by sympathy for the persecuted, and they flocked to Christianity by thousands. Now

we have a great army of poor and illiterate Romans, joined by the close binding tie of persecution, and to a fanaticism, all the more dangerous and inflammable, because it was new.

But be it understood that the persecutions of the Christians were not countenanced by Pagan law. Paganism to the very last, in both law and teaching, stood for free thought and free speech, and toleration of all religious sects. The persecutions were due to the weakness of the government, its powerlessness to command the fanatical masses, who seemed to have a special antipathy against the Christians, owing to their "holier than thou" assumptions. Rome had hundreds of religions, all living peacefully together. Why was Christianity particularly offensive to the people? Simply because of its intolerable conceit that every one else deserved to be sent to hell except themselves; that to escape eternal damnation, all must believe as they believed, and thus they excited contempt.

These persecutions were on a par with the riots between Catholics and A. P. A.'s in this country some years ago. The laws of the United States did not sanction those riots, still it was not able always to prevent them. The same conditions have always existed in all countries, when religion was the subject of dispute among either the wise or ignorant. Christians, since Pagan times, have even fought each other like ferocious tigers, consequently it is no reflection on Pagan law, or Pagan doctrine, that those early persecutions of Christianity took place. It was only a natural result. When a new sect appears, saying: "Your religion is false, we have the only true one, we are better than you, and you are going to hell," it will be sure to invite antagonism, and most likely persecution, as long as it is in the minority. At this writing, Christians are killing Jews in Russia.

Paganism never made one law against Christianity, or against the right of Christianity to free speech, and I challenge any one to disprove this. So far as the law was concerned, Christians were allowed to come within the walls and preach when and where they pleased; but the people wouldn't have it, and took the law in their own hands. They didn't want them there, just like a lot of Christian American communities in the North will not permit a negro to live in their town, and stone him out, if he presumes to stay. Or, like some Christian residents in some of our cities, who have antipathy to the Jews, or Irish, or other elements, and secretly connive to keep them out of lodges, or off their streets. The conditions existing between certain classes of the Pagans and the Christians, were not unlike that existing to-day between the Christians of Russia and the Jews. It was just simply a class dislike, and natural to all peoples—a case of religious incompatibility, with both sides at fault. There is no people in the world more inclined to take the law in their own hands than Americans. We have labor riots, religious riots, race riots, lynchings and even burnings at the stake, and con-

sequently we should see no mote in the Pagan eye for its religious antipathy to the early Christians. It was simply a religious class affair, and not approved by the Pagan law or Pagan religion, which ever gloried in their toleration.

But persecution had the effect of causing Christianity to thrive; and having grown to immense physical proportions, it became a factor for political consideration.

At this time the Roman empire was governed by two rulers—Constantine, the sole emperor of the West, and Licinius, the sole emperor of the East. In the year 314, a war broke out between the two rulers, in which Licinius had the worst and concluded a peace by ceding to Constantine Illyricum and Greece, while Constantine gave his sister, Constantia to Licinius in marriage. After a peace of nine years, Constantine's ambition led him to desire to be Emperor of both East and West. He, like all Pagan rulers, had been friendly toward the Christians as to all other sects, and they had no ill feeling toward him.

Constantine was a Pagan of the Aryan faith, to which he adhered until it became politically expedient with him to enter into the infamous plot with the Christian forces, to assist him in the usurpation of the throne, under the conditions that he favor that creed.

This Nicene branch of Christianity, which is now known as the Roman Catholic church and its Protestant disintegrations, succeeded in helping Constantine defeat Licinius, and in return gained permission to establish its hierarchy ,and was granted perpetual immunity from all civil duties, taxes and obligations, which imposition is as flagrantly alive to-day as then.

It is thus to be seen that Christianity, right at its incipiency avoided its just share of the public burdens, and instead of doing as it would be done by, established the mightiest class privilege that has ever existed. Then began a reign of tyranny such as the world had never known. Pagans, Jews, and Christians who did not belong to the Nicene faction were persecuted, exiled, put to death, and their property confiscated and divided between church and state.

Constantine exiled and killed the Aryans, the people of his own family. He allowed no faction to exist that might develop a future influence for opposing him. For the first time in the history of Rome, religious toleration was at an end. The rise of Christianity put an end to freethought and free speech. Upon his conversion to Christianity, Constantine monstrously assumed that all men should think, just as he, the emperor, thought; and the least rebellion to the same, should be punishable with death, all of which was approved by the church. Thus, thought became paralyzed, freedom lay dead, and upon the ashes of Pagan liberty, that monster of superstition, that crucifier of progress, that jailer of the brain, that pest of

pitiless power, the Holy Roman church, was reared. The principle of persecution and subordination of all progressive thought, by which Constantine governed so successfully, has ever continued to be the policy of that church. Such has been its history since Peter, who cursed and swore and lied, until the cock crowed shame upon him, down to the cunning and unscrupulous priest-hood of to-day, who devote their lives in misshaping the brains of childhood, and keeping humanity ignorant, and who only refrain from carrying out their murderous ordination vows, because of lack of power,

The Christian of to-day, just like the early Christians, are always meek and humble, and preach peace and morality, as long as they are in the minority. God help any country when they are in an overwhelming majority.

Constantine now had physical use for the Christians as he had concluded to renew the war with Licinius. His ambitions became boundless. No man should stand between him and supreme power. To win the Christians to his side, he had to make a political compact with them; and when was Christianity ever known to keep its hands out of politics, or off the state?

The compact was made, and now the peaceful Christians, the peace prating Christians, who would not even return a stone when one was thrown at them, in order to get under the imperial protection, and possibly rise themselves to political power, joined with this cruel, heartless, insanely ambitious tyrant, in an unjust war against their brother man. Now the humble professors of the Prince of Peace and the exponents of the Commandments, stood ready to kill those who had never offended them.

There is no chapter in all history, of such importance as the records I am now recording. Its importance may be reckoned by the influence the Christian religion has had upon the world. It is a chapter that has been closed to the eyes of Christians, and humanity in general. The clergy have concealed the truth of it, well knowing the effects it would have upon thinking people. The truth of the rise of Christianity has been expunged from Encyclopedias and school histories. The clergy have exalted Constantine to a divinity, and have succeeded in blinding the eyes of the world to the monstrous inception of Christianity into it.

It was under the reign of Constantine that Christianity became the established religion of Rome, and but for whom, as far as human probabilities can be calculated, it never would have come down to us. It is well that we inform ourselves of the character of the founder of the Christian religion, and some of his successors, as a religion must be judged by its founders. Right or wrong, Rome boasts of never changing, and by tracing her early history, we may possibly be able to account for the iniquities which have marked her pathway all down through the centuries. Therefore, let us look

into the history of Constantine, the founder of the Christian Religion.

Constantine, called the Great, Founder of the Christian religion, son of Constantins and Helena, was born February 17, 272. He was converted to the Christian religion on the night of the 26th of October A. D. 312, became Emperor of both the East and West in the year 324, reigned altogether about 31 years, and died May 22, 484, in the seventy-sixth year of his age. Seven successive Christian emperors, after Constantine retained the title and prerogatives of "Sovereign Pontiff." They were both king and god. The first successors were Constantins and Constans, sons of Constantine, and chips of the old block were they. Like their father, they continued in holy persecution and confiscation of property. It now ought to be plain to any one that the object of changing Paganism to the Christian faith, was for the purpose of maintaining Constantine and his successors in supreme power. Having allied himself to Christianity, Constantine had to stand by it, and profess it, although there is good evidence that he never believed in it. He was one of those unscrupulous characters, like some of our own politicians of to-day, whose only use for the Catholic church, is its assistance to keep then in political power. We have had Presidents, who would have made excellent Constantines, had they lived in those days.

We have yet extant the celebrated oration of Julius Firmicus Maternus to the emperors Constantins and Constans, sons and successors of Constantine, calling on those holy rulers, to seize all the remaining property of the Pagans, which their father had spared or overlooked, and thus by reducing them into beggary, starve them into Christianity.

"Take away, take away in perfect security," exclaimed this Christian orator, "O most holy emperors, take away all the ornaments of their temples. Let the fire of the mint, or the flames of the mines, melt down their gods. Seize upon all their wealthy endowments, and turn them to your own use and property. And, O most sacred emperors, it is absolutely necessary that you revenge and punish this evil. You are commanded by the law of the Most High God, to persecute all sorts of idolatry, with the utmost severity. Hear and command to your own sacred understandings, what God himself commands. He commands you not to spare your son or your brother, he bids you plunge the knife into the heart of your wife that sleeps in your bosom, to persecute your dearest friend with sublimest severity; and to arm your whole people against these sacrilegious Pagans, and tear them limb from limb. Yea, even whole cities, if you should find this guilt in them, cut them off. O, Most Holy Emperors, God promises you the reward of his mercy upon condition of your thus acting. Do therefore what He Commands—complete what he prescribes."

The above affords a wonderful lesson of the psychological effects of religion on the human mind. Note the change. But a few years previous, the Christians of Rome, were so humble, meek and peaceful, that they practiced turning the other cheek for every blow received. They did not believe in fighting. They preached peace and brotherly love. Now, risen to power, and drunk with authority, they began to persecute exterminate and confiscate, with the ferocity of savage brutes. Is it any wonder they degenerated, and sank into depths of ignorance and vice, that Pagan Rome, in her worst moments never saw; and is it any wonder that this reign of tyranny continued for a thousand years?

Let us compare this speech of the Christian Maternus, touching on those who differed from him, with the words of Libanius, a Pagan orator, in which he expresses his feelings toward those who had left the faith of their ancestors, and embraced the new fangled doctrines of Christianity.

"Orion," said he, "was my friend when he was in prosperity, and now that he is a Christian, and in affliction, I have the same disposition towards him. If he thinks differently from us, concerning the Deity, he hurts himself, being deceived, but it is not fit, therefore, that his friends should look upon him as an enemy."

Could any speech be more gentle, loving, liberal and just, than these touching words of Libanius, or more representative of learned Paganism? Could any speech be more cruel and blood thirsty than that of the Christian Maternus, or more representative of the founders of Christianity?

There are several accounts of the conversion of Constantine, a subject which will be of interest to the reader. To be perfectly fair, I will give both the Christian and Pagan narratives of this important event which I take from Rev. Robt. Taylor's Diegesis.

1. *Motives of Constantine's Conversion as Given by His Friends, the Priests.*

"Constantine, the Emperor, being certified by the tyrannous governments of Maxentius and Licinius devised with himself which way, possibly, he might rid the Romans from under their grievous yoke of servitude, and dispatch the tyrants out of life. Deliberating thus with himself, he forecasted also what God he were best to call upon for aid, to wage battle with his adversaries. He remembered now that Diocletian, who wholly dedicated himself to the heathenish Gods, prevailed nothing thereby; also, he persuaded himself, that his father, Constantins, who renounced the idolatry of the gentiles, led a more fortunate life. Musing thus with himself, while taking a journey with his soldiers, a certain vision appeared to him; as it was strange to behold so indeed incredible to be spoken of.

About noon, the day somewhat declining, he saw in the sky, a

pillar of light, in the form of a cross, whereon was engraved the inscription:—

"In This Overcome."

This vision so amazed the Emperor, that he, mistrusting his own sight, demanded of them that was present, whether they perceived the vision? Which, when all with one consent affirmed, the wavering mind of the emperor was settled, by that divine and wonderful sight. The night following, Jesus Christ, himself appeared to him in his sleep, saying:—

"Frame to thyself the form of a Cross, after the example of the sign which appeared to thee, and bear the same against thine enemies, as a fit banner or token of victory."

Of course, the above is plainly a made up story, that no intelligent Christian of to-day will indorse, as it is inconsistent that Christ, who taught love of enemies, should appear to Constantine, and urge him to use the symbol of his suffering to go out and kill enemies. Again, why didn't he hang the cross of light over Rome, so all the people could see it, and likewise be persuaded? The reader, here, should be informed that it has always been the etiquette of courts, that a king is not to be disputed. His courtiers must see, hear and smell anything that the King sees, hears and smells. The courtiers must have no thought of their own, but simply reflect the King. If he hints of a thing that has no existence, it must be plain to the eyes of the Courtiers. If he insinuates that he would have it made known to the public, it is their office to confirm the falsehood and spread it. If Constantine had said, Behold! I think I see a saw-mill in the sky! Do ye not perceive it? The Courtiers, of course would have seen exactly what the king saw. If they couldn't have seen it, they would have lost their jobs, and possibly their heads. When Constantine said, "Behold! a pillar of light, in the form of a cross! Do ye also perceive it, and the words, 'In this overcome,' engraven upon it?" Of course they saw it. It was wonderfully plain to all. This disposition to reflect royalty has not entirely died out. A few years ago, all the fashionable women of England affected a limp, because Queen Alexandra limped from rheumatism; and even limped American women got a limp on them.

Constantine was onto the tricks of the priests, and it was by such a story as this, confirmed by his lick-spittle minions, by whom he could prove any preposterious lie, to be a solemn fact, that he was enabled to fool the ignorant and superstitious multitudes.

2. *Motive of Constantine's Conversion by Zosimus, a Contemporary Pagan Historian.*

"Constantine, having acquired absolute power, jealous and suspicious of all persons, even those of his own family, who might

seek to depose him, proceeded to banish all such, or put them to death.

His father-in-law, Maximian, he impelled to hang himself A. D. 310. Bassianus, the husband of his sister Anastasias, he ordered to be strangled A .D. 314. He had a nephew, Licinianus, whose throat he ordered to be cut A. D. 319. Fausta, his wife, he ordered to be suffocated in a boiling bath A. D. 320. Sopater, the Pagan philosopher, and his former friend, he put to death A. D. 325. Licinius, his sister Constantia's husband, strangled A. D. 325. Crispus, his eldest son, he ordered to be beheaded A. D. 325.

When he had made a clear house for himself, by the putting to death of his family and many others, his mind took a serious turn, and he suffered remorse. Naturally he turned to the faith in which he was reared, for comfort, but there was nothing in the Pagan religion to give solace to his conscience, as Paganism made no propitiation for the cutting of throats, and for wife and child killing.

Being particularly sorry for the death of his son, Crispus, he applied to Sopater, the Pagan philosopher for comfort; but was told, *"There are no expiations in our faith for such offences."*

The emperor then had recourse to the Christian bishops, who told him that all that was essential was *"to repent and be baptized, and he would be cleansed of all sin."* With this doctrine, Constantine was mightily pleased, whereupon, he became a Christian, and having become a Christian, likewise, imposed the same belief upon his subjects."

'To repent and be baptized," furnished the avenue of escape for the guilty soul of Constantine, just as it is the avenue of escape for the murderer and thief of to-day. There never was a more iniquitous license for sin and wrong doing, than this damnable dogma of Christianity. When a murderer takes a human life, unprepared for death, and the victim goes to everlasting hell, all the murderer has to do, it to "repent and be baptized," and go to everlasting glory. The same doctrine holds good in the church to-day, as it did then, and I suppose it always will, now and foreverlasting, Amen!"

No wonder Constantine was pleased with a settlement on such easy terms. It was upon this basis of "repentance and baptism," a settlement of wrong, as dishonorable as easy, that the Roman church succeeded in Christianizing the world. Constantine "repented," but was not "baptized" at this time. Did this easy settlement of his conscience with God, have the effect of turning the mind of Constantine into channels of peace, mercy, kindness and forgiveness? Oh, no!

About the first thing he did was to go and kill Sopater. It made no difference now how many he killed. All he had to do was to "repent." He didn't even have to do this, as the priest could "forgive" him. He continued to banish and kill, not a few people,

but hundreds, thousands, even whole cities were put to the sword.

"This," says the Rev. Taylor, "is the Christian Emperor, whom the hireling voice of priestcraft extols to the skies, who still receives the applause of priests and bishops and the adulation of interested sycophants."

It is a queer phase of human nature that in Fame's temple there is always a niche to be found for importunate scoundrels, for the founders of a superstition, and for the successful butchers of the human race.

Just imagine the look that must have been on that man's face, when his wife, Fausta, on her knees, begged for her life, and being refused, then pleaded that she be given any other death, than that of being cooked in boiling water, and even this was refused, and she, his wife, the mother of his children, the woman with whom he had shared the pleasures of the body. Her only offense was that he suspected her of being in alliance with some of the factions to whom, by this time, he had become intolerable. It was the same with Crispus, his son, who had now grown to young manhood and was beloved, and around whom he thought some faction might gather with the object of deposing him. Think of this "Founder of Christianity" ordering this noble son beheaded, in the same year in which he called the Council of Nice, and over which he presided, and in the synodical epistle of which, he is called, *"The most virtuous Emperor, the most Godly Emperor Constantine.* Not a wife's anguish, nor a sister's tears, nor a guileless youth's innocence, nor the memory of old friendship could soften the heart of this evangelical cut-throat.

We must not forget that Constantine was not only a Christian disciple, but also that he was a *Christian preacher,* and wrote arguments, upon the strength of which, he not only became a Christian, but which he held sufficient to convince the reason and command the faith of all persons. But whether convinced or not, there was no other choice but believe or die.

Council of Nice.

The objects of the Council of Nice, was not only for the purpose of giving official recognition to the Christian faith, but to formulate a code of belief, and determine what of the scattered evidences of Christianity were authentic and inspired. Constantine called this council in the year 325, and learned men, from all parts of the empire came with such documents as they possessed. There were over three hundred in this council, all of whom were said to be wise and learned men, but the names of only four or five are handed down to posterity.

At this Council, the New Testament was compiled from a bewildering number of manuscripts all claimed to be genuine inspirations. Very naturally there was much falling out over religion,

and disputes rising high, two of the holy fathers, engaged in a fight, and pummelled each other with their stools. Since no agreement could be reached, it was finally decided that the insipiration of each manuscript should be tested by placing it under a table; and such manuscripts as were able of themselves, and unassisted, to rise to the top of the table were declared to be the inspired word of God, and such as could not, were rejected.

In this day and age of the world, we would search for a Herrman and his assistants in the loft or cellar, but that was the day of "miracles," and by this simple and easy trick, the inspiration of the books of the New Testament was decided. We all know to-day none of the books of the New Testament were written by the disciples; that some were not written until two hundred and forty years after the death of Christ, and by whom, the Lord only knows; and that none were written sooner than eighty years after Christ, when all the disciples were dead. Also we naturally reason, that the Creator, who was so precise in the construction of the universe, and in establishing laws for its government, in formulating a government for man, would not have resorted to a sleight of hand trick, or any method which smacked of deception. Moreover, He would have made his will known to all nations alike, and given all alike a system of government by which they would be inclined to live in peace, and not for ever lastingly want to kill each other.

The Council of Nice, having thus decided on a Bible, and Constantine having been honored and glorified as the Founder of a new and official religion, it now behooved him to force its universal adoption. Constantine was a good deal like Roosevelt and the Emperor William. He wanted to be the great "I am" of everything, and in his time, he surely was "It."

He, at once, began forcing this new religion of love and peace, and the Golden Rule, upon all the people of his Empire at the point of the sword.

And who shall say that he was not justified? For did not Christ say, "I came not to bring peace, but the sword?" And does not this Bible contain words of justification for every act of cruelty that was ever committed in its name?

Man is so constituted by nature, that he will die before he will be forced to abandon his convictions, and the result was that Paganism has to its credit, a million of martyrs to Christian ferocity, martyrs as noble as ever went to their deaths for a righteous cause. All their leaders were killed as fast as they appeared. When their ranks became decimated, of its leading spirits, it was easy work to compel the masses to fall in line. When men are ignorant and helpless, and without leaders it is as easy to make ten-thousand believe, as to make one, especially when they are unarmed, and they have no choice but believe or die.

"It was thus," as Gibbon says, "that Christianity became the

religion of the state, and the terrors of a military force silenced the faint and unsupported murmurs of the Pagans."

In the form and wording of several of Constantine's edicts, we have specimens of that conjunction of holiness and blood-thirstiness which portray his character in a full light. An example:

Constantine, the puissant, the mighty and noble Emperor, unto bishops, pastors and people, wheresoever."

"We find it good, that if there be found any work or book compiled by Arius, the same should be burned to ashes, so that not only his damnable doctrine may thereby be wholly rooted out, but also that no relic thereof may remain unto posterity. This also we straightly command and charge, that if any man be found to hide or conceal any book made by Arius, and not immediately bring forth the said book, and deliver it up to be burned, that the said offender, for so doing, *shall die the death.* For as soon as he is taken, our pleasure is, that his head be stricken from his shoulders, God keeps you in this tuition."

Constantine's Speech in the Council, Concerning Peace and Discord

"Having by God's assistance, gotten the victory over mine enemies, I entreat ye therefore, beloved ministers of God, and servants of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ *to cut off the heads of* this hydra of heresy, for so shall ye please both God and Me."

Such a man was the Founder of the Christian religion! This book will fall into the hands of Christians, who will read it. I want to say to these, that this chapter is especially written for your benefit, and information, as Freethinkers are informed on all I say here. I want you to know the origin of the Bible, and of the Christian faith, and how it got its start in the world, and by whom supported. I know that you have been blind to these facts—facts which are easily obtainable, by reading Gibbon and other historians. Now, having read this, what can you think of Christianity and its Founder? Do you think that the Christian clergy are justified in concealing the complexion of the character of Constantine, and the facts connected with the establishment of Christianity? Do you not perceive that your mind has been abused as to belief in the dogmas to which you attach yourself? Think it over. Read for yourself, and you will find that Christianity did not insinuate itself into the human mind by the persuasion of love, mercy, brotherly kindness and peace, nor by the application of reason and common-sense, justice and truth.

Nay! It was forced upon the world by the imperial sword of Constantine and his followers. But for these the world would never

have been blighted with its withering curse. There was no choice but believe and profess Christianity, or abjure either life or property, or both.

Bad as was the condition of Rome under Paganism previous to the advent of Christianity, it was a thousand times more humane, moral and progressive then, than after. Headlong the world plunged into that abyss of time, known as the Dark Ages. King and priest still held their sway for a thousand years, retarding the world's progress, while vice triumphed over virtue, the Inquisition over reason and ignorance, crime and persecution reigned supreme, more cruel and relentless than ever soothed the dreams of Constantine, when most enraptured with his faith.

All this you may learn to be true by a little investigation. Do you believe that a religion thus founded and thus perpetuated; a religion made known but to a small part of the human race; a religion which has ever depended upon the support of the state, instead of upon its own merits and truths to uphold it; a religion whose existence to-day depends upon its conspiracy against the mind of the child; a religion which could not live without exercising its influences over the minds of womankind, infancy and the ignorant,—do you believe the Great Ruler of the Universe ever gave such a religion His sanction and approbation? Do you believe that he would choose a religion for universal adoption, which has ever proven the cause of universal dispute and war among men? Do you believe He took a hand in founding this religion, whose first act was the massacre of its own people; that put son against father, and father against son; which put whole cities to the sword for their unbelief in doctrines, which had never been explained to them? Do you believe in the divinity of a book, the test of whose inspiration depended upon placing manuscripts under a table, and which manuscripts must rise to the top of the table, unaided, thus to signify the approbation of the Divine Power? Do you believe that your God, who made all the shining wheeling worlds, would resort to a cheap trick like this, to convey his messages to mankind? Can you longer believe in a merciful, loving God, and credit him with founding such a religion? Think over it. Stand apart from it long enough to behold it as it was and is. Would you have faith in any other creed, with such a record?

Ah! what days of horror those must have been to the humane and liberty loving Pagans, who were hospitable to every belief—to a people imbued with a literature and philosophy, whose purity, benevolence and wisdom have never been surpassed by any race of men. No wonder that "Astonished Paganism grew pale, when she saw the blood-stained banner of the cross; and from her innocent hand, the flowery chaplets of the chaste Diana and hospitable Jupiter, down-dropped, and bloody persecution flourished over them."

CHAPTER XVII.

Churches of Rome.

I must say that churches, architecturally speaking, interest me. I believe that Architecture has had a greater influence upon mankind than any other art. Here unite size, proportion, beauty, grace, poetry, emulation, majesty, awe and overwhelming astonishment. We ascend mountains two or three miles high, and still they do not seem so stupendous as some of the works of man, a few hundred feet high. We marvel less at the mighty forces of Nature than at the achievements of our two small hands, the willing vassals of the human brain. The greatest objects of curiosity in the world, those with which we associate the histories of nations, are the structures which reflect their might and power.

These great temples whether of religion or state, furnish a pleasing variety to the eye, and exhibit the wonderful constructive capacities of the human mind. I believe that the sight of beautiful edifices, and of beautiful homes contribute to the mental health, power and pleasure of men. Architecture, like everything else, however, may be overdone. It may have its monstrosities, its evil as well as its good influences. It may indicate the mind diseased or the religion gone mad with the envious and hateful spirit of rivalry. The love of change is a passion in man, and it may be healthy or it may be diseased, and no where is this better illustrated than in sacred architecture.

The true object of religion should be, not to take from, but to give to humanity, to aid man in his comforts of living, and to advance him morally and intellectually. The true object of Christianity, however, has been to keep man ignorant and obedient, to take from him, instead of to give, and to build up great temples, for the aggrandizement of the clergy, and for the glory of a god, who does not need the glorification. In return about all the people have gotten, is the sweet privilege of laying down their lives when called upon to do so, of being filched continually, and of having a fine place in which to pray. Of the many billions that have been filched from humanity, by practicing upon their fears, the clergy have returned almost nothing. Their biggest dividends have been prayer, and notes without security on the everlasting.

The first place to which the visitor to any city goes, is to its great buildings. To these he is attracted, as if by a magnet. He

may see big structures all around him, but he wants to go direct to the tallest sky-scraper, or tower or church, or capitol.

Can you not now perceive what a mighty influence St. Peter's has had upon human minds given to the veneration of sacred things. In the first place, it has the effect of creating awe and astonishment, and the same feelings are extended to the personages and to the religion enshrined within it.

The founders of the Christian religion learned well of the Pagans, that great buildings have the effect of awing and subduing the common mind. They understood this weakness in humanity, to judge an emperor by the splendor with which he surrounded himself, that an ignoramus and brute in a palace was venerated equally with the philosopher; that in proportion that the churches rose in height and splendor over the homes of the people in the same proportion would they be able to sway the average mind. If a king should appear to the people in his night cap, and trousers, they would not regard him as any one in particular; but place a crown upon his head, and array him in a robe of purple, trimmed with gold, and down upon their knees they fall before him.

I have oftened wondered at the attachment of the priest-hood for the church, but do not wonder so much at it now. Most of them go to Rome at sometime in their lives. Standing within St. Peters, they are awed and subdued with the size, beauty and splendor of the structure, which to them is sacred above all others. The same impression is left upon the many thousands of ignorant pilgrims who come here yearly, all of which demonstrates to my mind, that the cohesive power of Christianity is largely due to the size of her churches. The biggest religion must have the biggest churches, and through the vanity,jealousy and rivalry of the priests of opposing religions, poor humanity is robbed, impoverished and enslaved to build and support their monstrous temples. The greater part of the money required for the construction of the churches of Rome was raised by granting indulgences. A scale of prices was set for the commission of all kinds of crime, from murder down to petit larceny, and millions poured into Rome. Thus were the churches built, the material out of the Pagan temples, and the labor paid mostly from money raised by the indulgence of vice and crime.

When St. Peters was designed to be the temple in which to house the "Vicar of Christ," or "God upon Earth," it was with the object in view, that no other temple of any other God should ever surpass it in size. The shrewd theologians of those days well knew, that the Christian religion would be measured by the Roman masses, and by other nations, by the size, splendor and power which it exhibited at its head-quarters. Superior advantages for the construction of this building were at hand. The Pagan ruins were rich with dressed stone and marbles, and from these most of the materials of this church were taken. About two hundred of the finest

churches in Rome were built from these same materials. To form an approximate idea of the glory of the Pagan temples, all one has to do is go through the churches of Rome, and view the marbles with which they are lined.

The greatness of a nation can be best estimated by its architecture. Where beautiful buildings abound, there you will find education, culture, art, literature, philosophy, refinement and civilization. In this respect, Christian Rome never compared with Pagan Rome. In fact it never could have attained the splendor it has without the aid of the materials furnished by the Pagans.

Hobbes, the English Deist said: "The Holy Church is but the ghost of the dead Roman empire, sitting throned on the grave thereof." I would add, it is built upon death. Its principal Dogma is based upon Death. Opposition to it ever led to excommunication or death. Its promised rewards are dependent upon death. It is not a religion of this life. It ever has been, and it ever will be co-partner with the grave.

St. Peters is built in the form of the cross. It is 611 feet long and 400 feet wide at the transepts. Its facade is 200 feet wide. To the top of the dome is 447 feet. The interior is 160 feet in height and is supported by pillars, about 20 feet square. I have been told that the Cologne or Milan Cathedral could be put inside of it, but it didn't seem quite that large to me.

The approach to the building is a disappointment, as from a distance it looks small and contracted. This is owing, I think, to the immensity of the plaza fronting it, and the half circling peristyles on either side. But as I approached it closer, and began mounting the steps, and looked upward, then its immense proportions began to be realized. I entered and walked straight through to the altar, where sixty priests were chanting a praise, that sounded not unlike the monotonous hum made by the American Indians. I walked from transept to transept and back again to the altar. There were only two others,—sight see'ers, besides myself, and the sight and sound of those sixty priests, dolefully chanting away without a single soul for an audience, impressed me at once, with the vanishing power of the church, right in Rome. And just to think of the waste of sweet music!

My first impression was that of immensity. "Great, great was Michael Angelo!" I found myself saying. The size of the interior is so great, that looking at it became actually oppressive, not unlike the feeling one experiences on gazing from a mountain top. I never gave a thought of Jesus or his "Vicar," but rather of the mighty works of man. "Great, great was Michael Angelo!"

I visited St. Peters five or six times, and on each occasion my wonder grew. I studied closely every piece of sculpture and every painting. I studied the worshippers and observed closely their appearances. There were some very intelligent looking people, but

the great majority were of the poor and ignorant classes, their manner of worship being abject in the extreme.

In the center, beneath the dome, is a crypt, or an under room cut in the floor. A railing that looked like gold surrounded this space which is twenty by thirty in size. Marble steps led down to the crypt, in one end of which is a golden altar and shrine, all set with richest jewels. In a gold and jeweled casement is an arm, each of St. Paul, and St. Peter, and many other relics, among them a piece of "the true cross." I paid two lira, fifty cents, to get down in the crypt, but could not stand the price asked to see the sacred remnant of Saints Peter and Paul. I wouldn't have recognized them, if I had seen them. This crypt must have cost a million or more, but no doubt it has been a big investment. Besides the fees of admission, many a "good" Catholic has left large sums upon the altar. It has probably brought, during the long centuries past, many millions into the coffers of the church. What a subject for contemplation! Here is a golden room, costing over a million dollars, housing portions of the skeletons of two saints, which relics are of doubtful authenticity; and poor, poverty stricken people who have no homes to shelter their own live bodies, contributing constantly to a church which exercises such evidently fraudulent means to get money. The great question arises, "Why do people do these things? Why cannot they perceive the deception? How can it be that intelligent appearing people, as I witnessed, will go down in that crypt, and pray in front of a casement in which they are told these bones are placed? They did not get to see the bones. I saw some of the people shedding tears, they, seemingly being overcome, by their proximity to the bones of St. Peter and St. Paul. Here is a study in psychology:—I saw the bronze statue of St. Peter, of which all have heard, and examined closely the toe which is said to have been kissed away. The toe is as large as that on the other foot, and has not suffered any wear from holy osculation as far as I could see. I saw thirty or forty French pilgrims around it, and most of them kissed it, that is, most of the old folks. I signed to a young fellow and his girl, that they ought to go up and kiss it. Both, shook their heads, and turned up their noses, as much as to say, "We can't be fooled that way."

I forgot to mention that they have the "foreskin" of Christ also in that crypt. It costs extra to see this venerable relic, and I wanted to see it; but as I wasn't sure that I would be able to identify it, I concluded, I would better save the money.

They have the "navel string" of Christ in St. John in Lateran, but for the same reasons, I didn't invest. If I had gone deep in the search for relics, I have no doubt that I might have found the seed of Adam.

Several churches in Rome have each the head of St. Peter, and

likewise there are several that have the original head of St. Paul. In a church in the orient, they have the head of the "infant" Christ.

The statue of St. Veronica in St. Peters holds in her hands a handkerchief with the bloody face of Christ imprinted on it. With this handkerchief, Mary wiped the face of Christ after his death, by which contact, the features of Christ were imprinted on it. At intervals, real blood appears on this handkerchief, where the stains are to be seen. (Fact).

The Catholic Church has a multitudinous medley of saints, and the manner in which they were manufactured is interesting.

Take for instance, the above mentioned saint, holding the handkerchief, with the true face of Christ imprinted on it.

"Vera," means "true" and "onica," a "picture." St. "Veronica" then is the manufactured saint to whom Mary gave the handkerchief with "the true picture" of Christ upon it, and who became its guardian. Millions of people have adored and prayed to this imaginary saint.

I saw also the point of the spear with which Christ was pierced. They had to have a saint for the spear, just as in the above instance, they made a saint for the handkerchief with the "true picture" on it. The word "spear" in Latin is "Longi," therefore "St. Longi," or "St. Longinus," the guardian of the spear. In this manner, about half the saints of the Church have been manufactured.

The statuary in St. Peters' is something wonderful to behold. Most of the saints and apostles are highly idealized. There is a decided distinction between these, and those of the same character standing in other churches, the attempt to make them better looking being very apparent. St. Paul, who was a little man, stands forth like a mighty warrior, with muscles developed like an athlete. I saw figures of women, the head and neck, arms and feet being of pure white marble, while the apparel was cut from porphyry, or from a beautiful red or blue marble, and which was draped so naturally, that it looked exactly like a marble statue dressed in a rich colored gown. I took hold of it being in doubt, and saw others doing the same. The amount of statuary in this church can hardly be conceived. Much of it, of course, is of the popes, and saints of the church, and of little interest; but again there are statues celestial and idealistic and typifying Bible incidents, whose wonderful workmanship alone, commands the highest admiration. I saw angels with great outspread marble wings, which were so beautiful that I could almost wish the existence of such creatures. Speaking of angels, I do not expect to see more when I get to heaven than I have seen in pictures on this trip, angels of wrath, angels of fire, angels of love, angels of peace, guardian angels, angels of light, angels of song, angels of despair, and a hundred other varieties in flocks so vast that they could not be numbered.

Of all the scholastic divines, and the most illustrious, the one the Catholic church swears by, was Saint Thomas Aquinas. This saint was particularly up on the subject of Angels, and as he is still standard authority, I will digress, long enough to tell what he has to say about them. We should bear in mind that pictures of angels have had a powerful influence over the emotions of men, and have greatly served to attach humanity to the Christian religion. It is an important subject. Until a few hundred years ago, every one believed in angels, and to-day, the vast majority of Christians believe in such beings. It is therefore interesting to know what the greatest and most scholastic divine of the church, in all seriousness, has to say of them.

In his great book, "Sum of all Theology," Aquinas has composed 358 articles alone on the subject of angels. He treats of angels, their substance, orders, offices, habits, natures, etc., as if he had been an old experienced angel. He says in brief:—

Angels were not before the world.

Angels might have been before the world.

Angels were created by God. They were created in the Empyrean sky. They were created in grace. They were created in imperfect beatitude. They are incorporeal as compared to us, but corporeal as compared to God.

An angel is composed of action and potentiality, the more superior he is, the less potentiality he has. They have no matter properly. Every angel differs from another angel in species. An angel is of the same species as the soul. Angels have not naturally a body united to them. They may assume bodies, but they do not want to assume bodies for themselves, but for us.

"The bodies assumed by angels are thick air.

"In the same body there are the soul, formerly giving being, and operating natural operations; and the angel operating supernatural operations.

"Angels administer and govern every corporal creature.

"God and angel and soul are not contained in space, but contain it.

"Many angels cannot be in the same space.

"The motion of angels in space is nothing else than different contacts of different successive places.

"The motion of an angel is a succession of his different operations.

"His motion may be continuous or discontinuous at his will.

"The velocity of the motion of an angel is not according to the quantity of his strength, but according to his will.

"The motion of the illumination of an angel is three-fold, or circular, straight and oblique."

The above lucid sample of scholastic philosophy, easily understood by all, is a sample of the mighty influence of Christianity in retard-

ing the progress of the human mind. It was thus the mind of man was turned from scientific study, to the subtilties of the school of divinity which Rome found more profitable for the maintenance of her doctrines. No greater misfortune ever came upon the world than, the misdirection by the church, of the human mind, turning its really able minds away from the channels of science, discovery and invention, and setting them weaving the cobwebs of sophistry and confounding the simplicity of truth with a false philosophy and a captious logic.

Some of the greatest questions ever debated by Christian theologians, were: "Can angels pass from one extreme to another without passing through the middle?" "Can angels know things more clearly in the morning?" "How many angels can dance on the fine point of a needle without jostling one another?" "Was, or was not Christ a Hermaphrodite?" "Are there excrements in Paradise?" "Will the pious at the resurrection rise with their bowels?" "What was the color of the Virgin Mary's hair?" "Did the angel Gabriel appear to her in the shape of a serpent, a dove, a man or a woman?"

Orthodox angelology declares that only men are angels, and that they are without sex, a truly deplorable condition for most of us to contemplate, a doom which makes us "sicklied all o'er with the pale cast of thought," the thought that maketh cowards of us all, and inclineth us to endure the ills we have, rather than to deliberately plunge into perpetual negation. To be or not to be a sexless angel throughout all eternity! That is the question at which we pause; for, of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

Angelology throws no light on the sex conditions of the Other Place; but there, as here, we are supposed to exist and suffer in the flesh, and have sex. This, no doubt, is the reason that broad is the road leading thereto, and that many follow it.

John of Thessalonia was the first to call a meeting of the church council to discuss the sex of angels. John was firm for the Man, and it was the decision of that illustrious assembly, that men only should be represented as such. John and the members of that council must have been emasculated monks. I have often thought what a spirituelle and radiant throng, an angelic flock of monks would make, as in their flowing draperies, with crowns on their heads, lilies and harps in their hands, they would, warbling, rise and soar away into the crystalline ether. I don't want to be an angel. I want to be a man; but I would like to go to heaven for awhile, just to see this sight.

I have often wondered at the Christians of to-day who dream of, and long for a heaven where they will wear a long flowing and gauzy robe, and twang a harp, and strut in a crown, and locomote through the air. There is not one of them who sings, "I want to be an angel," who to-day could be induced to put on wings, and ap-

parel himself like one, and walk down the street and be seen of the public. Not one but would be ashamed to be seen in the privacy of his own home, thus apparelled. Yet they want to appear in the future, in a character, in which they would now be ashamed to be seen. Queer people, Christians. If there is no sex in heaven, and all things there are pure, and the climate perfect, as we are told, why any robe at all?

Notwithstanding that neither church nor art approves of the departure from orthodox angelology, which admits men only as angels, numerous genuine feminine angels appear both on canvass, and in marble. I observed several birds of this type or gender, in St. Peters'. In the ancient world, woman's inferiority to man was an accepted fact. She was not regarded with enough importance to have any decided influence on art, or in the Christian church or in Heaven; consequently, she was not identified among the aerial migrations or orchestras of the heavenly hosts. Artists, I suppose, didn't paint her as an angel, because the church wouldn't have her. Most of the great artists, like most of the great musicians were crazy. The continuous pursuit or application of one idea or sentiment threw them out of balance. As artists and musicians get short on brains, they get long on hair. No thoughtful person can go through the churches and galleries of Europe, as I have done, and make a study of sacred art, without coming to the conclusion that the artists were as crazy as the clergy.

The origin of angels is not known. It is assumed that they existed prior to creation, even prior to "nothing," and that their numbers were innumerable. Then, as now, they were all abbreviated males, wingless or non-wingless. If the Bible be true, rank and aristocracy are features of angeldom. Baby boy angels are called cherubs. Then there are plain, common angels-messengers, harp-tuners, and fighting legions (the working class). Then come guardian angels, choir singers, warriors like Michael (the original Mike), Captains of hosts, knights, and trumpeters, like Gabe. Then come the Archangels (archbishops), cherubims (cardinals, priests), and seraphims (popes). The seraphims are supposed to be close to the throne, while cherubims, who are wiser than the seraphims, are given special duties to perform. There is no heavenly, or church record in history, of angel girl babies, or of angel women; still, "the sisterings" persist in singing, "I want to be an angel," and in wanting to go to a place where they wont admit them as angels. This is the most we know of angels. What with the information of Tom Aquinas and my own, the reader by this time, ought to be away up on the origin, nature, habits and sex of these useful creatures.

How can any one having a knowledge of the philosophy of Paganism, turn from it, and read the Christian theology which followed, and believe that the change to Christianity was a good thing

for humanity? What is St. Peter's to-day, but a mighty lumber room of superstition, with its myriad saints and angels, and ghoulish relics? And by these, the great power for which it stands, must be measured.

Here in this great temple, the traffic in relics was instituted. Boniface IV, was the greatest collector of relics who ever lived. On November 1, A. D. 607, as many as twenty-eight wagon-loads of relics, were brought to the church of the Virgin, which had been a heathen pantheon. The markets, at times, were flushed with relics, the prices rising and falling accordingly. Fortunes were made and lost at this ghoulish traffic; and from the cures, which the priests pretended they effected, the church robbed the poor and ignorant of millions; and it is still engaged in this outrageous traffic, even in America. And this is the holy religion that took the place of philosophic Paganism.

Out of the thousands of relics that are scattered among the great cathedrals of Europe, I will name a few of the most important.

The Savior's cross and St. Peter's chains are the two most notable relics, in celebration of which, special days are set apart every year. St. Peter was imprisoned twice, once in Jerusalem, and once in Rome. One of the chains that bound him had five links, and the other twenty-eight links, and by miraculous agency the Jerusalem chain was united to the Roman chain, and the placing of this chain around the neck will cure most any disease, especially those of women.

There are enough fragments of the original cross scattered through christendom, which if put into lumber would build a great ship. The clergy claim that it has the power of multiplying itself. Likewise the number of nails by which Jesus was pinned to the cross would be sufficient to fill a ship. These nails also have the power of multiplying themselves. Blacksmiths were employed to make nails, and touch them to the "true nails," and then they became "original" nails. The priests to get possession of one of those nails would levy upon their congregations for thousands of dollars, and blow the money in dissipation.

A rare relic is a part of the finger of the Holy Ghost. Others are "rays of the star which appeared to the three wise men of the East," and a vial of St. Michael's sweat, when he was fighting against the Devil. About fifty different churches have the grave clothes of Christ. As many have his swaddling clothes, and the hay on which he was laid. Several have the seamless coat he wore at the time of his crucifixion. Vials of his blood are very common. These also have the power of multiplying themselves. A favorite trick was to put duck's blood in a vial, having two compartments, one side transparent, and the other opague. By the turning of the vial the priest would be able to make the blood of Christ miracu-

lously reveal itself to the astonished pilgrim, who would at once declare himself cured, and then would part with his coin.

There are also many samples of the milk of the Virgin Mary. By looking at this milk or touching the vase containing it, milk will be restored, immediately or soon after, to the mother deprived of the same. There are a great many teeth of Our Lord, also of St. Paul and other holy men. Two heads of St. John the Baptist, innumerable thorns from the original crown, spears, sponges, bloody handkerchiefs, shrouds, bandages, medals, diapers and bones by the train loads.

Immense traffic was made in the legs of the ass, on which Christ rode on his journey into Jerusalem. A Dutchman having bought from a priest, one of the legs of that ass, discovered afterwards, that the priest had already sold four legs of the same defunct and ancient animal. He went back for an explanation, and was gravely assured that it was all right; for God could multiply and reproduce as many legs as he thought proper for the edification of His chosen people. In fact, the more legs the greater their value, as they must then be standing proofs of the productive power of the Almighty.

The fore-skin of Christ must have also had the power of "multiplying" itself. The original was supposed to have been kept in the Cathedral of Antwerp. Napoleon, seeing thousands of poor, ignorant people there, worshipping it, out of sheer disgust, had it taken out and publicly burned. I aim in this book to avoid introducing subjects of indelicate nature. I do not hesitate to refer, historically to the above, for the simple reason, that any relic, object, idea, or principle, that is fit for reverence, should be fit for mention. Sacred things should not be regarded by religious people, as coarse, indelicate or vulgar. In the cathedral of Cologne are the bones of "The Magi," "The Three wise Men." If you feel that there is a vacuum in your loft, if you would be wise yourself, if you need brain repair, all you have to do is to pay a mark or two, and gaze at the running-gears of the Magi. I forgot to record that the roof of the Cathedral of Cologne, originally was made of lead. Napoleon being short of ammunition, stripped every bit of it off, and had it converted into bullets. The more you read of Napoleon, the more he looms up. He told Paine, that he slept at night with "The Rights of Man" under his pillow, and that the book should be printed in letters of gold. I believe that he would have gladly assisted in forming a French republic, based on the ideas of Paine, who was a hundred years ahead of any man of his time, and who is still far ahead of the present time. But that was an utter impossibility. When even the educated could not grasp the Paine idea, how could the multitudes be expected to comprehend and adapt themselves to it. No, it could not be otherwise, Napoleon was the man for the occasion. He was a brute, but no more brutal than the brutes he

fought, less brutal, for he stood for common humanity, self-government and free-speech; and in traducing Napoleon, let this not be forgotten.

The Bishop of Metz is in possession of a flame of the bush which Moses beheld burning. Relics have been known to jump for joy, to join in the singing at a mass, to emit celestial balms and oils, and to bleed upon order. There were a great many statues and paintings of winking Jesuses.

It would require a book as large as Webster's distionary to give a full history of the relics of the church, and the miraculous cures they have effected. When we stop to consider the adoration given just to one relic, St. Anne's wrist bone, in this country, and the money made from its exposure to believers, we may have some idea of the amount of this traffic still going on in Europe, but cannot even imagine the extent of this sacred imposition, in former times. With the advent of Luther, the traffic in relics fell off, and the prices, for a time, tumbled almost to nothing. But even to-day, such value is placed upon many relics, that millions would not buy them. One can hardly believe that in this day and age, that there are millions of people, on the one hand, who revere and have faith in relics, and on the other hand, that the clergy, claiming to be honest and truthful, would have the cheek to resort to such imposition, in order to obtain money.

Among the statues and paintings in St. Peter's, those of the Virgin of course predominate, and I made a careful study of this picture. As we all know, owing to the Second Commandment, which forbids the making of graven images, there was absolutely no art among the Jews, and consequently, there are no pictures of Christ and the Virgin. Those used, are only ideals, the study of which is very interesting.

According to Rev. Robert Taylor, the original picture, or first painting of the Virgin, was that of "The Marine Venus," painted by Appelles, the first great Greek portrait painter. The model from which this picture was painted, was Campaspe, a mistress of Alexander the Great. Upon going to war against Xerxes, Alexander gave her as a present to Appelles whose mistress, she also became, as well as his model. The picture of the Marine Venus represents Campaspe, standing upon a globe high up in the air, with her feet on a fish. In the perspective, the sun is setting and seems to be drawing water from the sea.

The picture is symbolic of the sun drawing water into the clouds, and scattering it upon the earth to fructify it. Therefore the Marine Venus. The word Marine is taken from the Greek word "Mare," meaning the sea, of which the word Mary is identical and the same. This picture of the Marine Venus, the original Virgin Mary, is to be seen everywhere to-day, throughout American picture stores, and in Catholic homes. From this painting, nearly

all the great masters drew their ideals, although many of them, as I have previously stated, took their own mistresses for their models. Of course, this is no reflection on the Virgin Mary, for she couldn't help it; but it is good for those who worship the Virgin, and adore her picture, to know the origin of it. These beautiful pictures of mistresses, typifying the Virgin have had a wonderful influence in attaching women to the Christian faith. The picture of the Marine Venus, had been taken to Rome, and hung in the Temple of Fortune. Pope Agathos, in the year 608, desiring to obtain the most beautiful picture that art could supply to represent the Virgin, chose from all other presented, "The Marine Venus."

If every person in the world, thoroughly understood the myth of the Virgin, the Christian superstition would soon die. The Virgin of the Bible is none other than the Virgin of the Zodiac, who has existed from time immemorial. This Virgin stands for the month of August, the "mother month" of the year, when the earth produces the fruits of her womb. In the Constellation of "Virgo," the Virgin, is also the figure of "The Husbandman," the mysterious Joseph, the husband of the Virgin, who accompanies her without performing the part of the husband. On the 21st of March, the Constellation of the Virgin is on the Equator, her head down and her hips up, and in this position, the warm "gust" or wind of March impregnates her. The word "Ghost" is taken from the word "gust." A ghost then is only a "gust of wind." Just nine months after the 21st of March, on the 25th of December, the child Jesus, is born—typifying the birth of the sun, to rule the new year.

This is all there is, or ever was of Jesus and the Virgin Mary, I challenge any one to prove the existence of these two personages. Such evidences as we have are only traditional and wholly unworthy of positive acceptance. It was common then, even as it is to-day, for religious enthusiasts, or designing frauds, to declare themselves to be the personification of God. The only contemporary evidence we have of the existence of Jesus, is the twenty or thirty lines in Josephus, which even theologians now admit are an interpolation, and fraudulent.

The picture of Jesus, familiar to all, was ordered by the same Pope, who, no doubt, was up on the origin of his religion, and of phallic and solar symbollism. He ordered the features to be so painted as to represent both the male and female principles in creation, and the solar mysteries were typified by the sun's rays about his head. A close study of this picture of Christ will plainly reveal that it is neither male nor female, but a combination of both, an analogue of the androgyne, or double-sexed deities of primitive worship.

All the Jesuses, of the many who have existed, are only personifications of the Sun. The title of Vishnu, Appollo and Prometheus, as "Son of God," is just as valid as that of the Jewish Jesus. Their

mothers too, were all Marys. There may have been a character in Judea claiming to be God, who may have been a shrewd intelligent fanatic, possessing a knowledge of Eastern necromancy, who made a good living by confusing the ignorant with his sleight-of-hand performances, and upon whose extraordinary reputation, the character of Jesus was built. We have had a Schlatter and a Dowie, who have demonstrated their powers to gain a following, even in these enlightened days. How much easier, with even far less ability, a pretender could gain a following, among a people wholly uneducated. Would a religion, which has used relics to defraud the ignorant, would a religion which has persecuted and tortured millions, which has withheld knowledge from men, and kept them ignorant and enslaved for centuries, would such a religion hesitate to impose a fictitious and fraudulent Savior upon humanity? What is the evidence of such a religion worth? Think of making a God of a man, you have walked and talked with! I have investigated the origin of Christianity, consulting all the evidence at hand to-day. I have weighed the evidence impartially, giving the balance of favor to the faith in which I was reared. My conclusions are that the evidence of the existence of Jesus and Mary, are so vague, unreliable and implausible that it is wholly unworthy of credence. I do not believe such people ever existed. A knowledge of solar symbollsm, will dispel this illusion from any fair unprejudiced mind. I believe them to have been only the traditional Christni and Myrrha who find their counterparts in the Sun and Virgin of the Zodiac.

No matter on which side we gaze, what do we behold but fraud, fraud, fraud; the mysterious, the miraculous, the imaginative, the fearful, the fiendish, the childish and the incomprehensible?

As I roamed around through St. Peters, there was naught of its splendor that escaped my eye. I stood before its great golden altar, with mixed feelings of wonder and pity. I could not help but think of the toil of artisan and workman, and of the sacrificing poor, and pity them. I thought of the weary backs of the millions of women, bending to-day, over wash-tubs, who are daily contributing to the perpetuity of this magnificant fraud.

Instead of being overwhelmed with reverence, like the many who come here, the thought which most dominated my mind was, "What does all this marbled magnificence and golden glory and jewelled splendor stand for?

I looked at the angels, and thought of the use to which they had been put, to rob mankind by appealing to the emotions. I saw the relics, and thought of the use to which they are put, to bewilder, cheat and confound. I saw the statue of Loyola, and thought of the persecutions and horrors of the Inquisition. And as I looked on all these barbarous insignias of a cruel superstition, never before, in my life, did I feel so glad and happy, that my mind had become emancipated from the superstition which this church had

forced upon the world. Never before did I feel so proud that I possessed a mind free, entirely free from a religion which depended, for its existence upon the deception of the ignorant.

As I have gazed from day to day, upon these great cathedrals of Europe, over and over, to myself, I have asked, Of what good and use have they been to humanity? There they stand towering high in the midst of wretchedness. What is Christianity as seen reflected in them?

My answer to all these questionings is: Christianity is, or was the monopoly of belief, which led to the monopoly of wealth, which led to control of the state, and concentration of power in a one man idea and institution, all for the purpose, of controlling and exploiting humanity unduly for its own profit. It is the one great conspiracy against mankind. By exploiting the sufferings of the meek and lowly Nazarene, his meekness was converted into money, and but for the control of the politics of nations, the erection of these colossal piles of vanity, would never have been possible.

But the world will never see their like again. The heart of man beats on the same eternal springs, and whether he advances, or occasionally retrogrades, he cannot escape out of the march of human thought. And just as man progresses on to loftier heigths, he leaves the superstitions of the dead centuries behind. These great temples are but little more to day, than magnificent museums, whose size alone attracts the gaping crowds. With the ruins of the Pagans, already they belong to antiquity. Mankind will never again consent to be taxed for the erection of such giant structures. There they stand, colossal monuments of the most colossal fraud that ever stood in the pathway of progress, and obstructed the advance of yearning, questioning groping humanity. Only as mankind has been able to make new paths around them, has it been able to progress on to its present greatness and glory.

I did not get to see the Vatican. In order that we Freethinkers should not see therein, the Pope gave out that it was closed indefinitely for repairs. I remained in Rome several days longer than I intended, for the purpose of getting a view of its splendors, but it was still closed and I had to go on. It is said that there are a hundred million dollars piled up in this old rookery. Externally, it is a forbidding structure, and being adjacent to St. Peters, greatly destroys the beauty of that temple. I do not feel that I missed much. I had seen so many gold walls and ceilings, and sacred art, that I was surfeited with them, and I know the Vatican is largely but a repetition. His Holiness may keep it locked up for all I care. It is only a question of time when it will be a national museum, and its doors open to everybody.

"St. Paul's beyond the walls," is considered by many as the finest church in Rome. It is not nearly so large as St. Peter's, and its exterior has rather a barn like appearance. In front of it is an

immense monolith, one of the largest I have seen. These monoliths are "phallic" or sex in origin, and in front of a priest house is a very appropriate place for them to stand.

St. Paul's is two miles out of the city, and stands among the gardening population. All the first great churches, including St. Peter's, were erected beyond the walls, and I suppose they call this "St. Pauls' beyond the walls" for the rhyme in it. The interior is in imitation of the Greek Pagan temples, so classically pure and chaste, that it was a relief, just for once, to get away from the gold and glitter, and the crosses and wings. As I walked over the floors, and through the long polished colonnades, I felt as if I might have been in classic Athens in the palmy days of Alcibiades.

The ceiling only is one mass of figured gold, while all the walls, floors and columns are of marble and shining with an icy glaze. I went to see this church twice, and at neither time, were there more than a half dozen worshippers, and they, the poor, ignorant appearing gardeners thereabout. Visitors kept coming and going all the time.

The most striking contrast connected with all these great Christian churches, is that existing between the churches themselves and those who worship in them. I have attended Sunday services, when the swell crowds were out, and during week days, at all hours of the day, for five or six weeks, and had fair opportunities to judge of the class of people, who to-day are the real bona-fide Christians; and I must say that ninety-five per cent. of them are made up of the poor and ignorant, those who have the upward look in their faces, but not the light. To see these wretched and mentally dwarfed people, "bowed with the weight of the priestly and kingly burdens, to which they have bent their backs for centuries," to see these gnarled and twisted ill-dressed shapes, with low and seamed brows, creep cat-like, almost ghost-like in and out of these marble halls, presents a contrast that must strike every beholder, that some one has committed an awful crime against humanity. In a temple like St. Pauls, one would naturally expect to see worshippers, in harmony physically and intellectually, with the classic beauty and finish of the place. Beautiful as this temple was, and a delight to my eye, I saw that it had not the effect of beautifying the human face—the most beautiful of all things. I saw that millions had been applied to the erection of this great temple, instead of going to schools, and to the cultivation of human brains. I should think that Catholics, coming to Rome, and seeing how their money has been spent, would be chary about shelling out hereafter. The same may be said of all these great churches—gaudy, glittering palaces, where ignorance and wretchedness may come to worship, and appear out of place, great monstrous monuments, memorializing the misery and degradation, of the human mind—the work of the Catholic church for sixteen hundred years.

A short distance beyond St. Pauls, is the church of the Three Fountains. At the fountain are three marble heads those of St. Peter, St. Paul and Christ, and a stream of water is issuing from the mouth of each. The water is Holy water—it has been blessed. Notwithstanding all comes from the same pipe, that which pours from the several mouths, have different virtues—that is, different curative properties. Everything is "cure" over here—all you need is faith and money. Going around so much among these holy places, and coldly scrutinizing sacred things, made me feel at last, that I was a sinful creature, and needed a cleansing of conscience, and possibly a few devils driven out of me. So I took the dipper and sampled from each mouth, and then said to myself, "Now! Old Boy, will you be good?"

I sampled the waters again, and on tasting each, smacked my lips, in order to distinguish the difference in "the virtues;" and it did seem that I was able to detect a slight difference in the celestial flavors. I will never forget the church of the Three Fountains, I ought to have known better than to have mixed drinks, even holy drinks. I was very sick that night.

St. John's in Lateran, is, by many, regarded as the finest church in Rome. The facts are that each have special pleasing and distinguishing features.

St. John's in Lateran, means St. John's in the field of Lateran, Lateran being the name of the owner of the field or farm on which it is built. This church is located about a half mile outside the walls. It is a strange sight to see great churches like this and St. Paul's standing away off, lonely like, away from the centers of population. In the last few years Rome has been building rapidly, and tenements and houses of small farmers and tradesmen, are being erected about St. John's. This church has an imposing front, and an interior that is a mass of burnished gold. The more I looked at those gaudy and glittering ceilings and bejewelled altars, the more I found myself saying, "And the Lord had no place to lay his head!" And the more I thought of his command to the young man to sell all he had and divide with the poor. In contradiction, "the church, which has been built in his honor and which operates on the above advice, first robs the poor, next keeps the poor poor, and in the end damns the poor. Hell has to have its big majority, and rich people never go to hell.

I will not enter into a description of this church. You may imagine what it looks like by others already described. In this church is the table at which the Lord sat among his disciples at "The Last Supper." I had to go back the second time to get to see this table, and it cost me four lira, or one dollar. Just think of what an investment that old table has been. Think of the hundreds of thousands, yes millions of people who have paid from one to hundreds of liras to see that table. If I hadn't intended writing

this book, I wouldn't have given two cents to have seen it; but in order to get material of interest, I felt that I was justified in paying the price. For two lira more, I might also have seen the "navel string of Christ;" but as before mentioned, I doubted my ability to identify it. I told the guide that if it had a "nimbus" around it, I would pay twice the money.

The table on which the Lord's Last Supper was spread is a wide board six feet long, and about three inches thick, I had been told that in Leonardo's great picture of "The Last Supper," the table was painted, using, this original one for the model. They are wholly unlike, that in the picture of Leonardo, being many times the dimensions of the original. If this board supported the feast for twelve men, it couldn't have been a very elaborate spread. I never knew who gave that feast, whether the Lord, or some one of his disciples, or whether they all chipped in, and got the few apples and bunches of grapes and hunks of bread that we see pictured in the spread.

I never look at that picture of "The Last Supper," but I think of this, from Shakespeare, on Imagination—

"Oh who can hold a fire in his hand,
By thinking on the frosty Caucausus?
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite,
By bare imagination of a feast?"

If the Lord gave that banquet, considering that he was the Almighty ruler and possessor of the universe, and that it was his farewell tribute to his friends, it was certainly, the stingiest lay out ever given. But I do not think the Lord gave it. I never heard of him doing any work after he was ten or twelve, and I never heard of him, or those who pretend to be like unto him giving anything away, except their "blessings." The disciples must have raked about thirty-nine cents out of their girdles, to have made this unusual display of extravagance or most likely some poor ignorant woman set out all she had, and went hungry herself. Anyhow, the "table" is a fraud, and I told the guide so, presenting the arguments here given. I asked him if I should understand that this was the whole of the table or just a part of it, but I am not sure that he understood me, and I couldn't understand him, although he could talk broken English. I discovered one thing, if you are critical, and inclined to doubt and question, the guide in these big churches, who are generally linguists, never can understand you. In going into churches the second time, and joining a crowd, I heard very fluent English from guides, who couldn't understand half I had asked them a day or two before. The "table" had rather an ancient appearance and was of hewed lumber, but in size is only a pitiful excuse of a table. The thing most amusing in the con-

struction of the Catholic Faith is its puerile attempts to make its stories fit. There is not a perfect joint in the whole amazing structure.

Standing at the rear of St. John's is a large building, which contains a number of chapels, and a baptistry, called the "baptistry of Constantine," as it was here that this holy man was washed as white as snow.

The pool is not sunk in the floor, but is formed by a round marble wall, a foot thick and four feet high, built on top of the floor. It is right in the center of the building and is thirty feet in diameter. I leaned on that wall and looked over into the pool, and tried to imagine the scene of Constantine's baptism. I have previously stated that there was good evidence that Constantine did not believe very strongly in Christianity, but just used it for his ambitious political purposes. The evidence is this. He died at the age of seventy six, and never would consent to be baptized till just shortly before his death. And here at last, I stood at this pool where that saintly man, lost all his guilty stains by one little priestly plunge. It was one of the solemn moments of my life. Instead of ducking, the Catholics sprinkle now—less trouble.

Leading from this baptistry into one of the chapels, are two huge iron doors, called "The Musical Doors." Instead of being swung on hinges, the iron posterns of these doors, which are rounded at the bottom, are set in a socket, cut in the stone floor. By slowly opening and closing these huge doors, the friction of the posterns in their stone sockets make as fine church music as I ever heard. The old guide could make them play most anything. It is truly wonderful the beautiful anthems that could be produced by the very slow movement of these doors. I asked the guide if the music was miraculous? He replied that it was, and that some saint renowned as a musician, controlled them.

"How you can lie!" said I, "Don't you ever get ashamed of telling that lie, and tired of crossing yourself after you tell it?"

He gave me a look so vicious, that I had to smile at him. I told him, not to get mad, that I didn't mean to interfere with his business. As I left, I took from my pocket the card which the minister of education, had presented to all the Freethought delegates, which card gave free admission to all the public places of amusement in Rome, Naples and Pompeii.

When he saw what it was, he grew furious, and talked so fast I couldn't understand a word he said; but no doubt he was trying to tell me that that card didn't go at that church. I flashed this card on several, just for the fun of seeing the church guides get peppery over it. I gave the old liar a lira.

Another large building adjacent to St. John's, contains the "Scala Santa," or Sacred Stairs. The door and vestibule of the building are very large and finished with magnificent marbles. In

the center, interiorly, the sacred steps, just like a great stairway in any public building lead up to a chapel on the floor above. There are twenty-eight of these marble steps. They are about fourteen feet long and fifteen inches wide, making a broad and splendid stairway. These marble slabs, originally, were in the judgment hall of the House of Pontius Pilate in Jerusalem; and it was up and down these steps that Jesus went to and from his trial. Two stories are told of their removal to Rome. One is that the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine brought them to Rome. Another that angels bore them through the night on their snowy pinions, and set them down on this spot, and out of honor of this miraculous manifestation, a great temple was built to contain them. Luther used to knee his way up these steps frequently when he was a student in Rome.

Many thousands of people yearly, go up these steps on their knees, first one knee up, then the other. On each step a prayer is said. Some go up very slowly, and others get up in fifteen to thirty minutes. The stairs will comfortably accommodate about eighty people. I am told that often they are crowded all day long, and people in long rows stand outside the temple waiting their turn.

The Catholic in Rome tells you that these are the genuine original steps. The Catholic in Jerusalem shows the traveler there, the genuine original steps, still remaining in the House of Pontius Pilate. I wouldn't want to insinuate that these good people would lie about this matter, and will simply say that no doubt the steps are capable of "multiplying themselves," like the "true cross," and the "nails," and the "legs of the ass," on which Jesus rode when he went up into Jerusalem.

When I went in, there were eleven women on the stairs. I stood without the wooden railing that cut them off from the main hall, and watched them ascending and praying. Finally I concluded that I wanted to go to the top. A wretched looking, sore eyed old man stood guard, and I gave him a lira, and he opened the gate, and up I started, when all at once, the very bedlam let loose from that old man's tongue. He ran his vowels together as fast as the click of a threshing machine, and the motions of his body were as quick as a monkey's. Up his arms would go, and then down, and he would half squat, and pat himself on the knees, and point to my knees, and make a body motion for me to get down. I understood his signs, and said to him, "Not I, old man, not I!" He kept continuing his contortions, and then made a motion for me to step down and out, and another motion which I took to mean for me to get clear out of the house; but I afterwards learned that he meant that I should take a side stairs, that I didn't know about, if I wanted to go to the top floor.

There I stood on the third step profaning the holy stairs, and

there the old man stood screeching like a parrot and going through his circumvolutions. I made up my mind, right suddenly that I was going up, and right up I shot, dodging the devoted and distracted daughters of divine discipline. When I reached the top, I congratulated myself that I had escaped being smitten by some angel of the Lord, for my offense in the sight of all present; and all the more so, when on looking around I saw a black robed priest leaning against the wall and scowling and glaring at me with cold keen banditti eyes. There he stood like a statue, swarthy, heavy featured, low-browed, and never changing his fierce expression. They have soldiers in all these churches, uniformed and carrying short swords, but I didn't see any around, and this lessened my fears of being apprehended.

In the meatime, ten or twelve more had come in and had taken their position on the steps, which are covered with smooth planks to protect them from the wear. Here and there in these planks are augur holes, through which the climbers put their fingers, to touch the sacred floor beneath, on which Jesus had trod. Some of them would put their mouths to the augur holes, and touch the holy stones with their tongues. I saw a wretched old crone tongue one of the holes, and soon after, a rather nice looking young woman, apply her kisser to the same place. I suppose that the faith serum inoculated early by the priest is sufficient immunity against diptheria, tuberculosis and other diseases. In a little while, some people came up the side-stairs and joined me, and some of them in whispers, expressed their disgust. The most wonderful thing about them was, that the common people of Rome, after all of these centuries, have not been able to learn that these steps are a fraud. But not so wonderful either, considering the hold of superstition on the human mind, and how, from generation to generation, it is nursed from the mother's milk. On Mt. Adams, in Cincinnati is a wooden stairway of two hundred and fifty steps which were blessed by Pope Leo, of Blessed Memory, and on Good Friday of each year, these steps are crowded from morning to night. One would hardly expect such exhibition of intellectual servitude in America, but the facts are that there is no European imposition that is not carried on in America, not always so openly, but we have importations of every money making fraud, sacred to the Holy Church abroad. In Cincinnati, after the worshippers have reached the top of the sacred stairs, they continue on their knees across the street and into the church, in the vestibule of which is exposed a saint in a glass case, who "never suffered corruption."—Truth! for I have seen it with mine own eyes. The knee pedestrians kiss it, then rise and pass around a contribution box. But let us get back to the Scala Santa in Rome.

When I had seen enough, I debated in my mind whether I should return as I came, or go around the side stairs. There stood

the gleaming eyed priest, and there sat the old man below. I didn't think the priest could catch me, and I didn't fear the old man, so out of pure mischief, down I shot. I didn't wait to observe results but proceeded right on through the vestibule and out the great open door. Were those steps re-blessed and re-consecrated after that? Sure! I have often wondered since, how much "holy water" was required to restore them to their original and pristine purity.

St. John's in Lateran, is big enough to accommodate all the worshippers within two square miles around. But within the same space there are many other big and little churches. Right near, and inside the wall, is the great church of St. Mary Maggiore.

Considering the miraculous event connected with the building of this church it is surely one of the most important in Rome, or for that matter, in all the world.

I will narrate the event as told by Mr. Ezekiel. A very wealthy patrician of Rome had a strange dream one night. In this dream, the Lord appeared to him, and told him, that at some place in Rome, snow would fall in August, and upon this spot he should use a portion of his vast wealth in erecting a church. The Patrician told quite a number of his friends about the strange dream, and laughed over it, saying he was pretty sure he would never have to build the church, as such a thing as snow falling in August had never happened and was not very likely to. Of course this dream was handed about and generally commented on.

In the course of a few weeks, strange to relate, the Pope had a similar dream, which was publicly announced, and became the talk in Rome. The Pope too, dreamed that snow would fall in Rome, some time in August, and upon the spot where it would fall, the Lord had told him that a wealthy son of the church, would build a temple commensurate with the importance of this miraculous manifestation. All Rome of course, was looking for snow, and it came. Very early one Sabbath morning in August, the spot on which now stands this church of Saint Mary Maggiore was covered with snow, and thousands saw it before it melted, and confirmed the miracle. It was a lonely spot away out in a field. The place is still sparsely settled. The Patrician saw plainly that the command was from the Lord, and lavished his wealth on the building of this church, and thus gained the favors not only of Heaven, but of St. Peter as well.

The Sequel: about fifteen or twenty miles east of Rome, is a peak of the Appenines which is covered with snow all the year round. I saw it plainly from the hill on which stands the statue of Garibaldi. Selecting a cool night in August, a large number of wagons had conveyed the snow to Rome. It was scattered at daybreak out in the field, and the alarm, soon thereafter sounded. The most interesting book that I can conceive of, would be one which

would record all the schemes of Christianity, which have been worked to get money from fools, rich as well as poor.

My particular notice was drawn to the immense number of lights burning in these dreary old churches, some of which burn continuously day and night. I thought of the millions of dollars spent yearly by the Catholic superstition in wax candles alone, and then I thought of the condition of the women and girls of Italy, and what a change would take place in their condition, if such expenditures should be applied to their education. And it seems so strange, too, that people are so slow to learn that the burning of lights in a church is only a relic of Sun Worship—and one of the main features of the Pagan ritual—the twelve lights representing the twelve months of the year, and the golden candlestick with seven lights representing the seven planetary systems, etc. The Persians burned fires on the sacred mountain tops, never letting them go out. At night, the sacred fire on the mountain reminded them, and took the place of their God, the Sun, until he came again. The Christian idea is the same, and Jesus is their Sun God.

A story is told of a New Englander, from a small rural town in Massachusetts, who, during a recent trip to Rome, was shown a certain shrine before which burned a solitary taper. The taper was explained by the guide as having burned before this particular shrine for over seven hundred years. "He is a miraculous taper." stated the guide. "Never has he been put out. He has burned for seven long centuries, and not once has he been extinguished."

The Yankee was silent with awe for a moment, and then leaning his lank body far over, he gave the light a vigorous puff, extinguishing the flame. With a triumphant chuckle he turned to the stricken guide and exclaimed. "Wa'all it's aout now!"

I went through the church of the Capuchins. The monks of this church utilize the bones of their brother monks, long departed, for decorative purposes—walls, ceilings, lamps, and altars being fantastically decorated with these ghoulish embellishments. The bones of a particular holy monk, in this church, exudes an oily substance of miraculous healing virtues, and which puts the doctors right out of business. Its powers to cure every known disease, are even as miraculous as those of Peruna. This reminds me that the credulity of people, religiously, is not so very much greater than their credulity medically. With all these miraculous cures, about him, it looks strange that the late Pope Leo should have preferred the services of that Atheist doctor, Lapponi. Strange, too that the present Pope has retained his services. More than one Pope has been poisoned by Cardinals, and it would appear that Leo and Sarto have more faith in the Atheist, than in some physician of the faith, who might come under the influence of the Holy Princes of the Church.

The next church I visited was that of St. Agnes, noted as being

the church where lambs are especially consecrated from whose wool, the nuns of St. Anges weave the pallium—the symbol of power of the Archbishops of the church and which is presented to them by the Pope. The pallium is a plain strip of white cloth, sewed together at the ends, forming a band, and is worn by the Archbishops when installed into office. Every year, on St. Agnes' day, two white lambs, decorated with ribbons and flowers, are brought into the church, while the Agnes Dei is being sung, led to the altar, and presented to two canons of St. Lateran, that church being the episcopal seat of the Pope. After the lambs are blessed and made holy, and duly informed of their sacred office, they are sent to the convent of St. Cecilia, where the palliums are made from their wool. When completed, the palliums are laid, for one night, on the tomb of St. Peter, no doubt for the purpose that they may imbibe St. Peters well known disposition for veracity, and this completes their consecration. These lambs are generally conscious of their importance, and have often been known to frisk right up to the altar, bow to the priests, cross themselves, drop to their knees, and engage in prayer. Truth! See Brewer's Dictionary of Miracles.

I went into a number of other church—one very common looking on the outside had a marble interior of most wonderful beauty, made no doubt from the castings of the Pagan temples. The church had nine chapels, and at each a priest was talking to himself about something. There were only sixteen common looking people in the church. From the slim attendance on week days, it is very evident that the observances of saint days, festivals, etc., are falling into a deseutude, somewhat obnoxious.

To one object in this church, I was particularly attracted. It was that of a little room, in a side wall, six by eight, with a large glass covering the front of it, and looking much like a common store show window. The walls on the inside were lined with large and small gold and silver hearts, and other sacred-bric-a-brac. On a golden chair on either side of the room, next to the glass, sat life-size wax figures of Jesus and Mary. Both figures were dressed in the very gaudiest trappings. Jesus looked like Solomon in all his glory, and the Virgin, like the Empress of Japan. Both were adorned with the richest jewels. If they were genuine, they were worth at least two or three hundred thousands of dollars. Both Jesus and Mary were holding out their hands, their fingers being literally covered with diamonds, some of them being as large as quarters. Their attitudes were that of any one holding out their hands to exhibit their jewels. They seemed to say, "See my diamonds!"

In front of this case, on his knees, down on the hard floor, knelt a little old ragged man. His hair was shocky, his clothes worn to the limit and dirty, and the skin of his feet showed through the holes in his shoes. There he kneeled in silent prayer, making no motion, except when he crossed himself. I looked at the starved

form of the man, and his clothes, and then at the glittering trappings of the waxed figures of Jesus and Mary, and thought, how can such things be in this day and age of the world? I remained a half hour right near, waiting for that man to rise, as I wanted to see his face. I could wait no longer, and after looking around a little more, left; but at the door, turned again to see if the old man had risen. Still he knelt in abject and silent reverence before the silly symbols of the Mammon, that had robbed him, in childhood of his reason. Of all the scenes of my trip which pass in review through my memory, there's none that comes more oft, or plainer, seems than that poor old wretch, as last I saw him from the church door, still kneeling so silently and abjectly before the be-diamonded idols, of the Christian superstition.

Out along the Appian Ways is a little old Pagan Temple, now used as a Christian church, which has been given the name of The Church of Quo Vadis, and which contains one of the most remarkable relics in all Rome. The Appian Way was a walled road, thirty miles long, leading through a fertile valley to the sea-shore. The road is about thirty feet wide, with a pavement on either side, four feet wide. The walls were about twelve to twenty feet high and four feet thick. The Eastern wall furnished shade to the farmers and gardeners coming to Rome in the mornings, and the Western wall a shade returning in the afternoon. It was the greatest of the Roman highways. Here and there portions of the wall are standing and in good state of preservation, but most of it has been levelled to the ground. On the outside of both walls, for many miles are the remains of tombs. These tombs were those of noble and wealthy families. A door led through the wall in front of each tomb. Some of these tombs were immense Mausoleums, containing chapels as large as an ordinary church. Some were obelisks, some of tower shape, fifty to a hundred feet high. I imagine that these tombs, and the Appian Way were among the greatest sights of ancient Rome. Most every one is familiar with the picture of the tomb of St. Cecelia, which is yet in fair preservation, and from which a good idea can be gained of the monstrous proportions of many of these tombs, stretching on either side for twenty-five miles.

The Church or Chapel of Quo Vadis is situated outside the walls, among the ruins of the tombs. The guide, a monk, explained that this church was built right over the spot, where the spirit of Christ appeared to Peter, as the latter was fleeing from Rome. On the interior wall of the church is a painting showing Peter slinking along the Appian Way, looking so guilty of having done something, that it is a wonder the peasants didn't arrest him on general principles. 'Pete' was always getting in trouble with the Lord, or some one or other, and lying out of it. I have always wondered at the Lord, after catching 'Pete' in a square out and out

lie, that he should have chosen him to start his church. But having honored Peter above the rest, and having let him off so easy, for lying, I have never wondered at the loose way his successors have in dealing with the truth. But back to the picture.

The pavement in the Appian Way is four feet wide and made of red sand-stone. Set in the middle of the pavement is a white marble slab, and standing on this slab is the ghost of Christ with a hand stretched forth, as in the act of stopping Peter. Get this well in your mind. This picture on the interior wall of the church, shows that the meeting of the spirit of Christ with Peter took place over in the Appian Way, while the Monk said that the Church outside of the wall was built right over the spot.

As the monk explained it, "The spirit of Jesus, stopping the fleeing apostle, said to him, "Peter, where goest thou?" And Peter observing the spirit of the Lord, replied, "Master they seek to kill me, and I flee," whereupon the spirit upbraided Peter for being of little faith, and told him to return and fear not, for he, himself was going into Rome, and he did not fear."

Of course, a ghost that could escape through a key hole, or which could appear or disappear at will, had no reason to fear.

But now to the remarkable relic referred to in the beginning. In the center of the floor of this church is the identical marble slab, on which the ghost of Jesus stood when it apprehended Peter as he was fleeing from Rome. It's a fact. I saw it with mine own eyes. There it is, the identical slab, set in the floor, with an iron railing around it. Imprinted in the hard and polished marble slab, to the depth of an inch, are the bare foot-prints of the ghost of Jesus—no smiles—it's a fact, I saw them; and they looked just exactly as I think the foot-prints of the ghost of Jesus would look.

"Da Monk" told us all to stand close around, and take off our hats (and quite a number did so) for we were standing, he said, in the very presence of the foot-prints of our Lord." There were thirty or forty in the party, and as they were mostly English, the monk spoke in our language, and fairly plain. It was amusing to see this interesting specimen of pre-historic man, bow and cross himself, and pray to those ghostly foot-prints. At the conclusion of his antics, he said, "Let each observe closely. Look and tell me, *could mortal hands have made those foot-prints?*"

A silence, as of the grave, fell on the crowd, as they stared at the foot-prints wonderingly. I just couldn't help it, and blurted out in reply, "You bet your boots, old man, mortal hands could make them, and mortal hands did make them." The monk turned to me with an astonished expression, and nearly every one else looked petrified. "Say," said I, "you have been doing a lot of talking, now let me do a little. How does it come that that marble looks so new, and has such a good polish on it after 1900 years? How does it happen that the picture on the wall shows that the meeting

took place over in the Appian Way, and you say that here is the exact spot? How does it come that the spirit of Jesus Christ left foot-prints in this hard marble, and not in the soft red sand-stone? When I step in mud, I make a foot-print. When I step on stone, I make no impression, therefore a ghost must be many thousand times heavier than I. Now your reverence, please tell me just how much a ghost has to weigh, to leave an impression of its feet an inch deep, in a hard marble slab? Now answer my question if you can?"

After a moment, he said, "This stone has been miraculously preserved. All things are possible with God. You do not doubt these foot-prints do you?"

"I most certainly do," said I, "and of all the infernal frauds of the hundreds, I have seen in Rome, this is the infernalist. Why, how can you have the cheek to stand here and say that those are the foot-prints of a spirit, and ask, "could mortal hand have made them? You know very well that any good sculptor could make them. I'll tell you why you have the cheek to tell this story. In the first place, you are looking for the money. In the second, the people who listen to you, most of whom, outside of your faith, know you are lying, haven't the spunk to tell you so. They fear, that as they are strangers, some trouble may arise, and indignant as they often are, still keep silent. I paid you my lira, and you are welcome to it, but I don't propose to have such lies told me, and then leave you in the belief that I was fool enough to swallow them. If every one spoke their sentiments as I have done, you would soon quit your job."

That's so! That's so! It takes an American to speak out!" said a woman who crowded up to me and shook my hand, while others followed. It is astonishing how brave a crowd will get, when it has a leader. They all began to discuss the foot-prints (?) and laugh about them, when two minutes before, they were as mum and reverent as any one could be. The people crowding around me, the monk became separated, and as he had shown all to be seen, the party left. The most fun I had on my trip was my disputation with guides. I found them tame, when the truth was put at them point-blank, and gradually growing bolder, I called a lie, a lie. I would generally ask them what there was about my looks that led them to think that I would believe such a story, or such a lie, and then the dispute would begin. Whether they got mad, or whether they sheepishly admitted that it was all "tradition," it was alike amusing. They were not used to my kind of talk, and always looked so rattled and non-plused. I told a number that I respected them far more than the fools who pay to be fooled, and who fear to make objections.

I attended services on Sunday, in the morning at the Methodist church and in the evening at the Presbyterian. They had very

large, good looking audiences, mostly men. I was told that the Roman women have such fears of the priest, that they are not so easily induced to come, even when they are converted, and would like to attend. Many also fear the taunts of their ignorant neighbors, and shrink from the abuses heaped upon them. The services were conducted in Italian, and a short English address was made, for the English speaking visitors present. Their churches are modern and fine. They not only have schools and kindergartens, but charitable societies and homes, and other features the Catholics have not and the Italian is getting his eyes open by the contrast.

Heretofore the Papacy has had no competition. Now it has found itself in a position where it will have to hustle to keep up with the innovations encroaching upon it. Where will she get the money, to compete with Protestantism all over Europe? As Catholics perceive that the church never took humanitarian interest in the masses, until it was compelled to by competition, they get their eyes open and leave it. She has also now to compete with the State in both Italy and France, in regard to schools, or loose out in retaining possession of the mind of the child. Spain will follow *within twenty-five years, "Mene! Mene! Tekel! Upharsin!"*

The clergy and nobility never provided education, for well they knew that they could control the ignorant, but not the enlightened. Whatever power they still have left, rests upon misdirecting the minds of child-hood, and molding them to prejudice, and to an unreasoning faith. By keeping the masses ignorant and biased with prejudices, they are the better able, not only to keep the masses, divided and disorganized, but also to conceal their own conspiracies and mercenary designs.

There is a big Jewish element in Rome, and one of their synagogues is the finest modern structure in the city. It was closed when I went to it, and I regret that I did not get to see its interior. It is located on the banks of the Tiber, near to the Temple of Vesta.

With the advance of other religious denominations, the influence and power of the Papacy is being rapidly dissipated. It can no longer kill, or suppress through fear. It must compete. Tradition, of course is strong in the human make up, and the Papacy, for a long time yet will command the majority in Rome. But politically she must bow to the strong minority which represents Science Progress and Freethought. In fact, there is no decided opposition to the Pope, except politically and in matters of education. The Freethinkers do not make choice in religions. All they ask is progress, and that the Italian nation shall keep up with the world, and that the Papacy shall not retard it longer. The Pope is still a big attraction, and brings a vast multitude of people annually, to Rome. These leave a lot of money in the city. Rome is not a manufacturing nor a wholesale city. The people have but very few means comparatively, of making a living. Being the capitol city,

the state departments employ vast numbers. There is much building just now, giving employment to many. But the main reliance, is upon the traveling public which is attracted to Rome either by its historic interest or by the Pope or both. The commercial people of Rome, are inclined to be easy on the Pope. To use a vulgar expression, the more suckers who come, and the longer they stay, the better the Roman people like it, and as long as the Pope attracts them, they are not going to give up a good thing. This is the general attitude, so I was told. To illustrate how thoroughly submissive is the church to the civil powers, naught more need be said than, with the one exception of St. Peters, over the doors of every church in Rome, is the Arms or Insignia of the State of the kingdom of Italy, purposely placed there to signify that the church is tributary to the state. St. Peters alone, was not included out of respect to the feelings of the Pope, and so he was left temporal ruler over St. Peters' and the Vatican grounds, and nothing else.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Round About Rome.

The ancient Roman wall is still in a good state of preservation, and is forty to eighty feet high. It is twelve miles in circuit and had sixteen gates. In the company of Sir Moses Ezekiel, I drove five miles, on the outside of the walls, and thus obtained a comprehensive idea of the size. In places, it is very majestic and picturesque. I made a close study of this wall, and also of the ancient aqueducts, stately remnants of which, stretch here and there for many miles, far over the valleys to the mountains. It is often eighty feet high, and very picturesque. What a sight! Miles of pillars and arches, supporting an aqueduct high in the air. The more one sees of the ruins, more and more one is impressed with the greatness of Pagan Rome. Here and there outside of the walls, the city is building; but much of the space is occupied by gardeners There is a great deal of bamboo raised. In the absence of timber, the bamboo is utilized in many ways.

One of the most interesting places I visited was the tomb of the Scipios, located some distance out along the Appian Way.

Originally, I would judge it to have been as large as a three story mansion. Only a heap of stone and brick about twenty feet high remains above ground. The guide led me by a torch through two floors under ground. I am sure the length of the circular passages was at least five hundred feet. These were all lined with beautiful marbles, when built, but none remain. The churches cleaned out even the glorious tombs of the Pagans, for building material—even robbed the grave. Built upon death, it still lives on death. I stood before the ancient bronze doors, in the walls, where were buried the great Roman generals. There, still to be seen on the bronze plates are the names, "Scipio, Asiaticus," and "Scipio Africanus," and I thought of away back, in boy-hood days, how the history of the Roman and Carthagenian wars thrilled me, and how I always sympathized with Hannibal and wanted him to whip the Scipios.

The Catacombs are about two miles out the Appian Way, and are the most celebrated Catacombs in existence. Although they are regarded as being of Christian origin, there is no doubt in my mind but that they are wholly of Pagan origin, and I regard them as the burying place of the Common People. In the first place their loca-

tion along the Appian Way, and in the midst of the great tombs of the wealthy, indicate their pagan origin. Besides they are on a scale, vast and mighty like all the works of the Pagans and unlike the Christians. Latterly, however ,they were used exclusively as burial places of Christians. The Catacombs are owned by the Dominican monks, and are a source of immense revenue. It is always, as I have previously told you, Christianity is based on death, grovels amid the dead, and lives on death.

The price of admission is two liras, and an average of three hundred are shown through daily. The entrance is several hundred feet off the Appian Way on level, but high ground. A small chapel is built over the entrance. Each person is given a coiled taper, which he holds in his hand, and which will burn for two hours. We descended a flight of stone stairs, just like going down the cellar steps at home, and kept on going down and winding through interminable narrow halls. The Catacombs are hard to describe. Although I had often read of them, I never fully understood them, and I will try to make them plain to you. Each floor is laid off just like the streets and squares of a miniature city. Just imagine several cities of streets and squares built upon each other, the streets running, at right angles, or in every direction, and you have the correct idea of the Catacombs. Stone steps here and there lead down from city to city.

All this excavation is cut out of a very soft red sand-stone, easily pliable to the pick. The halls, or streets, are three to four feet wide, and eight feet high, and straight cut and perpendicular, just like the halls in your homes. The graves were cut in the sides of the soft red sand-stone walls. They are nearly all empty now, and look like a lot of shelves, or a bureau with the drawers pulled out. There were many family burial grounds. Beginning at the bottom, one grave over the other was cut in the rock, clear to the top of the wall. The graves were of the size of the individual buried in them —some only two feet in length—those of infants. The lowest level to which I descended was one hundred feet, and I was told, that there were floors still beneath me. The Catacombs are a great series of underground cells, a mighty ditched cavern as it were. Here and there, square holes have been dug into them from the surface above, to give air and light.

They have not been wholly explored, but are known to extend for a mile. Now and then, the halls open into wider halls along which, cut in the walls, are good sized vaults, some arched, eight feet square and four or five feet high, which are painted or frescoed, These no doubt, are the aristocratic streets of the dead. Again we would come to a good sized room, which the guide said had been used for a chapel. The charnel rooms are immense excavations, containing the bones of the dead, and are a gruesome sight to behold. These bones were removed, from the graves, to give the

Christians a place to sleep, so it is said; but this is an unlikely story as Christians always make out the worst of things in their favor. I went together with a party of French pilgrims, and two young men from San Francisco, both of whom talked French. The guide explained in French, and the two Americans helped me out. He was certainly a jolly monk, and kept the crowd laughing with his witticisms. Finally we came to a most pretentious room in which, there was a big stone sarcophagus, in which lay one of the Innocents, the last Pope under the reign of the Pagans. There was a priest with the French pilgrims. I noticed a conversation going on between him and the guide as we stood before this tomb, but did not know what it was about. All at once, off went every hat, and down went every one on his knees leaving me standing. I stooped and asked one of the Californians, if there was a cave-in, or what was the matter? He said the priest was going to pray for the repose of the soul of the Pope, and that a request was made to take my hat off. Great heavens! said I, hasn't that Pope gotten out of Purgatory yet? If he hasn't, what chance have the rest of us ever reaching Paradise? The priest by this time was rattling his prayer off in French, leaving me standing. When he got through the procession moved on. It was a strange sight, as we single filed along those dark narrow halls in torch-light procession, passing, every now and then, other weird processions, led by other guides.

When we reappeared above in the chapel from which we started, the monk turned to me, and said in as good English as I can use, "You are an American, arn't you?" "How do you make that out?" "Because I didn't take my hat off, said I, and get down on my knees?" "Oh!" said he, "I knew you were an American."

I told him that I had no respect for a priest who passed the tombs of the poor, and the charnel house, and never thought to pray until he came to the tomb of the Pope. "By the way," said I, "is that Pope still in Purgatory? Hasn't he gotten repose yet?" "Oh, I don't know!" said the monk. "If he is out," said I, "there was no necessity to have prayed for him, and if he is still in, it seems to me that the prayers of the church are of very slow operation." He took it good naturedly and laughed. I asked him further, if he told the same funny stories to every party he took through? He said, "Yes, I have told the same stories many thousand times." In further conversation, he said, that the Pagans chased the Christians in the Catacombs, and frequently turned water in on them, or smoked them out or starved them." "How do you know that?" said I, "Well," said he, "that is the history." "Pagan or Christian?" I asked, "Christian, of course!" said he, "and we have authoritative evidence of these things." Here our conversation terminated. He plainly showed that he didn't want to talk to me further.

I doubt very much that water was ever turned into the Cata-

combs, as they didn't have any hose in those days, and as the Catacombs are on a hill, higher than the viaduct and a mile from it. I don't see where they got the water from. They may have tried to smoke them out, but couldn't have been successful as the entrance is on top of the level ground, and the smoke would go up instead of down. They could very easily starve them, however, by completely choking the holes with stones. There is no doubt but that the Christians were chased and stoned out of the city, and numbers thus killed. It is no doubt that they were persecuted, and that Christianity grew by persecution. I can easily see how they won sympathy . People naturally have a horror of a grave yard, even above ground. But to go down hundreds of feet and live among the dead at night is an act, when done for a faith, would appeal to the ignorant, who were unable to distinguish between fanaticism and common sense. The fanatics who went into the Catacombs were on a par with the present Russian sect, the Doughobars, who, to-day practice burying alive. The ignorant masses, measuring the Christian's faith by this act of going into the horrible hole at night, would say, "there must be something in such a faith," and would gradually incline to it.

But Pagan law and the Pagan religion, which was ever tolerant toward all religions, never persecuted the Christians. If the government had wanted to apprehend this handful of Christians, it could have run them all in, within two days.

We read in Gibbon, how, after the Christians came in power, and were putting to death thousands, even putting whole cities to the sword, sparing not even the women and infants, the Pagans appealed to them, calling to their memories, how Pagan Rome had always tolerated all faiths, and now begged to be likewise tolerated; but these pleadings were of no avail. The slaughter continued until all the Pagans were either dead or had abjured their faith. After a generation or two, the children, born in the new faith, not being allowed to know of any other, of course became radically Christian. The transformation was complete, Paganism was dead, and Rome did not produce a great mind for a thousand years.

I visited the graves of Keats and Shelley, brother poets and friends, who lie buried in the Protestant cemetery. I am sure that what I am now to relate will be of interest to all lovers of literature.

Keats was born in London in 1796, and died in Rome in 1821, only twenty-five years of age. His health, always delicate, was made worse by the merciless criticisms of his writings by critics, which criticism embittered his whole life. By his brother poets, however, Byron, Shelley, Leigh Hunt and others, he was loved and greatly admired. Among his admirers was Joseph Severn, English Consul at Rome, an artist, and a man of many accomplishments. Severn, on a visit to England, seeing Keats in very bad health per-

suaded him to go to Rome, believing that the milder airs would restore him. But the dread consumption had a death hold upon him. Severn cheered him, did everything he could for him, nursed him, till at last Keats died in his loving arms. Severn buried him in the Protestant cemetery, and erected a small stone, of the old fashioned pattern, about four feet high, over his grave. As Keats had directed, no name was put on the stone, but instead. these words:—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Keats died thinking and feeling that he had not written a line that would be remembered. His sensitive nature, made more so by his dread disease, had simply crushed him, and the thought of being cut off so early in youth, before his powers had expanded, broke his heart; so he wished his tomb-stone to be blank—with nothing but the line which signified that his life and thought had left no more trace upon the world, than would the writing in water.

Severn died in England in 1879, at the age of 85, and fifty-eight years after the death of Keats. He had provided that he be buried by the side of Keats, and thus the old, old man came to lie down in the sleep of death by the side of the loving boy, who had died in his arms. And there the two, the boy and the old man lie side by side.

The inscription on Severn's tomb-stone reads:—

"To the Memory of Joseph Severn.

Devoted friend and death-bed companion of John Keats, whom he lived to see among the immortal poets of England. An artist eminent for his representation of Italian life. British Consul at Rome, and officer of the Crown of Italy, in recognition, of his services to freedom and humanity. Died August 3, 1879.

On the tomb-stone of Keats, as before mentioned, his name is omitted. All besides that is written on it is the following.

"This grave contains all that is mortal of a young
English poet, who on his death-bed, in the
Bitterness of his heart, at the malicious power of
his enemies, desired these words to be engraven on his
tomb:—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

Byron said, "Let it be; the water will freeze and show the writing." And Shelley wrote: "The spot where Keats lies is so beautiful, that one might almost wish to die to be buried there."

It is not beautiful now. This part of the Protestant cemetery has been abandoned, and the few remaining graves and gravestones are neglected. The city has encroached upon it, and a high wall shuts if off from the street. On the inside, right square up in a corner of this high wall, are the graves of Keats and Severn. It was built up close, barely leaving room for the graves. On the wall, inside, is a bronze memorial tablet to Keats.

Keats, to-day, is the world's acknowledged poet of beauty. How his heart would have leaped, in his last days, could he have known the frequency with which the following lines, alone, would be quoted:—

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever;
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health and quiet breathing;
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the Earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways,
Made for our searching; yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits."

Along-side the old cemetery in which Keats lies, divided by a stone wall, is a newer cemetery, which is well kept. From the highway, it is terraced clear up a gentle hill to the ancient Roman wall, which is its rear boundary, and which rises forty to fifty feet high. Right at the base of this ancient wall, under some laurels and pines, inclines the tombstones of Shelley and Trelawney.

Shelley was born in England in 1792, and was drowned off the coast of Leghorn in 1822, at the age of 30, having made for himself a deathless fame, as the greatest lyrical poet in English literature. In the small boat with him, was his friend Williams, and a sailor lad, both of whom shared his fate. Shelley's body was recovered. In one pocket was a volume of Aeschylus, and in the other a copy of Keats, which was doubled back, and which he had been reading, when the waves cut short his reading forever. It was an ideal end, although so premature; for Shelley was fascinated by the sea, and always expressed a preference for death by drowning. Owing to an Italian law, which enjoins that bodies cast ashore should be burned, in precaution against plague, his remains were cremated in the presence of Leigh Hunt, Trelawney and Byron. Trelawney snatched the heart from the flames and it is still preserved in England by Sir Percy Shelley.

The ashes were coffered, and carried to Rome by Trelawney and Mrs. Shelley and buried at the spot above described. Trelawney planted six young cypresses, and four laurel trees near the grave. On the tombstone, which is a slab three feet wide and five feet long, and which is inclining ,is inscribed a Latin epitaph by Leigh Hunt, to which Trelawney added three lines from Shakespeare's Tempest, one of Shelley's favorite plays:—

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Cor Cordium
Born August 4, 1792.
Died July 7, 1822.

"Nothing of him that doth fade,,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange."

The words, "Cor Cordium" in the above, means, "Heart of Hearts."

There at Rome, under the shadow of the great wall, and of the laurel and cypress, surrounded by the crumbling ruins of a dead empire, and of a new one breathing the spirit of liberty that he voiced, rests well the "heart of hearts;" the poet of freedom, the hater of despotism, the flaming meteor of justice, that blazed across the night of superstition's sky; whose fame grows and grows, and ever grows, in spite of the clerical contumely, which has ever sought to traduce it. Shelley was an out-spoken Atheist.

Sixty years after Shelley's death, at the age of ninety, Trelawney died in England. Like Severn, he had provided that his body be sent to Rome, and laid by the side of the literary companion of his youth. And thus, the old, old man came to lie down in the sleep of death beside the boy, whom he had so loved in young manhood's glowing day; whose heart he had snatched from the flames, and whose ashes he had tearfully gathered, with his own hands, and tenderly laid away in Mother Earth. The inscription on Trelawney's gravestone reads:—

Edward J. Trelawney.
Died in England, August 13, 1881, aged 90.

"These are two friends, whose lives were undivided;
So, let their memory be, now they have glided
Under the grave; let not their bones be parted;
For their two hearts, in life, were single hearted."

In all my reading, I have never seen recorded two friendships more faithful, more tender, more touching, and I regard them

worthy of comment. What was the relation existing between the living and the dead that inspired this sentiment of companionship in death, even after sixty years had passed? The dead are generally forgotten in a few years. The action of the human mind is so mysterious that we can only guess at most of its impulses and conclusions. Was it intellectual admiration? Was it childishness? Was it mere sentiment? Was it memory? Or was it mental or spiritual association that led Severn and Trelawney to choose to mingle their dusts with their early friends, rather than with their families? Anyhow, there was a tie even in death, that remained unbroken. Did it continue after?

Shelley was an Atheist, that is, he believed in no personal God, no Supreme Power, except Nature. I hold to the same belief, yet I am an Immortalist. While I doubt a future existence, yet I wish and hope to live again. Nature is infinite, incomprehensible, both in creating and recreating. Her methods seem to be, progression to a certain point, then retrogression, and entire dissolution of individuality. But mind lives. Shelley is more alive to-day, than when in the body. Is mind material? I believe it is; for it develops out of matter: and matter must organize itself in an animal of some kind before mind can be developed. When the animal organization is dead, the function of mind in that animal is dead, but is mind itself dead? Has it the future power of development in a renewed organization like unto ourselves? Might not Transmigration be the great secret after all? I do not know. I only speculate and guess, as humanity from the beginning has ever done.

Some men are positive they will live again. They know it. Others are positive they will not live again. They know it. Others less positive say, they do not know. When men are most sure and arrogant, they commonly are the most mistaken. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than to be positive or dogmatical on any speculative subject. It is absurd to try to make men think alike on principles unproven or unknowable. Two time pieces cannot be made to agree. As to the future, the honest, candid, sincere, reverent man will say, "I do not know." Both Christianity and Atheism are positive, arrogant, dogmatical and bigoted. Agnosticism is amiable, reasonable and reverent.

Who can say whether we do, or do not retain individuality after death? Since we know naught of a past existence, it stands to reason that we will know nothing of this life when it has become the past to us. Again, since we possess individuality and organization here, it is not unreasonable that we will possess it again. We know nothing; we can only choose; and the normal mind chooses to live on, a part of eternal progression, somehow, somewhere. A man does not have to believe in a personal God, to be an Immortalist.

Eternal change we know to be the law of Nature. In death, do we all blend with the Cosmos, to be scattered, diffused and re-

created in other forms? If so, and it would seem so, then there is no individuality after death, and Keats and Severn and Shelley and Trelawney are immortal only in the memories of this existence, or in the principle of mind, which, developed from matter, may have continuous existence, just as the minds of Socrates and Eesop have continued to exist through many centuries, time being the same in all existences.

Amid this jungle of speculation, in which we have only penetrated a short distance, the honest explorer must candidly confess that he knows nothing of the beyond; nor will he consent to be hood-winked and fooled; nor will he stand idly by, and see the minds of weaker humanity enslaved and abused by the pretentions and malicious assumption of knowledge, by a domineering and designing priest-hood.

But, simply because we know so little now of the great mystery of death, and the equally great mysteries of life and mind, does not signify that we will not know more.

The most neglected branch of human study, is that of Mind. Since mankind has become emancipated from the oppressive powers of the Christian religion there is at last a general awakening along this line of study. Scientific men of great ability in all parts of the world are studying their minds. They are critically examining every faculty, attribute and propensity of our mental natures. They are endeavoring to find out how it is produced in the brain—whether mind cells develop in matter, or matter develops mind cells. The coming scientist will be the mentalist. Vast changes will take place in the opinions of mankind. The larger part of all that has been taught us in childhood, as well as most of that which we believe true to-day must go; and habits and customs modified, or altogether wiped out. Three-fourths of all the literature and religions of the world are already obsolete. Changes, radical and revolutionary in this grand department of human endeavor are almost here. The systems of education, and the practice of medicine, and the administration of law and justice will undergo great changes. Criminology will be treated from its mental attitudes. Breeding will be based upon scientific selection. In fact all existing states of society, will be affected by the upheavel, consequent upon the discoveries to be made in the department of mind, and which, until now, have been the most neglected of all studies, vital and important to our being and happiness.

What a field of possibilities. Like a flash, my mind can travel to the sun. I am led to invent an instrument to measure his distance and explore his area. This leads to the discovery of suns beyond suns. I realize that they are a part of a great whole that affects my existence; that each is necessary to the other, that each influences the other.

Mental telegraphy will take the place of the wireless, and

even worlds may be communicated with. Stupendous as they are, there is no end to the possibilities of mind.

The night blooming lotus opens its pink petals to the languorous light of its friend, the moon, three hundred thousand miles away. The morning glory, sweet-heart of light, opens her blue-veined bosoms, at greeting of the sun, ninety five millions of miles distant, and disconsolately hides them, when he ceases to beam upon her with his loving smile..

Both through time and space, may not the attachment of, and communication between friends, living and dead, be likewise as sympathetic and delicate?

I am sure I do not know. But until man further progresses in the study of mind, which has heretofore been hindered by organized superstition, I shall not be ready to deny, positively, any of the probabilities to which the imagination leads.

I forgot to mention that I was in the rooms occupied by Shelley when he lived in Rome. They are on the second floor of a four-story building, in one of the principal business streets. On the front of the building is a large bronze memorial tablet, six feet square. The inscription reads:—

TO PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Who in this house, in the spring of 1819, wrote
Prometheus Unbound.

The Municipality of Rome, in the one-hundredth year of the Anniversary of the Birth of the Poet, Erects this Tablet to his Memory.

He stood for the liberty of the people for all time. This record affixed in 1892.

The above is another striking evidence of the growing spirit of Liberalism in Rome. Here, the municipality of Rome by a popular subscription, erects a noble tablet to the memory of the man who was the greatest foe, among poets, the church has ever had.

The Castle of Saint Angelo, and the Pantheon are the two best preserved ruins of Pagan Rome, and the only ones in use.

The former is now used as a city prison, and is one of the most remarkable buildings in the world. In this building, Paul is said to have been imprisoned, and in the judgment hall of which, he stood before Nero. No one can look upon the wonderful individuality shown in the architecture of this building, without being impressed with the might and power and greatness of the ancient Romans. Likewise with the Pantheon, built by Agrippa, 27 B. C. the immensity of which is amazing. The main portion of the Pantheon, originally was built for a bath. It is circular in shape,

and built like an arched cistern. Its diameter is 200 feet. Imagine the foundations and the thickness of the lower walls to sustain such an arch. Its ceiling at the center is 100 feet high. As it was being erected, the interior was packed with sand, to sustain the walls. Gold pieces were scattered all through the sand, which was permitted to remain for fifty years, at which time, the sand was removed by the people, for the coins to be found scattered through it. It has long been used as a Christian church, there being a main altar, and several smaller chapels in it. Another case of living on the glory of the dead. But the Christian altars are insignificant, and are lost in the wonders of the giant porticos and monstrous vault of Pagan handiwork. In the Pantheon are buried many saints of the church, Popes and Cardinals I never heard of; and I thought, no place more fitting for their oblivion than in a Pagan bath. Victor Immanuel and King Humbert are buried here, and magnificent Mausoleums erected to their memories. And here, too, is interred the boy genius, Raphael, whose tomb is the plainest I saw in Europe. It is a plain marble slab, three feet square, set in the wall, with his name inscribed upon it, without a line of decoration or embellishment. The tablet and wall all around are covered with names written in pencil and ink, which make the place look like a great dirt spot.

Of all the ruins, the Thermal Baths or the Baths of Caraccas surprised me most. The Coliseum, from the many descriptions received, was much what I expected; but the wonders of the Thermal Baths astonished me. The building altogether covered as much or more space than the Coliseum. The walls and many of the arches and mosaic floors are still in a good state of preservation. There were baths large enough to hold comfortably three hundred people, and many private baths. There were halls and galleries and towers, and parlors, libraries, restaurants, and living rooms, and hospitals, sufficient to accommodate all the nobility of Rome. All the great rooms were arched like the Pantheon and lined with glistening marble. Here and there, great magnificent and stately marbles columns are still standing, and many of their huge bulks are lying about the floors, reminding me of the mighty names of Roman history, who though long fallen, still seem huge and big among men. The lower walls are fifteen feet thick. Most of the outside casing of stone has been removed, as well as all the inside casings of marble, leaving the main wall of brick now standing twelve feet in thickness. The bricks used are not the shape and size of the brick of to-day. They are only an inch and a half thick, and about fourteen inches square, and the cement between is still as hard as granite.

So immense, so vast are walls, and ceilings and floors, that one stands amazed at the conception of such a structure. Here, all fashionable Rome turned out in the days of her glory. I tried to imagine

the great halls and rooms and baths restored to their original splendors, and the gay crowds assembled there. Greatness of people must always be associated with greatness of architecture. There were the nobility of Rome, the senators, the generals, the orators and the philosophers, and women unsurpassed in mind and beauty. The world will ne'er again see such splendor.

I visited the Coliseum and Forum several times, lingering long in wonderment at the colossal piles. Colossal buildings make the mind grow colossal. The sight of their eloquent proportions impels the mind to eloquence; but the austere grandeur of the Coliseum outstrips expression. Though but a skeleton of her original self, still her giant and ghoulish form is an exhaustless mine of contemplation. The huge ellipsis towering plain, chaste, severe and domineering, will ever be a model of art. Though churches, walls, and foundations many, have been taken from this structure, still the impression of greatness has been but little lessoned.

The Coliseum is about the length of two city squares. The interior is something more than the length of a square. The stage or floor upon which gladiatorial combats took place is 280 feet by 180. Between the stage and the seats is a ring thirty feet wide for racing. Circling all this space is the great wall, which at the base, is 80 feet deep, the lower foundation consisting of pillars and arches. From the interior, the walls gradually recede in thickness toward the top, giving space for the tiers of seats. The outer wall is 160 feet high. Holes about eighteen inches square, appear through the wall, all around the circle near the top. From these holes great beams extended out over the seats, furnishing a support for the gay colored awnings.

The seating capacity of the Coliseum was 100,000. That is equal to the capacity of thirty of our very largest three-tiered theaters. If you want to see the whole of this structure, you must have a guide. The subterranean portion, I found to be as interesting as the above portion. The dens, cells, and rooms for wild beasts, stage accessories and men are simply amazing in their extent and dimensions. A person lost in these, might wander for days and not find his way out. My guide was a very intelligent man. He has been official guide here for twenty years, is a fine linguist, and having met and talked with learned people of all nations, he was a mine of information on Roman history, in general. He had discussed the subject of the burning of Christians in the Arena, with many learned men. He said it was the concensus of unprejudiced opinion, that such never occurred. Constantine himself was the first to apply the torch in the arena to Pagans, and thousands of Pagans were burnt at his command. This stands to reason, from the fact that for centuries after, burning at the stake was the favorite public method used by Christians in putting heretics to death, and no doubt was simply the following up of the example

of their founder. Who ever read of Pagans burning Christians at the stake, except in Christian histories.

I talked with an eminent professor of the College of Rome, Ghisleri, on this subject, and he said, "the Pagans never burned the Christians, but that Constantine and his Christian followers burned Pagans. He further said, that after the fullest search of all records, it is now believed that Nero was at his watering place when Rome was burned, and that he had nothing to do with it, that Christians themselves set Rome on fire. Others, of equal authority told me the same. The story of pagans burning Christians is the opposite of the truth, and was told for the purpose of hiding Christian infamy from the eyes of future generations.

In the chapter on "How Christianity succeeded Paganism," I have given you one of the "edicts" of Constantine, in which he ordered every book of Arius burned, that posterity might have no opposing history of his reign. With such a censorship, proscribed by death, and which was continued for generations, it is plain enough, how such a belief against Paganism became universal. As Christian Rome extended her empire, she spread the belief. With the development of art, scenes of burnings of Christians in the Arena and of fair maidens thrown to lions were scattered everywhere, all of which was done, not only to hide Christian brutality, but to impress peoples with the humanity of Christianity over Paganism, and the advance in morals, justice, progress and civilization which followed. The facts are, as all who read know, that the darkest spot on the face of time, is the thousand years of Christian sway, that followed the downfall of Paganism.

But the Pagans, like every other nation, like every nation of the world to-day, were not without their brutalities. Even in criticising Christianity we must make some consideration for the times and for the state and period of development. What we want to get at is the truth and nothing but the truth.

At first thought, it is hardly conceivable that human beings even in those times, would burn people at the stake, choosing a public holiday for the act. But have not Christians, recently, in our own time, and in our own country, done the same thing? What can you conceive of, more brutal than the public execution by the guillotine in Paris, which, until recently stopped by its Freethinking President, was the public method of execution? What is more brutal than the Christian attitude of autocratic Russia toward her subjects, and the massacres which are taking place there today? What is more brutal than the present armament of Christian nations, each standing ready to make a wholesale sacrifice of human life, for a small advantage of property? We should not forget that the stain of slavery still rests upon this nation of ours.

And all this still exists after 1600 years of Christian (?) Civilization (?) In dealing then, with the brutalities of the Pagan

Arena, we cannot justly look for too big a mote. Christian nations still enjoy the bull fights, and I am safe in saying, that a coliseum, as big as that at Rome, would not hold the people who to-day in some of our great American cities would attend a gladiatorial combat to the death, if the opportunity was offered them.

It is only a step back to Paganism; and could the step be taken, it is not impossible, that we would find more humanity, more justice, more equity, more happiness, more virtue, more toleration, more philosophy, and greater men than we can boast of to-day.

Pagan Rome tolerated every religion that came to it. It was the great political and commercial center of the world. Each nation with which it dealt was privileged to erect its temple of worship, and its market place near it. Rome itself, had its diversity of temples and beliefs. All lived peaceably together, and Rome prospered and grew. With the advent of Christianity all changed, with the result that Rome thereafter had but one religion, and that compulsory, under which, she receded in commercial importance, in oratory, statesmanship, letters, and all learning that goes to make up a civilization.

But no matter what were the brutalities of the Christian, these do not excuse the brutalities of the Pagans—the distinguishing difference being that the chief pretentions of Christianity were peace, love, concord, humility, meekness and the Golden Rule, none of which it practiced.

One would hardly think that a people with such architecture, a people having such a philosophy, such statesmeen, moralists and orators, would delight in gladiatorial combats, and bull-fights, and match the human against the brute, all for the pleasure of novelty.

But, as before stated, there are multitudes, among all classes to-day, who would enjoy the same. Christians still keep up the bull-fight. We must consider the period of development. The Roman was a warrior. He had not the diversity of mind that comes with discovery, invention, manufacture, books, trade, and agriculture. One of our melo-dramatic plays of to-day would be flat and stale to a people accustomed to the clash of arms. Nothing tame or void of excitement, would satisfy him. It required a gladiatorial combat to fit his sense of action and achievement. The gladiators were captives condemned to die. In the ring, there was a chance of saving life, and even of regaining freedom; and like all men condemned to die, no doubt they preferred taking that chance.

Horrible as this was, still the Pagans did not make bonfires of Christians, as Christians did of them, and as Christians are doing today with human beings in this, our own country. We are all so constituted that we readily perceive, and are horrified with the crimes of other nations, while we are blind to those of our own.

This great Coliseum, then, is a monument to the savagery

which then existed in human nature—a savagery which found expression in physical antagonism, and by which, thousands were slain. But savagery has other forms, none the less cruel becuse they are refined. The savagery of Greed alone, counts its victims, yearly by hundreds of thousands.

The Roman statesmen understood the Roman nature. They looked to the happiness and comfort of the masses—built them public baths, the great Circus Maximus and Coliseum, made thought and religion free, while they gratified the morbid, just as it has to be gratified, more or less to-day. They were upholders of justice and every man, however poor, had an equal chance before the law. They were a people who would not have tolerated the lynchings and massacres of to-day. They cultivated the sense of beauty, the physical as well as the mechanical. They were the superior warrior race of the warror ages; but to an enemy greater than all combined they yielded at last. It was not Christianity. It was money, wealth, the enemy as well as the friend of mankind. A surfeit of riches, resulted in indolence, lack of object and application, and excesses of appetite all of which undermined energy and physical and mental progress. The wealth of the nation was gathered in the hands of the few. The common classes, following the example of the superior, likewise grew dissipated, and even patriotism ceased to be an inspiration. Out of such conditions, the Christian superstition headed by an unscrupulous Pagan—monster and thief—arose to power. The fall of Paganism and the rise of Christianity was the result purely of political conditions, and not of the superiority of the Christian over the Pagan religion. Previous to the decadence of the Greek nation, no other people before or since could boast of such art, architecture, philosophers, poets, culture, refinement, commerce, prosperity and general happiness. When six per cent. of the people came to own ninety per cent. of the wealth, down tumbled all of Grecian greatness. In Rome when four per cent. of the people came to own ninety per cent. of the wealth, good-bye Roman empire. History repeats itself. Spain, Russia and England are to-day decadent, because of this disproportion in the division of wealth. Twelve per cent. of the people, to-day in the United States own ninety per cent. of the wealth. Forty per cent. have not one dollar, over the existence for the day, and already we are feeling the strain of this disproportion. Milton said, "Anarchy is the sure consequence of tyranny." Russia to-day is demonstrating this fact. With present conditions continuing to exist in America, we, too, at no far future, must also give demonstration of the same. General physical and moral degeneration must come with general poverty, and it was at such a period, that the Christian religion, allying itself with a murderous tyrant, slipped into supremacy at Rome.

England, long surfeited with wealth, now gathered into the

hands of the few, is to-day approaching the same conditions. Likewise she is experiencing a moral and physical decline. Out of 10,000 young men of all walks of life, in the city of Birmingham, who were examined for enlistment in the Boer war, only 1000 were accepted. Russia is to-day exemplifying the retrogression brought about by autocracy and wealth hoarded by the few. While her nobles indulged vices her masses indulged vodka, and the heathen Japs have descended upon them like the Goths came down upon ancient Rome; all of which goes to prove that morals without the favor of God, are better than immorality with the favor of God—all of which goes to prove that national security must depend upon a fair division of wealth, general prosperity, for all classes, education, temperance, and conservation of the physical resources, and not upon religion.

I went to see the Coliseum by moonlight, and as the silver empress of the night peeped over the giant wall, and beamed down into the circled gloom, her wizard rays seemed to mellow and to sweeten all that mighty monument of murder and of mirth.

My first thought was of that fine soliloquy in Byron's "Manfred," which I committed to memory when a boy, and which I have never forgotten. A thousand times, when wandering in the lonely night, through deep woods, or sauntering along country lanes, or musing in the village grave-yard, have I stopped to gaze at the moon, and repeat that wierd soliloquy; and sweetly strange it seemed, that I should live to be here, and to repeat it in the Coliseum itself.

"I do remember me, upon such a night,
I stood within the Coliseum's wall,
Midst the chief relics of Almighty Rome;
The trees which grew along the broken arches
Waved dark in the blue midnight, and the stars
Shone through the rents of ruin; from afar,
The watch-dog bayed beyond the Tiber; and
More near, from out the Caesar's palace, came
The owl's long cry, and interruptedly,
Of distant sentinels, the fitful song
Began and died upon the gentle wind;
Within a bow-shot, where the Caesars dwelt,
A grove entwines its roots with the imperial hearths;
Ivy usurps the laurel's place of growth;
But the gladiator's bloody circus stands,
A noble wreck in ruinous perfection,
While Caesar's chambers and the Augustan halls,
Grovel to earth in indistinct decay;
And thou did'st shine, thou rolling moon, upon

All this, and cast a wide and tender light,
Which softened down the hoar austerity
Of rugged desolation, and filled up,
As 'twere anew, the gaps of centuries;
Leaving that beautiful which still was so,
And making that which was not, till the place
Became religion, and the heart ran o'er
With silent worship of the great of old."

Where in all literature is such a picture of ruin and moonlight? Where in all literature is such a versifier as Byron? Take him all in all, considering birth, rearing, temperament and thought, this democratic rationalist, Byron, was one of the finest and best fellows that ever lived; and he comes very, very near being England's greatest man. It was a soft, balmy Roman night.

I wandered high up amid the ruins, and remained there until two in the morning. Occasionally I would see the guide, far below, conducting a small party around, and they seemed to creep about like dark shadows. I saw the stars shine through the rents of ruin, heard the owl's long cry, and the watch dog's bay beyond the Tiber, as Byron had described. I thought of the great crowds that had assembled here, and heard their shouts, I saw the great ring below—the exciting chariot and gladiatorial contests—I saw the human pitched against the brute, and I said, "Oh, Pagans! How in the name of all your great moralists and philosophers, could you have found delight in such cruel pastimes?"

And then again, I saw the Coliseum filled with Christian throngs, and Constantine sitting upon the kingly throne. And I saw the strange, fearful sight of men fastened to long poles, set in the ground, a few yards apart, all around the great space. I saw men lighting the oiled fagots, which embraced them, saw the flames leap, and heard their shrieks of pain, and I said, "Oh, Christians! How in the name of the Prince of Peace, whom you worshipped, could you have done such things?

The word "Forum," means an open space. The world famous Forum of Rome, circled around and lay at the foot of the Capitoline or Central hill. It was a broad irregular highway, lined with temples, palaces, libraries, arches, monuments and fountains. Rome contained no fewer than 400 temples, the oldest being the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitoline hill. The most famous in history, and the most magnificent in architecture was the Capitolium, situated on the extreme summit of the Capitoline. Imagine these 400 temples, surrounding this central hill, which was surmounted with palace, built upon palace, and capitol and hanging gardens. Imagine the miles of marble steps, the forest of colonnades, the giant porticoes, the statuary, the obelisks, the arches

and the fountains. All of this grandeur, can now only be imagined, by going over the ground, and viewing the ruins, the vastness and immensity and beauty of which, give some idea of the original splendor. In the palaces of the emperors, there were marbles, so hard and finely polished, that they served for looking glasses.

The great arches of Titus and Constantine still stand erect, beautiful in ruin. Titus was a man, a Pagan emperor, who with the weight of empire on his mind, was saddened at night, if he had missed doing a kind personal deed. Constantine, the Christian emperor, I have already described. By his actions, he must have been saddened, if a day had gone by, and he had not murdered some one.

The cheapest bit of advertisement, I ever saw in all my life, I saw among these ruins. Everywhere, upon the Coliseum, upon the arches, and walls of the ruins, popery has put a brazen inscription recording its importance. Great marble tablets stuck up against the walls of the ruins, announce that Pope Pius IX had restored or repaired the ruin; or Pope Leo XIII had done likewise.

The tablets read in big letters:—

"RESTORED BY PIUS IX PONTIFF."

Which is followed by the date of restoration(?) I walked around and around and around the Arch of Titus, endeavoring to discover what repair had been made, but could not find any. Finally, I asked the guide, and he showed me where one stone had been replaced, and a little cementing done.

And this called for a great big advertisement of the pope, stuck up against this beautiful pagan arch, and which from the point of appearance alone, is a desecration. I saw places, where only fifteen or twenty bricks had been inserted in a wall, above which was a great tablet,

"RESTORED BY LEO XIII, PONTIFF."

I was told that a like tablet was on a wall, where only "one brick" had been inserted. These tablets may be seen everywhere. They are of marble, some of them ten or twelve feet square, and cost twenty or thirty times as much as the "restoration."

It is just about the cheekiest thing I ever saw, for Christianity thus, ghoul-like to come down among the ruins itself had vandalized, from which it had built most of its great churches—to thus come down among the ruins of the people it had plundered and exterminated, put a few bricks in a wall, and stick up a brazen "ad" indicating its benevolence and big-heartedness, in a small attempt to preserve that which it had originally destroyed.

This may have the effect of blinding a few, but most people

laugh at such evident desperation of the pope to attract attention to himself. Upon pagan pillars and obelisks are statues of Christian saints, with big brass circles, for a nimbus around their heads. Did you ever hear of such gall? Another example of Christianity, thriving upon death. Christianity's place in history belongs to the past—its resorts are those of the ruin and the grave. Bat-like, owl-like, and hyena-like, its habitations are those of darkness and the tomb.

Excavations are being made in the Forum constantly, under the direction of the Historical Society, and much important information is being brought to light. Agnostic Andrew Carnegie, has donated six million dollars for this purpose. I watched the men at work for several hours, and was greatly interested in the progress made. Half of ancient Rome seems to be underground.

One of the funniest objects I saw in the Forum, was an Egyptian obelisk, on top of which is a cross, and on the top of the cross a lightning rod. I asked a good Christian, if he didn't think the cross alone ought to have been sufficient protection for the heathen obelisk? All the churches of Rome, St. Peters' with the rest, are topped with lightning rods. The Pope is not going to be blasted by a bolt from heaven, if he can help it.

Some years ago, the magazines and papers were full of an account of a discovery on an ancient wall of the Palatine of a drawing representing the crucifixion of Christ. Pictures were made of it, and printed, and quite a stir raised over it. It was claimed that this drawing conclusively proved that the crucifixion was a fact; just as though the church had not been declaring it a settled fact for 1600 years. Well, I hunted up the wonderful drawing, tramping down a lot of weeds to get to it. I thought the footprints of the Ghost of Jesus in that marble slab was the biggest fake in Rome, until I saw this drawing, which was nothing but some scratches on some plaster, and looked as much like a crucifixion, as a six year old school-boy's picture of a rooster, looks like a rooster. In making this comparison, I mean exactly what I say, and am not attempting to be funny. I have been a teacher, and I never saw the drawing of a child more crude. And it is at such straws as this, that the drowning old hulk of superstition is grabbing. Some boy probably scratched it on the plaster fifteen or twenty years ago. This is another evidence of what I have previously told you—the Catholic church cannot fit itself to the truth. It is consistent in nothing, and ludicrous in everything. It has not one perfect joint, in its whole theological construction.

My last afternoon in Rome was spent among the ruins of the Forum. I had been through them a number of times and the more I looked upon them, the more profoundly I was impressed with the mighty race of mighty men, who had reared these great structures. And what of these great temples now remaineth? Naught

but ruin. And what of the mighty race of man, remaineth? Naught, naught but the thought of great minds. That, Christianity could not kill.

It is thus that nations progress, and thus they retrogress, and the fate of Rome shall be the fate of all. With these impressions fresh in my mind, with the scenes of Pagan triumph all round me, as the sun sank into the twilight from out of which trooped the phantoms of history and old romance, I composed the following verse, which review of the ruins is better expressed, I think, than I could tell in prose.

THE FORUM.

Here where ended the pompous human stride
Of the mightiest race of mortal man,
I sit me down upon a fallen bust,
The ruined visage of some god-like king,
Or orator, or hoar immortal sage
To muse and ponder o'er the mighty scene,
And mark the slow and quiet power of Time.
Here stray, as when a school-boy, oft I dreamed,
Oft wished, oft hoped that some fair day in life,
I, too, might join the ever coursing throng,
That to this shrine of glory wend their way;
Here meditate amid sepulchred pomp,
Which thro' dim centuries, hath e'er provoked
The pen of sage, historian and bard.

Beautiful barbarism! eloquent death!
By strength and virtue raised to high estate,
By wealth and luxury turned back to waste—
A lesson to all nations for all time.
Here the architect built his shining soul
Into polished column and dazzling dome;
Made brick and mortar blossom into art,
Wrought history and poetry from stone.
Palace upon palace high he reared,
Each serving as foundation for the new,
Until they rose to towering terraced heights,
Beyond wanton Fancy's power to paint—
Until palace, temple, stadium, court,
With stately rows of countless colonnades,
And proud equestrian statues of great kings,
And lofty halls, with marble mirrors lined,
Formed one great central heap, The Palatine.
While from either side, and far all around,
Fountain high-ways, and templed vistas stretched;

Temples to deities, diverse and strange,
Reflecting every phase of human thought.

The great Aurelian's temple to the Sun,
To Castor, Pollux, Jupiter, Juno.
Minerva, Venus, and such other gods,
As men, in peaceful right, were free to serve.
Miles upon miles of polished steps led up
To lofty porticoes, whose columns vast,
Of sculptured capitol, and flowery frieze,
Like giant marble forests jutted out,
And thickly graven on each smooth facade,
Were mighty deeds of conquest and of war;
Heroes of old, of forum and of fray,
In animated marble, frowning stood
In stately line, along each temple roof;
Great fountains in the sunlight flashed or flung
Their crystal columns into rainbow sprays;
In airy gardens rarest roses bloomed,
And graceful vines draped over mountain walls;
Fierce glared, conspicuous on every hand,
From pillar, arch, and obelisk and door,
The brazen she-wolf, with her human cubs;
In the farther distance, majestic reared
Pantheon, Coliseum and great baths,
That were themselves, huge wonders of the world;
While high and bright, o'er all this marble dream,
Shone imperial Nero's House of Gold,
Which "lodged him as," he said, "a man should be."

Methinks I see, in one great grand review,
The pulsing life that stirred this heart of Rome;
Armies that glittered in victorious march,
Before proud emperors and senates grave;
Citizens, soldiers, slaves, and all the throngs,
That long have passed to dark Oblivon's doom;
Methinks I see, also, those Suns of Thought,
Who still rise bright above the modern dawn,
And from the garnered riches of whose minds,
E'er pour the Past's incalculable hoard;
Whose laws have served as models for all time,
And whose philosophies will e'er remain,
Of universal humanity a part.
Methinks I see rise up and pass in view
Aurelius and the murdered Cicero,
The speech of whose god-like tongues fed Rome;
Horace, Ovid, Lucretius—muses sweet,

Who down the soulful ages, float in song;
Caesar, Seneca, Tacitus, and all
The mighty minds, whose fame along Times' floods,
Goes echoing evermore—whose deaths, alas!
With lack of men, like unto them born,
Plunged Rome into a thousand years of gloom,
Of Christian darkness, silence and decay.

What flights of history sweep through my mind,
As round I gaze on all these ruined piles!
Yonder within that Senate's crumbling heap,
On feast of Lupercal, great Caesar fell.
I behold them bearing aloft his bier
To this same spot, where now, I musing sit.
I see the noble Brutus rise and speak,
And win the mob's approval of his course,
As he gave answer for the bloody deed;
That mob to vengeance and to fury turn,
At artful Antony's keen, convincing tongue.
Here, noble, lofty thought rose soaring high,
Or frenzied passion in wild words let loose;
Here Rienzi railed, Cato conquered foes,
And fierce declaimed the fiery Cataline;
Here Junius, o'er the chaste Lucretia stormed,
The proud Virginius his pure daughter slew,
And Cincinnatus bade farewell to state,
When war's high honors he had nobly won.

Now through Time's rents, September's sun shines sad,
And pale moon-beams, their spectral shadows cast,
In ghostly hours, along the columned row;
Piled high, in mournful heaps, all scattered round,
Lie fallen column, statue, architrave and frieze;
Along these pillared shades, no mighty voice
Of orator resounds; no banners wave,
No chariots rumble loud, no pageant halts,
No crowds acclaim, no kingly footsteps fall.
I look around on all the might that was,
Then tread this grave of glory with a sigh,
That such magnificance should meet decay,
Such monarchs of the mind should be no more;
That all this splendor should succumb to thee,
Lord of Desolation—unvanquished Time!
Thus, Time, stern Time—Prime Minister of Death,
Unbribed by friendship, wealth, affection, power,
Passeth over all; levelling great temples
Low with the vile dust, and with ice-cold hand,

Leading proud man into the chill labyrinth,
And the grim silence of the dark, damp grave.

What, Rome, of all thy glory now remains,
Besides these crumbling courts and shattered heaps?
Naught, naught save thought of poet and of sage;
The voice of priest hath long been swallowed up
By the hoary silence. Forgotten long,
The chant and praise to Vesta, Venus, Jove!
Aye, forgotten the very gods themselves,
For in the courts of Nature's stern decrees,
Tis fore-doomed that even the gods must die.

Thus surely will it be with that proud power
Which superseded Pagan sway and thought;
Which first through persecution won its place,
And then to persecutor turned itself;
Crushed out the freedom it had clamored for,
Exchanged the peaceful for a jealous God,
And cast a cloud of darkness o'er the world.
Upon the grave of Pagan glory throned,
Thy temples built with marbles of thy foe,
Thy rites but those of Jupiter and Jove—
Thou, too, hast mediaval and hoary grown,
Great Terror midst the world's progressive march,

Cold, cruel jailer of the human brain,
Grim vivisector of each human nerve,
With all thy kingly power, and rights divine,
Thou could'st not stay the tide of human thought;
And so, art touched all over with decay,
With blight and mould of centuries of sleep,
Ang stagnant scum of motionless despair,
The death awaiting all, waits sure for thee.
The fate of Forum, Nineveh and Tyre,
Of Balbec, Carthage, Thebes, will too be thine;
And savants of dim ages, far remote,
Will come, as now I see them here at work,
And dig among thy ruins and thy tombs,
To find some date to add to history's page.

Thought, deathless thought, alone with Time abides;
The sifted thought, from out men's hates and fears—
The thought of use and beauty to mankind.
No great thought worthy of the Past e'er dies;
All still is here, and lives through endless change;
Worth more than empires each new thought born;

Worth more than nations dead, each proven fact;
And when all relics of old Rome are gone,
And hid each footprint of her glorious march,
Still Pagan thought—the thought of Roman, Greek,
Arab, Egyptian, Persian, Hindoo, Jew,
The full, ripe thought, gleaned from their many myths,
Will live to bless and glorify the world.
The Future, all illusions doth dispel,
All human pomp, pretense and rights divine,
All superstitions, saviors, kings and gods,
And smashes every idol into dust;
Thought, deathless thought, alone of all endures.

I visited several of the art galleries, the Borghese, Orsini and others, but a description, would only be a repetition of the art already described. I will repeat what I said of Florentine art—an American freight train might be run into Rome, and loaded with all it could hold of high art and be carted out and dumped and burned, and art wouldn't suffer. A vast portion of the credited wealth of the church, lies in its valuation of sacred art. It has the world worked up to the belief that its old daubs of old popes, saints and angels are worth millions. The public actually believes it. Now is the best time the church will ever have to sell. There will be an awful tumble in the prices of its old trumpery one of these days. The public will soon begin to form opinions of its own on art, as on other matters. Nine out of ten travelers with whom I conversed, Catholics as well as Protestants, were thoroughly wearied and sickened with seeing churches and sacred art. All the world is on the travel now; therefore the more people who see this sacred (?) art, the more it is cheapened, for people tire of it, and it is not just what was expected. Therefore, now is the time for Sarto to sell. I was told that I should not miss seeing "a Velasquez" at a certain gallery. Velasquez was one of the greatest Spanish painters; so I went to see the Velasquez! After winding around through a mile of angels, saints, virgins and baby Jesuses, finally I came to "the Velasquez." It was the portrait of a mean looking old Spanish monk. I gave one look at it, and turned away, saying to myself, "Oh - - -!" well, I'll not say what I said, but it was a brief reference to a well known warm place. I do not regard any of those old masters, excepting Rubens, as being great portrait painters. The artists of to-day can paint all around them.

I visited a number of other places of historical interest, but have not space for mention of all; but I want to make special mention of my visit to the studio of Sir Moses Ezekiel, from whose window, you will remember, I saw the stars and stripes floating, in honor of the Freethought Congress, on my arrival the first day

in Rome. Mr. Ezekiel is a native of Cincinnati, but has been a resident of Rome for the last twenty years, and has won a world-wide reputation as a sculptor. Quite naturally, Cincinnati, which is one of the world's art and musical centers, is proud of the achievements of Mr. Ezekiel. There is not another such studio in all the world, as that of Mr. Ezekiel. He has fitted up his apartments and workshops in the ruins of the Baths of Diocletian, who became emperor of Rome, A. D. 286. These ruins are on the Esquiline hill, now the finest part of modern Rome. His workshop is on the ground floor—a large room, with a high arched ceiling, in which are to be seen numerous models and finished pieces of both modern and classic art, among them busts and statues of famous Americans. Mr. Ezekiel's latest contribution to American art is the statue of Banker Drexel, recently unveiled in Philadelphia, and which was given flattering comment by the press of the country. Philadelphia has previously honored Mr. Ezekiel with the production of some of her finest public statuary. The admirable statue of Thomas Jefferson, in the court-yard of Louisville, is the work of this great artist. When I visited Mr. Ezekiel, he was at work on a statue of Homer, to be placed in the University of Brussels, and I want to say, that I saw no statue in all my travels that attracted and held my eyes, as this one did.

An ancient Roman stair-way of fifty steps leads up to the living apartments of Mr. Exekiel. This stairway is canopied all the way up with blooming vines. At the top is a spacious stone porch, from which a door opens into his studio, which may have been a dressing room for the empress, and her beautiful Roman lady attendants. Here, Mr. Ezekiel holds weekly receptions, where the culture of Rome assembles and where distinguished visitors are introduced. The place is so ancient, historical, quaint, romantic and charming, that I can hardly give it description. Mr. Ezekiel gave a dinner in my honor, to which was invited a colonel of the Italian army, whose name I have forgotten, and Mr. Adolph de Bosis, wife and family. Mr. de Bosis is one of the most popular of Italian poets. His verse is almost American in subject and conception, reminding me at times of Walt Whitman, and then again of Whittier and Poe. His most popular poems are, "Hymn to Peace," "Hymn to Earth," "Hymn to the Sea," "The Convalescents," and "The Machinist." The latter, particularly, I hope to see translated into English, for I know it would strike a popular chord in America. Mrs. de Bosis is a Missouri girl, reared on a farm, near St. Louis. Their three boys and two girls are lovely and promising children—a mixture of best Italian and best old time American. When one is far away from home, he is glad to see just any body he knows, or has heard of. He is even glad to meet an enemy, and is inclined to shake and make up. You may have some idea, then, of my appreciation of meeting with, and being entertained by such charming people

as Mr. Exekiel, and Mr. de Bosis and family. I forgot to mention that Mr. de Bosis has translated Shelley into Italian.

There was no more enthusiastic attendant at the Congress than Sir Moses Ezekiel. When a sculptor of his prominence comes right out in such a public Freethought demonstration, without any fear whatever of injury to his profession, the reader will readily understand the advance made by Liberalism in Rome. But then all the professions were likewise represented. The glory and greatness of the Freethought Congress must be measured largely by the support given it by the learned and prominent men of all the professions in Rome.

In a short summary, I will say that Rome is getting to be a beautiful city, and is destined to be one of the most attractive in Europe. After centuries of Christian sleep, it has at last awakened. Modern Science is being applied in every direction, and the people cannot help but note the difference between religious stand-still and scientific progress. There is as much if not more toleration there than in any American city. In fact, I know of no great college in America that would open its doors to an International Freethought Congress, and I am certain that the government of the United States would not show it the courtesy and hospitality we received at the hands of the Italian parliament. The people, on the average, are as intelligent and prosperous appearing as those of other nations. I have said much about the church, and very little that is favorable. I want to be fair and unprejudiced. There is good in all things, even in the Catholic superstition, and I suppose there is much good done by the church in Rome, which was not observable to me. All human nature has its kindnesses. But we must measure the good by the harm, and accept or reject accordingly. If any good Catholic should read this, I wish him to remember that I am talking of the church, and not of him personally. I am attacking institutions and principles, not persons, and I have evidence for all I say. If, at times, he thinks I am too severe, let him remember that his church condemns me, for my honest belief, to a hell of eternal tortures. Can he imagine any greater severity than that? The Protestant church is equally severe. The feelings of both are always hurt when any one either opposes or exposes them; yet neither have any compunction of conscience in damning the majority of people to the lowest hell. They condemn others to eternal misery, then grow indignant, if only they be criticised. I am the warm friend of every Catholic and Protestant, whose minds have been imposed upon by organized superstition. They are my brothers. Like theirs, my own mind was once likewise enthralled. I have made many sacrifices to help them become free. I shall feel that this book was written in vain, if it serves not to open many an eye, and free many a mind. Let no one be angered at ridicule. At such times, stop, think, reflect. Ridicule is the

best test of both truth and falsehood. Try as you may, you cannot make sport of truth. You easily can of falsehood. You cannot ridicule the multiplication table. You cannot ridicule a fact. What can you ridicule? Only the preposterious. Only the ridiculous can be ridiculed. If you should be shocked at ridicule, do not be angered, but look for the ridiculous, seek it, find it, and there you will find information and enlightenment.

The Catholic church in America, being in competition with the Protestant, has applied much practical charity to its superstition. But here in Italy, such is not observable. The priests have raised immense sums of money for centuries and applied it to their own comforts. They obtained hundreds of millions by granting indulgences which, in reality, were a license to commit crime. It hindered education, suppressed and persecuted science, and retarded the worlds progress. I would be glad to say something good of it, outside of the good in human nature which is common to all, if I could find it. Where its sway has been most absolute, the moral conditions have been worst. Italy, Spain and Portugal still, to-day lead in illiteracy and illegitimacy of offspring. Where its churches are finest the people are poorest. It has art, and endless waste of talent in picturing saints, angels, devils, heavens and hells, not men and things that were. If there had been schools, orphanages, and other such institutions as the church has in America, I would gladly have credited it with the same. It is true the church has preserved much of ancient literature, and it is also true that it destroyed the most valuable. It has some schools, but they are chiefly of divinity, not of humanity. Considering the ignorance into which it plunged the world, and all the woes that grew out of that ignorance, along with the little good it may have done, I cannot but declare in all fairness, that it has been a curse to humanity, and that it is a pity that such a curse ever existed. You may ask then, "Why has Christianity lived, and how do you account for its success?" I make reply—Superstitions take root in ignorance, and ignorance is universal and in the majority, consequently nothing is more natural than that superstition should live; but it should be plain to every one that all progress depends on evoluting out of it. Another reason for its longevity is this, religious lies are the only lies that reach old age. Men hug their religious delusions all their lives. They seldom think to apply the same reason to their superstitions as to their business and other practical affairs of life. Mankind is an aggregation of inconsistencies. Only a small part act as they talk; but fortunately most people think and feel better than they act. Otherwise, there would be no basis for improving human conditions, otherwise there would never be any hope of getting the twist and tangle out of minds, misdirected in childhood. All religions are based on wonder, fear, falsehood, force and delusion, and these take precedence in the transmission from parent to child.

The emotions are common to all—reason the gift of the few; and these are the reasons why superstitions are of such long life. Boccaccio said, "Religion," meaning righteousness, "exists in spite of the priests."

Early in its history Christianity fastened itself upon the state, and has ever maintained its power by the support and protection of government. It has been backed up not by love and brotherhood, but by bayonets. Just as the state has been able to throw this incumbrance off, just so has the church weakened; and to-day the power, dignity, and influence of Christianity of whatever creed, must be measured by its union with, or protection of the state. The Power of the Lutheran church rests upon its recognition by the Emperor of Germany. Likewise with the Church of England, and the Russian church.

People would not reverence and fear Christianity and bow to it, if it wasn't for the autocracy and militarism back of it. Let it stand apart from bayonets and cannon; let it be self-supporting; let it pay taxes like other institutions; let it disassociate itself from the frowning power of despotism: let it stand fairly and squarely upon its own merits, and where would be its dignity, influence and power? But as long as it joins with czar, emperor and king, and corrupt politician, the one to sway the emotions and prejudices of the ignorant and uninformed and the others to sway by force and fear, the church will be a commanding and potential figure in government. But church and state are drifting apart all over Europe; and when, at last, the divorce is complete, the reign of the people will be at hand. It is coming, it is bound to come. Many various influences are at work, each struggling in its own way to accomplish this great end. The first great factor is the Freethought propaganda. Men's minds must first be made free to comprehend and fight for liberty. The next great factor is Socialism, which is organized and which is peculiarly adapted to political propaganda. The next is Science, which is operating upon, and slowly gaining control of educated minds. To the broad-minded Liberal, every influence at work to bring about the separation of church and state, and to check the injustice of class privilege, meets with his hearty approval. Men are made to differ, and must differ as to methods and particulars, but the broad minded Liberal forgets particulars, or overlooks them, in the various parties, whose trend and general efforts are along his own lines. That to which the Pope is most bitterly opposed, must necessarily be to Liberal interest. The Pope is continually and bitterly protesting against Socialism. He is rapidly becoming the Great Protestor.

In his pitiful protest against the Freethought Congress, the poor old fellow, without knowing it, turned Protestant.

No one can go to Rome, and view Paganism and Christianity together, without associating both alike with antiquity. Both alike,

are curiosities—both alike are gazed at as curiosities. Both alike impress the beholder with ages long dead—with centuries that were. They do not breathe the spirit of the present. The impression ever is that of days long gone by—of death and the grave. In roaming through the churches, as through the ruins, your feelings are those of contemplation among the tombs of the ages. Your surroundings are of some other life, not of this. You pass out of these churches, mingle again with the modern world of steam, electricity, commerce, manufacture, all the departments of science, and inter-communicating peoples, and you feel that you have been groping among the catacombs of antiquity. The ruins of Rome to-day, include the churches. The dying struggles of this giant of superstition show that it is strong even in death. It dies hard. It cannot give up the ambition of bringing the whole world to the feet of the Pope. It will succeed. It will realize its ambitions. In my opinion, it will regain its lost prestige, and again command the governments and thought of the world—"When the cow jumps over the moon."

What a potent, virile race has been the Latin! Who, beside the Greeks ever compared with her Pagan statesmen, moralists and philosophers? What two men of to-day, can compare with Marcus Aurelius and Julius Caesar? The one great weakness of the Latin race was its enslavement by the Christian superstition. A nation which the whole world could not conquer by the sword, was trapped by a ghost—a myth. Its greatest victory, however, has been its escape from its supernatural fetters.

The fifteenth century was marked by a revival of classic learning and art in Italy, which spread revival to all nations. This period is called "TheRenaissance," which means, "a new birth." This period marked the end of the Dark or Middle Ages. Humanity began, at last, to emerge from ecclesiastical and feudal despotism. The Renaissance is contemporary with the birth of Freethought. Men like Galileo, Bruno, Vanini and Savanorola began to sacrifice life for learning, truth and principle. The world took a new step forward, dragging its clog of superstition with it. Progress still labored under the lash of bigotry, but it was better than no progress at all. Poetry, music and art, were still compelled to wed themselves to superstition, but 'twas better, these conditions, than no art or literature at all. Astronomy and science dared speak only in whispers, but 'twas better than not speaking at all.

All of this, remember, was not because of the church, but in spite of it. A Spanish proverb says, "Look for the Devil behind the Cross." Men had begun to express independent opinions. The Renaissance was the revolt of human nature against tyrannical ecclesiasticism—the first expression of modern Freethought, which led to the Reformation. With only a very modified toleration, learning, in all the branches began to revive. The whole world

breathed easier, and the mind of men began to expand and grow. Again, the Latin race began to teach the world in architecture, painting, sculpture, music, poetry, fiction, agriculture, finance, civil engineering, astronomy, mathematics and science. The geniuses of the Renaissance are still giant figures in the life and thought of the world—Galileo, Bruno, Vanini, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Toscanelli, Savanarola, Michael Angelo, Dante, Raphael, Da Vinci, Correggio. Titian, Ghiberti, Donatello, Alberti, Pisanio, Luca delli Robbia, and hundreds of others I might name. Among the modern great Latin names, preeminently stands Napoleon and Garibaldi.

Tom Watson in a recent number of his magazine (one of the very best) declares Napoleon to have been "the greatest man who ever lived." "If modern Europe," says he, "is any one man, it is Napoleon. His laws, schools, social, political, financial, educational institutions have wrung from all rulers ever since the homage of imitation. Julius Caesar and Napoleon were the world's two greatest men. If any two men may be said to have created the material modern world, these two Latins did it. Wherever civilized man lives to-day, his environment, his thoughts, his ideals, his achievements, are, more or less influenced by the life and work of these two men."

Of course, Christians, especially, will dispute with Watson, that one of these, a Pagan, and the other, a modern Freethinker, were the two greatest men of all the world. It is pleasant for me to note, however, that I am not alone in my estimate of Napoleon. With him, as with Thomas Paine, opinion is rapidly changing. Paine too, will come, in time, to be regarded, as the few now know him—to have been one of the world's greatest men. It takes time for the ignorant, prejudiced public to get acquainted with great genius. Nothing assimilates more slowly. From what I have read, and directly observed, I believe a new Renaissance has come to Italy—its epoch beginning with the great International Freethought Congress held in Rome. Her art, from this on, will depict this life. Her architecture will be directed toward the school and home; and her worship toward ethics and humanity.

CHAPTER XIX.

Naples.

Of all my route, that which I would most prefer to go over by horse and buggy, instead of by rail, is the three hundred miles lying between Rome and Naples. Talk about the ruins and the castles along the Rhine—they do not compare with those along this route. Here are not only great castles in ruins, but also walled cities and towns by the hundreds. Along the whole route, there is not one new, or thriving town. The aspect of the country is entirely different from the north of Italy. Although a good railroad traverses the way, it has not been able to revive the country. The valley is still fertile in places, but not able to support the population. The people seem hardly half alive. Great ancient towns loom up here and there on a high hill, but there is little or no sign of life about them. Upon all hands there are evidences of a one time power and glory, that I do not believe was equalled anywhere; but it was like passing through a continuous graveyard. I saw city after city, each crowning a round high hill, on the extreme of which was a church and monastery and built all around and half way down the hill, huddled together were stone houses, two, three and four stories high. The peculiar manner of construction had the effect of making the hill look top-heavy. There was not a sign of smoke, nor of a window pane, nor of a human being, except occasionally, some clothes might be seen drying on a line. From the foot of the hill to the top, a thousand feet or more, there was not a spear of grass, a tree, or any living green thing. Just imagine a roughly built rock city, topping a high rock, and you will get the picture. Dry, barren, solitary, desolate, half or wholly in ruin, such was the appearance of most of these ancient towns, and there were hundreds of them. I saw walled towns, which from a distance looked as if they might have room for twenty or thirty thousand people, and there was absolutely not a single sign of life about them. They were only two or three miles apart, on either side of the valley, with great castles, likewise in ruin often standing between.

Along the railroad and down in the valley, the buildings and low humble homes were likewise ancient, but habitable, and fairly well kept. The people raise grapes and other fruits and some Indian corn and tobacco, which give them a meager living. The women do the most of the work. I saw women carrying mortar on

their heads to men who were building a culvert along the railroad, and this was on the holy Sabbath day. I saw hundreds of women walking here and there along the turn-pikes, sometimes in groups of two or three, but mostly alone, each having a huge basket of grapes on her head, and all wending their way to a public wine press. The baskets looked to be three or four feet deep, and three feet wide at the top.

Occasionally I would see a man, like-wise employed in conveying grapes to the still; but he did not walk, nor did he carry the grapes on his head. He sat astride the rear end of a little burro, his feet almost touching the ground. In front of him on the burro's shoulder he held a big basket of grapes. On either side of the burro, was strapped large four foot baskets, which also came nearly to the ground. Actually, about all that could be seen of those poor little jacks were their ears and their tails. I could see, how their backs swayed, and I never felt more sorry for animals, as they slowly and painfully trudged along, unmindful, seemingly, of the continuous kicks. I felt that I would like to seize a big club, knock the man off, unburden the poor little rabbit, and seize it by the hind legs, throw it over my shoulders, and carry it a mile or two, and give it a rest. The sight of a great big long, lanky hulk of a man, astraddle of a poor, little jack-ass, was not only a comic, but a ridiculous sight to my eyes. It is an expression, not only of utter disregard for appearance, but the quintessence of pure, unadulterated laziness. I never behold this sight or pictures like it, but I think of that familiar conundrum, "When was the slipperiest day in all Jerusalem?" The most abused individuals I saw in Italy, after leaving Rome, were the women and the burros, and among the lower classes, there is but little difference in the treatment received by each.

The people of northern Italy are sensitive about being classed with the Neopolitans and the Sicilians of the south; and in justice to them, a wide discrimination should be made. The people of the north are a different type, facially and physically, I was told by some, "We of the north, do not regard the Southerners as Italians," and one gentleman said, "They are hardly human beings down there." But I did not find it that bad. While there is a distinct difference, the majority of the people of Naples are equal to the average Italian. There are always good people wherever you go, and mankind is inclined always to see the worst and point it out. I want to say here, that before coming to Naples there was no more begging, if as much, as I encountered in London and Paris. In fact, there was less begging in Milan and Rome than in Cincinnati. It is a common thing to see men feeding from garbage barrels in Cincinnati, and women and children line up in front of a restaurant at night, to get bread, cakes, and other remnants of food, left over, and which is given away. I saw none of this in Europe. But no

doubt, this might be seen, if they had garbage barrels as we have, and if so much refuse went into them. Over there, there is no waste in anything. But in Naples, the conditions are different, and beggary reaches out toward you from every hand. Of these conditions I will speak later on.

As I approached, within thirty or forty miles of Naples, the valley widened out into a beautiful fertile country. Everything appeared so different from our own country, that it was like being transplanted into a different world. The people, the dress the habitations, the landscape—everything is different. About ten miles from Naples, the train ran close to the King's summer palace, an immense structure, looking somewhat, like the big public institutions in the environments of American cities. Directly across a small stream, and opposite this palace, a barren rocky mountain—a spur of the Appenines rises for 2,000 feet. About 1,000 feet up along its side, a stream of pure clear water gushes out, having the volumne of a good-sized creek, or about twice the volume, of an ordinary canal. This huge stream cataracts down over great stone stairs that have been built along the mountain wall, and is a most beautiful sight. From this giant mountain spring, Naples gets her water supply, and the city has one pure thing at least, to boast of.

Arriving at the depot, I found a vast crowd assembled in the broad plaza in front of it, and around a covered object, a man was speaking, and the crowd applauding. I moved up as near as I could get, to see what was going on, and made inquiries, but wasn't understood. Presently the speaker ceased, the band struck up the Marsellaise, a girl pulled the rope, and a splendid equestrian statue of Garibaldi was unveiled. The crowd yelled, and none yelled more lustily than I. Some fine looking young Italians noticed me, with valise in hand, and hat off, and yelling, and seeing that I had just arrived, and that I was an American, and was as happy as any one, they gathered round me and we all shouted and waved our hats together. All I could understand was, "Vive le Garibaldi!" Vive America!" I regret that I could not talk with them; but was glad to note their courtesy and appreciation. This was one of the most pleasing privileges and incidents of my trip. Garibaldi is now the great name in Italy. He is the Washington of that country, and great statues are being erected to him in every city. This means that Liberty has come to stay in Italy, and the autocratic power of king and priest, is fast nearing the end. This peasant, this civilian, who was not Catholic, nor had royal blood flowing in his veins, is today the idol and pride of Italy.

The educated people of Italy impress me as being a well balanced population. I base this estimate largely upon the existing relations of church and state. What other government in the world would tolerate an opposing government, right in its capital city?

A government in league at all times, with foreign powers against Italy, and which is ready to seize any oportunity which would aid in its restoration to power. To handle this vast superstitious machine requires tact, patience, statesmanship, courage and character, and these, Italian leadership well evidence. Superstition and long established custom cannot be rooted out in a day nor in a century. Progress is always of slow growth; but when we observe the Italian people standing firmly for union, and symbolizing the same in their hero worship of Garibaldi and at the same time keeping down the rancor of the ignorant Christian element, and gradually leading it into patriotic paths, we see statesmanship of the highest character. For, let it not be forgotten—the greatest problem of all governments, now, as forever in the past, is the religious problem. Religions, by virtue of their assumed rights divine, and superior influence with God Almighty, have ever contended that they should be the government or at least the guiding hand of the state. For the knowledge they profess to be able to impart direct from Heaven, and for their influence in bending the Omnipotent Will, to favor one nation against the other in battle, they assume the right of authority in all things—in matters of state, morals and education, as well as the religion of the people.

No other nation has had this element to contend with as Italy has had, and the manner in which she has handled it within the last forty years is something remarkable.

Let it not be forgotten too, that the church is the class which has ever taken the lead in establishing class privileges in the world. It is the one giant amid all the trusts. What to do with it, how to manage it, how to live at peace with it, has ever beeen the greatest and most vexing of all problems of statesmanship. Its control over the ignorant, the prejudiced, the excitable and the inflammable has ever been so great, that the state has been compelled to soothe it with honors, and appropriations, and special priviliges. Statesmen and humanitarians who have aimed to promote peace, education, science and commerce, have ever been blocked by the opposition of this backward element, which assumes the government of men, but which itself is the greatest and most troublesome of all problems of government. Russia has a church which led her into a war against the heathen, and wrought national disaster to her people. In peace, it is forever preying upon her very vitals. At the same time, it is censor of the Russian brain, the police commissioner of all thought, and progress. The effect of religious influence upon Russia is now apparent to all the world. Even ignorant men are now able to perceive that dependence upon gods of any kind is a superstitious hoax, a mere priestly pretention; and that if men would be successful in war, or in any enterprise, they must depend upon knowledge, training, energy, honesty ad self-reliance, and not upon the god idea. Humanity possesses no greater conceit, no as-

sumption so childish and foolish, as the belief that the Almighty Power, which created the illimmitable universe, is to be influenced warped, bent and swayed by the prayers, either of a smooth-shaven, or a be-whiskered pope; or that He will favor the killing and extermination of one race of His creatures, made in His own imagee, to gratify the pride, glory and cupidity of another race, made in His image. All the world is now asking, "What kind of a God is this God of War, upon whom Christians depend for success, in exterminating their fellow men?"

All the world has taken a mighty step forward within the last year, millions of men have opened their eyes to the fact that all wars are rich men's wars, and poor men's fights. Millions have come to know that the Christian's God is no more powerful or wise in directing the affairs of men, than the Heathen's God, or than no God at all. Millions have come to know, that in order not to be a slave to any religion, all that is required is to know it. No man can be fooled when he knows. No man blindly believes, and humbly submits to be led, who determinedly stops to think for himself.

Now, with superstition demoralized, weakened and in disrepute, both in Italy and Russia, the head-quarters of the two great forces of the Christian power, a brighter dawn has risen over the world of mankind.

In this new era of Humanity and Reason—in this ruddy morning of joy, hope spreads her golden pinions over unfathomable blue seas, and paints with her iris pencil on the crystalline arch the glowing promise of justice and brotherhood among men.

My hotel at Naples is located on a point leading out in the bay, giving me a splendid view in all directions. A fine boulevard, walled, next to the bay, stretches for miles along the shore. Soon after my arrival I was sitting on the sea-wall, observing Vesuvius, which was in eruption. I arrived in Naples, just in time to see this wonderful phenomenon. I was told that it was the greatest demonstration for seventy years. All Naples was out, and I was given the opportunity of seeing the Neopolitans at their best.

Vesuvius is about 5,000 feet high. The column of smoke rose perpendicularly in the air to the height of 7000 feet above the crater. The smoke at first was very black, but at the height of two or three thousand feet turned to a dark greyish color, and at the top changed to snow white, widening out umbrella fashion.

As the volcanic blaze breaks through the loftiest mountain peaks, just so, I thought, the deep discontent of the humble millions breaks through the mountain minds of their great leaders.

The intense heat striking the high, cold altitudes, turned the giant black column of smoke into a snow-white beautiful cloud. The skies were of pure crystalline blue, and there was no other cloud in the sky; and as I looked at it I thought, how like is the vol-

cano to the heart of each human being? I thought of the smothered fires in every heart, the hot lava passions, that, in many, break loose in unrestrainable violence, I thought of human hope ever mounting upward, ever mingled with the smoke of sorrow and despair, and as I watched the great black sulphurous column rise 7,000 feet above the crater, and end at last in a beautiful cloud, I asked myself, will it be so with the hopes of men? Will they too, heaven aspiring though they are, will they rise in expectancy, only to end in a beautiful cloud?

A gentlman drove up in a dog-cart, and beside him sat his idiot boy, who in his silly way, pointed and grinned at the smoke and the beautiful cloud. I could not keep my eyes away from him.

Will the mists, I asked be cleared from his brain?
Will a bright light illumine his eyes?
Will some day his reason return again,
In the far away crystalline skies?
Both the hopes and sins of each heart that's broke,
And the love everlasting that's vowed,
Will they all go up like Vesuvius' smoke,
And be lost, in a beautiful cloud?

The above is the closing verse of a poem, on the above sentiment, which I penned in a few minutes. It is strange how quickly subjects arise for composition, that never had entered the mind before. In his "Drifting," Thomas Buchannon Read, left nothing, for any one coming after him to describe, touching on the Bay of Naples. I had regretted that such description had not been left for my pen; but then, I never could have equalled that master piece of Read's.

The eruptions were from one to three minutes apart. Boom! and a volumn of flame and black smoke would be sent sky-ward. Every fourth or fifth eruption was much the stronger. There would be heard an internal roaring and rumbling in the earth, just as if thunder was confined under you, and the wall on which I sat, trembled like a person in a chill. It was a strange sensation, a weird, thrilling, awful sight. Under the bright sun, the fire works were tame; but at night they were glorious. The Neopolitans, used to observing Vesuvius, gazed with awe. Old men said they had never seen the like. Boom! and the flames would shoot 2,500 feet above the crater, scattering red hot stones, just like a rocket; while the lava, in rivers of flame, ran down the mountain side for 2,000 feet. Some of the stone were as large as an ordinary living room, and flaming red with the heat. As the force upward, carried them from over the crater, they would fall a long distance before striking the mountain, and then go bounding down its sides. Through glasses, I could see the eruptions as plainly, as if they were only three or four squares away. The lava destroyed about 1200 feet of

the funicular railway. The eruptions continued from two to five minutes apart, for five days and nights. On the second night the moon, which was full, and very large, owing to atmospheric conditions, arose directly over the crater, passing up through the column of fire and smoke, fringing the great cloud at the top of the column with crimson and gold. The sight was beautiful beyond description, and one never witnessed before in Naples. While it is a common thing to see the moon rise over the mountain it never before had been seen to appear at an eruptive period, and break through the great column of flames and smoke. Old residents expressed their wonder at the sight. The upheaval of Vesuvius is always accompanied after a few days with frequent showers and stormy weather. For one whole afternoon, a rainbow hung over Vesuvius, the center of the arch being directly over the crater. I never saw a rainbow, half so wide, nor one whose colors were so plainly marked. The "second rainbow," was as bright and large as any first rainbow I ever saw in this country. One end of the rainbow, rested in the bay, about a mile from shore Although the waves were rolling high , I ventured out in a boat, and was rowed right into the end of the rainbow. The base covered a distance of about 1200 feet, and the colors were so strongly marked, that they tinted the water accordingly. The boatman rowed me forward and backward several times, and we took on the various tints as we passed through them. Looking upward along the line of the tinted arch, a great deluge of streaming colors, softly and beautifully blent, seemed to cataract right down from the skies. I have often been entranced with stories of the silver streams, and golden streets, and alabaster side-walks, and jasper walls of the New Jerusalem, and of the glory of the mansions surrounding the great White Throne; but I doubt if all the celestial blazonry combined can equal the glory of the rainbow—bright child of the love of sunshine and shower. Heaven is all around us here on earth, if we only have eyes to see it. Of course, I thought of the "Bag of Gold," but the end of the rainbow was at the bottom of the bay, and I didn't venture. I had regretted not remaining in Rome several days longer to see the Vatican; but had I done so, I would have missed the eruption of Vesuvius, and between the two, I choose the latter sight.

Every tillable spot of Vesuvius is cultivated clear up to the lava and ash line—fully half way up the mountain side. There is a cot on every four or five acres, and here and there are groups of five or six houses, or a small village and hotel. It is string-town on the pike, all the way out from Naples and for miles beyond. When the eruption was fiercest and the mountain was rumbling and shaking, there was no exodus of the people whatever. They have grown use to its threats and mutterings, and are stoical, and say it is no use to run—that whatever is to be, is to be. The ground is very fertile and tropical fruits and the grape are very prolific.

Naples is the largest city in Italy, and has a population of 750,000. Its location is ideal, and the more I saw of the city, the more I liked it—all excepting the smell. Naples has a smell all its own, and I didn't get away from it till I was in the middle of the Atlantic ocean homeward bound. The streets are fairly good, so is the street car system, and it is well lighted. It is an old, old city, and has an ancient look. The city has an immense shipping trade, from all parts of the world, and I enjoyed roaming about the docks, studying the characters of the vessels and sailors as they came and went. It is a sight to observe the shipment of wines and fruits, and I couldn't but wonder where they all came from.

Many of the streets of Naples are very narrow. A man riding a mule through some of them, couldn't well fall off. Some of them run up the mountain-side for five or six squares, and are in reality, stone stairways, ten or twelve feet wide, and lined with five, six and seven story houses, with a family in each room. The Italians do not believe in race suicide, and evidence is on every hand of a respectful regard for the multiplication table. Imagine the number of women and children to be seen at the windows and doors, and sitting on the many steps of these hill-side streets. To these you may add dogs, cats, goats, parrots, chickens and turkeys. In all the tenement districts the exterior walls of the houses are lined, clear to the top with citrons, squashes, strings of onions, peppers, garlic, and other vegetables, hung out not only to dry, but for a storing place. A sight, more strange, and picturesque than some of these streets, could not be found, and I am sure that the smell, which seemed a compound of garlic, asafoetida, Billy-goat, polecat, fish-market, and monkey-house, couldn't be matched in all the world.

Along the street car line out toward Vesuvius, for miles, this smell is almost unbearable. The ground is low, and there does not seem to be any sewerage. The streets are thick with black dirt, and human excrement may be seen every-where. The people are too lazy to keep clean. Here and there is a macaroni factory, right in the thick of this foul atmosphere. I looked into several. None of them were clean. Th workmen wore only a pair of trunks, and being very sweaty, looked as though they had been in bathing. The flies were as thick as the swarms that tormented Egypt. But the flies and general dirt, were not half so unappetizing as the awful smell in which the macaroni was made and which pervaded all the air round about. What was most surprising to me was, that here and there, in these distircts, there were splendid mansions, with beautiful walled gardens in the rear, and evidently occupied by rich persons. These had become so accustomeed to the smell, that they had long ceased to notice it. In this, as in many other parts of the city, the houses have no cellars, the first story being used for the basement. This basement portion is rented out to the poorer

class for living rooms—one family occupying each room, a large double front door supplying the only ventilation and light. The women do all their work in the doorways. Groups of girls sit around a sewing machine in the door, doing their sewing. Other women are at the wash-tub. They hang their washing on the outside of the house over the pavement, which is only three or four feet wide. The women do their cooking also out on the pavement, using a crude little charcoal stove. Here and there, the street car stopppd right in front of an open door, and I could see the whole of the inside. Whew!!! the smell that came from some of those doorways, was almost as strong as a solar-plexus with a Fitzsimmon's delivery. Some of the floors were of wood, and others brick. Some had bedsteads, and in others the foul bedding was lying in the corners. The rooms generally had a stacked appearance, as if the people had just moved in. Over in one corner, a little half-starved jack, would stand in stupid contemplation. On several instances, the jacks had their heads out the front door, the humble expression on their faces, exciting my sympathy. The house was the only place to keep this member of the family, whose importance must not be underestimated. While the woman washes and does the other hard work, the noble lord of the family hitches the jack to a cart, and peddles fruit. The jack to the Italian, is what the pig is to the Irishman—he is the gentleman who helps to make the living.

In every house was one or more chickens, and when the people could afford it, there was sure to be a turkey. The turkey was for Christmas, or other feast day, and was being fattened for the event. It is absolutely essential to have fowl on feast days. The turkey in the house is a privileged character. He can gobble around and get in the way, all he pleases, and must not be molested. I saw a youngster kick a turkey out of his way, when he thought his mother not looking. She turned on him like a flash and gave him a slap that sent him sprawling out on the pavement. In nearly all these wretched abodes, there was generally a bureau to be seen, which is kept in good shape, and which no doubt serves as a kind of altar. It is often trimmed with cut paper, and decorated with crucifixes, statuettes, and other embellishments of devotional significance. On some of the bureaus, I saw two large glass globes three feet in height, one covering a crucifix, and the other the Virgin. These must have cost more than everything else in the house, including jack and turkey. If they serve to keep the evil smell out of the house, as well as evil spirits, they would be worth the money.

Not all of these basement homes are this bad, but the majority are as I have here described. Here and there I would see a room that was clean and tidy. Upon the whole, they are no worse than the basements of New York and London. It is the awful smell that pervades the whole atmosphere in these neighborhoods that is

most sickening. I used to like macaroni; but I will have to forget Naples, before I can eat it again. All the women were making tomato catsup. The tomatoes they raise, are of the pear shape. The catsup is poured into pans, like our baking pans, and set out in the sun to dry. Some were on the pavements, some on the roofs, some in windows and some on the floors, I saw at least five thousand of these pans in taking one street car ride. Fly-sauce would be a better name than catsup. It is dried until it can be lifted out of the pan like a cake. When needed for soup a slice is cut off and stirred in. Whenever I see vegetable soup, having a red complexion, I think of Naples and pass it up.

Up in the city, in the tenement districts, where the streets are narrow and houses high, one woman cooks for a whole neighborhood. She selects a stand on the pavement, at some place where the street widens a few feet, giving her room for her stoves, kettles and pans. The stoves are crude charcoal affairs. She would have several kinds of meats stewing or frying all the time, a big kettle of soup, and several vegetables. There was also a large kettle in which Indian corn was being boiled—not green roasting ears, but the dried ears. A man would come up, order an ear of corn and a small slice of fried meat, and that would make his dinner. I would frequently see two men come together. The woman would cut a loaf of bread in halves, press down the centers, and fill the depressions with hot tomato soup (fly sauce), and these half-loaves each made a dinner, costing two or three cents. A woman asked me and my guide, what we would have, but I wasn't at all hungry, and I told the guide to take what he wanted and I would pay for it. He helped himself and seemed to relish it. Children came with buckets for the soup, and pans for an assortment of diet, which they carried back to their homes. At times they rushed the bucket pretty lively, and the soup ran low. The woman half filled the kettle with water, tossed in a hunk of blue meat, some onions, peppers, carrots, and tomato catsup, poured some oil out of a bottle, and stirred all together. The flies had to look out for themselves. If they got in the way and fell in the soup, it was their own fault. I saw a great many of these cooking stands on the streets, and learned that owing to scarcity of fuel, it is more economical thus to buy food. As the coal is shipped from America and England, only the well-to-do can afford to purchase it. The poor depend principally upon charcoal and switches.

A fuel store is a curiosity. They are generally small rooms fifteen or twenty feet deep. The walls are shelved, and in the shelves, neatly packed are small bundles of switches and split wood. The bundles of switches are two to five feet in length, and as large around as a quart cup. The switches vary in size, from a half inch to an inch or two in diameter at the butts. I counted eighty switches in one bunch. Think of the labor required to collect and

sort these, and pack and tie them closely and neatly to gether. The bunches of split wood are two feet long, and contain three to six pieces. These come from old orange, olive or chestnut trees, which have ceased to bear. All fuel is sold by the pound. Women would come up and buy a pound of charcoal at a time. While I was inspecting one of these stores, as dusty and grimy a place as I was ever in, a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, daughter of the woman proprietor, came in and sat down on a box, and began to cry. A sharp conversation took place between her and her mother which I did not understand, but I could make out that the girl's grief was connected in some way with words which sounded to me to be "Bella! Bella! Bella!!" When I left, I asked my guide what troubled the girl, and what did she mean by "Bella! Bella!! Bella!!!" He said that the girl had dressed up in her best, and gone out for the afternoon, and there hadn't been a man to tell her that she was "beautiful,"—consequently her lamentations. In common American, she hadn't been able to make a mash. I learned afterwards, that the great problem among the poor of the Neopolitan women (and the majority are poor) is to get rid of their daughters. The girls are made to feel that they are not wanted, and they must marry and get out of the way. No doubt, this young girl had dressed up with the hope of being able to attract an admiring glance and possibly win a husband. She looked like a good girl.

Of all the pitiful objects I saw in my travels, none touched me more than the sight of the young Neopolitan girls, of the poorer classes. At twelve to fifteen, they are women, but owing to their miserable living and poor food, they do not develop. They are thin, scrawny and starved looking. Long dresses (a kind of plain calico slip) are put on them and they look like children in women's clothes. Most of them are bare-headed and bare-footed. They just drift about the streets. Some of them sell bunches of grass to the numerous cab-men for their horse's dinner. Many of them are married and are mothers at thirteen to fifteen. I was told that most of the marriages are arranged by the girls' mothers. The child has reached the age when dressing becomes expensive. She must be married off. The mother chooses to marry her to most anybody, rather than have her drift in the streets. She often contracts with a neighbor woman that the neighbor's son shall have her girl, and together they arrange an early marriage. Or if no such opportunity presents itself, a man of thirty to forty may have the child for a price.

I went into a toy-store, thinking to buy some little trinket to take home to my little girlie. While there, I saw an old appearing woman, but who was not past thirty-five, with a very pretty faced young girl, who looked to be thirteen or fourteen. She was talking to the proprietor, and as they were handling dolls, I supposed the woman had come in to buy a doll for her girl. After leaving the

store, my guide said, "Did you notice that man and girl?" I replied "Yes, what were they talking about?"

"Well," said the guide, "the mother wanted a hundred liras (twenty-five dollars), for the girl, and the man only wanted to give fifty. "A hundred liras," said the mother, "and the girl is yours." The proprietor looked to be thirty-five. Whether the sale was one of marriage or not, I do not know. Anyhow, the child knows nothing of love and motherhod, and her marriage is seldom an affair of the heart, and her children are not love children. She is married before she knows anything of dress, society, or the joys of maidenhood. By twenty she is an old, old woman, burdened with a family, and her husband has tired of her, and often taken up with another. She becomes his mule—his slave. She washes, scrubs, begs—anything to keep her little ones together. I was told that often the husband would bring another woman into the house, and make his wife cook for her, and otherwise wait upon her. The poor thing has no recourse. It is a terrible disgrace and reflection for a Neopolitan woman to leave her husband, no matter how good may be her excuse. She cannot go back to her father and mother, for they are generally poor, and besides won't have her, and shame her for leaving her husband. She can find no consolation in the church, for the priest orders her back. She can make no appeal to the state, for divorces are not granted in Italy. If she leaves anyhow, she is regarded as a prostitute.

The Italian women are industrious, and I believe that they are virtuous—that is, I believe they incline to virtue, and largely, where in they lack, is due to social, religious and economic evils which surround them. If many of these women could be free of their lazy intemperate, gambling, drinking, brutal husbands, they would manage to keep their little ones together and somehow make a living. But the awful frown of the church is over her, and she has no other recourse but submit to her fate, and live out the life of a beast. All over Italy, the cry is being raised, "We want divorce." Reformers Educators, Freethinkers, Socialists, Humanitaries of all classes, are demanding it, and it is only a question of a short time when it will be granted.

While the Catholics in America, are frowning down divorce, the Catholics of Italy, right at the fountain head of their faith, are asking and demanding it. They know that the Pope holds the ban over the masses, but the prince and millionaire can get his consent to divorce if they have the price.

The wages paid women in Italy will interest my readers. While in Milan, the largest, richest and most prosperous city, I took occasion to look into the wage question of women, and found that nearly one-third of all people employed in factories are girls under fifteen years of age. These receive but 10 and 11 cents per day. Girls over fifteen receive 12 to 14 cents per day. Mature and

skilled women in cotton mills get 29 to 39 cents per day. Cigar makers 35 cents a day. First class domestic servants are given 3 to 5 dollars per month.

This is the wage rate, remember, in Milan, the financial metropolis of the country. In other cities less prosperous, the rates may be easily imagined, and in some, no doubt, are one third to one half less. Superstition, Ignorance and Poverty—the Italian woman's Trinity.

In my opinion, the condition of women nowhere in the world, can be worse than that of the Christian City of Naples. There is no hypocrisy greater than that of sending missionaries to the heathen women to instruct them on the principles of love, duty, marriage and the home. The Holy Mother Church, may send her missionaries no farther than Naples to find all the work along this line, they can possibly do. Talk about the idolatry of the heathen. I venture to say that there are more ugly images, worshipped in Naples, than in any ten cities of India. What are these images but idols? If not idols, what are they? And what is praying to them, but the rankest kind of idolatry? Is it any wonder that the condition of women is degrading, that she has to live in such homes as I have described, and be the slave of a brutal, lazy husband, when she is a helpless, subservient intellectual slave to a drunken priest-hood, and her mind completely enslaved in the misty folds of a worse than heathen idolatry?

I was going to say that one-half, but I will modify it to be sure, and say that fully one-third of all the women of Naples wear men's old shoes, and there are vast numbers who have never at any time in their lives worn any other kind. They make a kind of sandal of them. The old shoe is cut down, across the instep to the sole, and the heel removed. Most of the women wear coarse stockings, but many have none at all. In wet weather, their stockings and feet get very dirty. I stood on one of the best corners in the city, for an hour, and counted the women who passed, and nearly half of them wore sandals or slippers made from men's old shoes. I didn't see any men thus apparelled. The men of Naples are generally fairly well dressed, and look well-fed.

Next to the women, I felt sorry for the horses and burros, which are treated shamefully. They overload these animals, and run them through the streets, kicking them at every jump. They do not geld their horses, but they have none of the appearance of the stallion. All of their male ambition is whipped and driven out of them. Their necks and shoulders are thin and spare, like those of the mares, and often they are half starved. I saw a few very swell turn-outs in Naples, and as fine matched coach and carriage horses, as I ever saw in Cincinnati. If it were given to me to start a reformation in Naples, my first organization would be a society for the prevention of cruelty to women, and the next, a society for

the prevention of cruelty to animals. No one can go to Naples and stay there long, without asking himself, "Of what good is religion, and of what use are priests?"

While I am on the subject of animals, I may as well tell about cows, goats and turkeys.

There are no milk wagons in Naples. Instead the cows are driven through the streets, or rather, follow their master from house to house and are milked in front of the doors. There is one advantage in this, a choice of cows may be had, and there is no chance to visit the pump. Some of them are very fine animals, and upon the whole, the cows are equal to the average American farm kine.

Herds of goats are likewise brought into the city and milked in front of the doors. Some of their udders are almost as large as those of cows. On the teats of many of them, muslin strings were tied to keep them from losing their milk. Bottles of half pints, pints, and quarts, the shape of those used in this country were filled as per order, and delivered. Some of the goats are trained to go up the stairs to the fifth or sixth floor, announce her presence, and in her goat way, tell the patron to come and get her milk. I gave a lira to a milk-man to get to see this performance. We followed Nanny to the top floor. She butted on a door, and gave a "ba-a-a!" The woman came with a half pint bottle and filled it, and kindly gave Nanny some cabbage leaves. The goat then went to another door, and was milked, and to another down on the third floor. I noticed that Nanny always expected something to eat and got it.

But the most amusing sight was that of the turkey driver. A bare-footed and bare-headed countryman, with his pants rolled to his knees, and holding a long staff in his hand, comes marching into the city surrounded by thirty or forty turkeys. Some one stops him to price the birds. They are all worn out and foot-sore, with their long tramp and glad to get a rest. Immediately, they tuck their heads under their wings, balance themselves on one foot, and go to sleep. When the price is asked on a certain one, the driver stirs him out of his sleep with his long pole, and makes him hop around lively to show what kind of a turk he is. When the purchase is made, he wakes the others all up, and starts off down the street, the turkeys following close about his heels, and the same scene repeated at each stop or purchase that was made. The turkeys all seemed to feel themselves in a strange place, and instinctively kept close to their master.

I went through the markets. After viewing the meats, I didn't wonder at the peculiar tastes of those served at the hotel and cut them out. The fish, however were fine. One of the finest aquariums in the world is at Naples, and is worth a special visit to see. They cook and eat the octopus here. It is served on eating stands in the market, and is eaten either boiled or pickled. They cook the

smaller sized, having tentacles twelve to eighteen inches long. I showed a fish seller ten centimes (2 cents) and asked for a taste. He clipped me off a tentacle a foot long and I tried it, but couldn't go it—my imagination was out of order.

Italy has long enjoyed the reputation of being the greatest fruit country in the world. I found it about the poorest. They raise grapes and they are prolific, but they are sour and good only for wine. The muscatel is the only good eating grape, and it is only ordinary. Their grapes are not in it with our Niagaras, Concords and Delawares. The apples and peaches are small, knotty and tough. The lemons and plums are fine. The oranges cannot compare with our navels and russets. The berries are inferior in flavor and size, and only a few kinds are grown. As to vegetables, they are all inferior. I did not see a mealy potato in Italy. Tomatoes are small and flavor flat and insiped. Peas, beans and cucumbers the same. Pumpkins squashes and cabbage are of fair size. Watermelons are not sweet nor is the pulp mealy. Muskmelons are large, but are a hybrid with the squash and cucumber. They do not have the cantelope. Those elements of soil which give freshness, and flavor to fruits and vegetables have all been worked out. There are no fruits or vegetables anywhere to compare with the American—and also, there are no flowers to compare with our own. The Italian is a trained and practical fruit raiser, and with such application in our fresh soil, he could make a fortune. But unfortunately, the class of Italians that come to America, are chiefly the lazy Neopolitan and Sicilian. They do not take to agriculture and fruit raising. Nearly all American cities now have their "Little Italy," and they live here muchly as they do in Naples. The men follow up easy jobs of hand-organ, street piano, and push-cart, while the women do the hard work, tramping around from door to door with a big pack of notions, and often carrying a baby with them. I saw many very handsome men in Naples, but only two or three pretty girls. After twenty the bloom is all gone, and they take on an aged look. I refer here to the upper classes. Among the poor, that aged look is written on the face of childhood. Indelibly stamped upon them are the centuries of poverty, ignorance and religious servility and degradation.

Naples is known the world over for its beggars. They pester the life out of the traveler. I found it easiest, to keep my pocket full of small change and give to every one who asked and pass quickly on. If I stood still for a few minutes to look around at the buildings and other objects there would be two or three at my elbows, and others coming from different directions. They seemed to come right up from the ground. There are beggars of all ages, from one to a hundred years. Before I would know it, some one would have hold of my hand and kiss it. I would look around, to see a young woman, who still held my hand, kissing it again, and then lifting it

to the baby in her arms, for it to kiss. The kid was on to its job, and of course I had to give twenty-five centimes to the baby. Five centimes make a penny in our moneey. I kept my pockets full of five and ten centime (pronounced "sahn-teem") pieces. Infants thus trained often follow begging all their lives and consequently fully half the beggars are professional impostors.

Before you know it a woman or young girl will pin a cheap carnation or rose on your lapel, and then smile so sweetly and say, "Nice! nice! pretty! pretty!" If you make a motion to take it off and hand it back, she will quickly move your hand away, and say, "No! no! no! nice! nice!" meaning that you must let it stay; and of course you owe her from ten to twenty-five centimes for the trouble, to which she has put herself, to make you look "nice." They have all kinds of ways to get money. They can make the tears come in ten seconds. Such miserable specimens of old mortality, I never saw before, especially are those who hang around the church doors, lame, blind, sore-eyed ulcerous, decaying remnants of the human image, who for sanitary reasons, should be sent to a pest-house. But Naples is slow on sanitation.

Some of the churches along the narrow streets are set back thirty or forty feet, and great stone steps lead up from either side to a huge portico, from which the church doors open. This affords a kind of breathing space, which is occupied by children, infants and beggars. Girls from six to ten, take care of infants, and mingle thick on the steps and portico, with the sore-eyed ulcerous filthy beggars. Human excrement is so thick on the steps, that you have to carefully pick your way. The inside of the church stinks as badly as the outside, the additional smell of holy smoke, adding to the rankness of the atmosphere. The young girls and boys have little sense of modesty and the proprieties. I saw some boys of thirteen to sixteen, committing a nuisance against the church front and children all around them. I told my guide to reprimand them, and to tell them that I said "they should be ashamed of desecrating the holy church in such manner."

They replied, "Tell the American to go to h - -! that Italy is a free country. Americans think they have the only free country, but we are just as free as they are, and we do as we please here in Italy."

It is thus to be seen, that the young Italian's ideas of freedom, make him no respecter of buildings.

Several times each day I passed the King's city palace, which is along the main street in the heart of the city. At the entrance stood a rather handsome guard, who always smiled and gave me the military salute. I wondered why he singled me thus out, as I noticed that he did not do the same with other passers-by. Finally I concluded to go up to him and address him. He replied in fair English, and said that he had lived in New York and Philadelphia for

three years, and when he saw an American, he couldn't help but salute him. "America," said he, "is my country, and I am going there to stay some day."

He further said that when he had left for America, his old father and mother were street beggars. As it is so common, he did not think much about it; but when he had lived in America awhile, and saw how old people were cared for, and the great homes built for the aged poor, it made him ashamed to think of his father and mother begging on the streets of Naples. When he had saved five hundred dollars, he returned, bought them a little home and a few acres of ground, out toward Vesuvius, and now was keeping them comfortably. Owing to his ability to speak English he had gotten a position as guard at the palace, which only paid him fourteen dollars a month, but which with a little money derived from art work, he was able to live and help a sister and keep his parents. "But when they are gone, I am going back," he said, "to my country."

I was delighted to meet this fellow, and gained much valuable information from him. Through his influence, I got to see through the palace. Here was where Pauline Bonaparte lived, when she reigned queen of Naples. As I stood that first time talking to him, fully a dozen beggars accosted me, and when I left, nearly as many were coming toward me from different directions. The thought of them creeping toward me haunts me still. I asked him what proportion of the beggars were deserving? and he replied that three-fourths of the older people were honest poor—that they were all as hungry as they looked, and in fact were starving. A great many had been professional beggars all their lives and imposters were thick; but the majority were poor people who had never had enough to eat at any time in their lives. Naples is a very large city. Like all sea-ports, it has a big floating population. Young men from the country drift hither. There is but little manufacturing. What work there is to be done is given to the young and strong. The old do not beg until they have to. They starve and half live until they are forced by necessity to the streets. The expenses of the church, city military and imperial governments, weigh the people down. There are no schools to speak of, and ignorance prevails. There are no infirmaries, no homes for the aged, nor for orphans, none of the many public and private institutions of charity. The few have all the money. The young have but few opportunities to learn trades. there is no manufacturing of cloth, shoes, or of implements or machinery of any kind. When the beggars die, they are carted off like garbage, and ditched. As previously stated, the more one sees of Naples, the more he wonders of what good is religion, and of what use are priests?

My guard acquaintance told me that emigration to America from Southern Italy was having the effect of alienating the people from the church, and opening their eyes as to the economic condi-

tions. He said those who return tell about our public schools, and our free hospitals and charitable institutions, and how the aged are cared for. They tell the young men, "You are not forced to serve in the army in the United States, and you don't have to give to the church, and you find opportunity to get an education, and learn a trade, and you may think as you please, and naturally they contrast these free conditions with the Catholic home government of morals education and charity.

It the City of Naples alone, the King of Italy has three great palaces, either of which is eight or ten times as big as the White House. One is down in the city, another on a high hill over-looking the city, and another ten miles out in the country. Three immense palaces in one city, and not an old man's or an old woman's home. He has besides some thirty or forty like palaces all over Italy, in some of which he lives, but a few days or weeks in the year. Think of the expense of maintaining these great palaces, and no homes for orphans and the aged. Through American association, the people of Italy, are fast imbibing free ideas, and they are saying, the palaces of the King, and the monasteries must come back to the people. The support of the church is fast being cut down, and it too, is taking its place in the ranks of the beggars. In fifty years more, Italy will be pretty well secularized, and before that time, there will be complete separation of church and state. Then, what will "Papa" do?

The last hope of the Catholic superstition lies in gaining political control of England and the United States. Through emigration, it is bound to become a political power in all great American municipalities; but it will not succeed in its aims; for as I have previously said, it is too old, it belongs to antiquity, it cannot adopt itself to modern life, and must take its place among the ruins. In its dying agonies, it may have spasmodic struggles of life, and for a time exhibit renewed strength and activity; but it will not have enough blind faith back of it to prop it up long. It has had uninterrupted sway in Italy since the days of Constantine, and there tested its effciency for good, and the world of mankind will forever measure it by the low status of morals and education and poverty, and the general backward trend in all directions, where it has had complete control. It is now the policy of the statesmen of Italy to avoid a physical clash with it, to humor it, nurse it gently in its death agonies, and drop it into its grave easily.

CHAPTER XX.

Naples, Pompeii and Capri.

I went in ten or twelve churches. Those in the tenement districts interested me most. None were largely attended, and those present, were mostly of the very humblest classes, grovelling like whipped slaves, with their heads to the floor. "Heads Down" has been the attitude by which the religions of the past, have been able to command men. The progressive religion of to-day must teach 'Heads Up,' for men are discovering that the theology and creeds of the past, are not essential to morals or happiness, and not in harmony with the existing reality of things, and that they can get along without them.

The churches of Naples possess wonderful relics. In that of Maria del Corrunna, there is a celebrated miraculous picture of the Virgin. It can open its eyes, shed tears, blush, and do a lot of other stunts, and when thus moved it can cure most any disease.

Under the high altar of the Cathedral are two vessels which contain the blood of St. Januarius, who is said to have suffered martyrdom under Diocletian. In the chapter on Rome, I told you how "Saints" were made. You can readily perceive by the name, that St. Januarius is a myth. They have a saint for every month and day of the year, as well as for every wonderful act, or tradition. St. Januarius is the same as Johnuary, or John, or Jonah or Janus, and is the personification of Aquarius, the first month of the year. Well, some of the blood of old January was caught, when Diocletian killed that month, and is preserved to this day, in two vessels in the high altar of the cathedral of Naples.

This blood occasionally liquifies, and then goes again on a long drouth. The first time the liqufaction took place, was when the body of the saint was brought to Naples, in the time of Constantine. Ever since that time, it liquifies at regular intervals, three times a year, as follows:—The First Saturday in May, in the evening; and on the 19th of September and the 16th of December, between 9 and 10 in the morning. If the liquifaction is rapid, it is the sure sign of a good year, and if it is slow, it is an evil omen. I didn't see it liquify, but since January is the rainy month in the year, over there, nothing would be more natural than it should have a moist fit now and then. More than once when Vesuvius has threatened Naples, and ashes began to fall in the city, the blood of

St. Januarius has been carried through the streets, the people praying as it passed, and the catastrophe averted.

When I visited the Cathedral, I was in company with Mrs. M. H. and Mr. John H. Adams of Brooklyn, mother and son, and very charming people. Mrs. Adams is as sweet a young old lady as I ever met. We had started at the Art Museum up on the hill, and came down the distance of a mile or two through the toughest portion of the city, depending upon the presence of Mrs. Adams in keeping the banditti from seizing us. We asked to see the blood of St. Januarius. An old guide took us down stairs into the crypt, a room under the high altar, thirty feet square, finished and decorated in marble. We were shown the tomb of St. Januarius, and a tomb of one of the Popes, and other saints, and the old man insisted on showing and telling us all about every little bit of sculpture on the wall. The more time these guides spend in showing you nothing, the more money they exact at settlement. "Cut all that out, old man," said I, "and show us the sacred blood of Old Jannary," He insisted on showing us things we didn't want to see, and we stopped and wouldn't look at them.

"The Blood! The Blood! old man," said I, "the Blood, or nothing! Let's see the Blood!"

Finally, he unlocked an iron door, looking something like a safe door, touched an electric button, and there in a holy of holies was a miniature altar of gold and jewels, lit by the electric flash. The old man crossed himself, and bowed and prayed, and threw kisses at something, and shed tears, and wiped his weeping optics, for about five minutes, and then gave us a chance to look. The sacred golden vessels, containing the eccentric blood of Januarius were there in a tight glass case, but as I couldn't see through the metal, I didn't get to see the Blood. But we were given the precious and distinguished privilege of seeing the bone of the first joint of the left thumb of Old January. When we came up out of the crypt, we proffered the old guide a lira (twenty-five cents each), and he got raving mad and threatened to do something with us. He wanted seven liras each. We told him that was too much, and we were not used to paying such prices.

"No! no!! no!! said he, Januarius! Januarius!! Januarius!!! meaning that we had seen something special, and the price was not too much. He acted as though he was going to eat us up. I again proffered him a lira, which he wouldn't take, and then I told him to go where the heat melts the thermometer. Adams told him something worse, and we started to walk out. The old man got in front of us to head us off, but we just bolted straight ahead and out. The old man, no doubt had bluffed many a person out of money, who would shell out rather than have any trouble, in a church. You are more apt to get held up in a church in Europe, than in any

other place. There is nothing free, and if you want to see anything, you have to pay for it. It did me good to beat that old skin-flint.

When Victor Immanuel and Garibaldi took Naples, the bishop notified the people that he had appealed to the Blood of St. Jaunarius, to signify the approval or disapproval of God, in accepting the terms of surrender at the hands of the Infidels. As the blood would not liquify, he announced that God did not favor surrender, and if they did not fight, they would not be allowed to worship, and their religious liberties would be taken from them. Garibaldi, hearing of this, and seeing the effect it was having upon the people, sent a courier to the bishop, with the order that the bishop should immediately make that blood liquify, and that he should announce the liquification to the people, or he would put a few cannon balls through the bishop's palace. It liquified.

The smell in the cathedral was almost as bad as in some of the smaller churches. Imagine the condition of the atmosphere in one of these churches, right after one or two thousand Neopolitans had been to mass. I imagine I sniff it yet.

Churches, tenements, markets, eating stands, garlic, macaroni —ugh!

> Forget it, forget it, try as I will,
> The scent of old Naples, hangs round me still.

Lest the impression be derived that all of Naples is of the character so far described, I will say that it has its clean parts, and nice residence portions, especially on the hill-side and along the west shore of the bay. Here a boulevard extends for four or five miles, lined with hotels, flat buildings and residences, which are good, for Italy. It is a most picturesque drive. The architecture is either ancient, or after the French style. The floors in all the houses are of cement and in those of the richer classes, some are of mosaic. The floors of the bed-rooms in the hotels are like wise of cement. In some, a small rug is spread upon the floor. Naples has some fine broad streets and splendid buildings. Some of the business houses are quite modern. It is a city that grows on you. One must go up the mountain side back of it, to get the full conception of its ideal and splendid location. What a site, I thought for an American city. With its splendid bay circling the city, Vesuvius, Sorvento, and her purple isles, every body in America would want either to live there or go there, on vacations. The breezes from the bay greatly modify the prevailing stench. Otherwise, an American couldn't remain there two days.

I visited the tomb of Virgil, situated on a high hill commanding a fine view of the bay, local tradition assuming that this is his last resting place. Anyhow, here upon this hill, as the poet himself informs us, he composed his immortal works, the Georgics and

the Aenid, and here he possessed a villa, and by his express wish, was interred here, after his death in Greece B. C. 19. Petrarch visited this spot, and planted a laurel, which at the beginning of the present century fell a prey to relic hunters.

Naples has a famous university, in which is a statue of Giordano Bruno. There are also schools of medicine and law, and music but nothing in the shape of a school building for the masses. The largest building in an American village is the school-house; and it looks strange, in passing clear through Italy, not to see in country or village a single structure, bearing the resemblance of a school. Were I asked, what one thing above all others is the glory of America, I would say, The Common School. We have public school buildings in all our great cities ,and even in cities of ten to thirty thousand, finer than most of the universities of Europe. Great, great is the country, that neglects not to provide education for the masses. The Neopolitan children are taught in the parochial schools, which are stuck away where they cannot be seen, in the rooms of tenements and other like places. The curriculum extends to Aby Abs and Praise and Prayer. But now, Italy has a Minister of Education, and is gradually providing for public schools and compulsory attendance. In the last ten years, the rate of illiteracy has been reduced from 60 per cent. under Christian sway, to 40 per cent. under Secular sway. In fifty more years, school houses will have been erected and education in Italy, will be generally universal, and the power of the Papacy at last, and forever be broken. Since it has maintained its power, through all the centuries by keeping the masses ignorant, it must necessarily lose its grasp upon them as soon as they become educated; for people cease to be slaves to a superstition as soon as they know and understand it. The poor and illiterate, however, are not alone, the slaves of superstition. Men, eminent in business affairs, and wise in many different specialties are also slaves to superstition, because they neither understand nor know it. They may be great in the world of finance, but still be mere children upon this subject—believing at sixty the same as they believed at six.

There is one thing I have always noticed from my youth up, and that is, that church steeples, and convents and nunneries, and other signs of religion, are not indications that people are religious. In fact, the more church steeples, and the higher they rise in a city, the more police, intemperance, poverty, vice, ignorance and crime. Here is Naples. The signs of religion are on every hand. I saw crucifixes and Virgins in street cars. On the outside of business buildings, on prominent corners, right over the first floor, I saw great show cases, from six to twelve feet square, containing numerous gold and silver hearts, artificial flowers, and other religious emblems, and in the center of the case would be a bejewelled Virgin, life size, her clothes made of mother of pearl.

I could not see that the five or six hundred churches in Naples, with all their monasteries, nunneries, and street Virgins, and other advertisements and signs of religion, indicated the presence of religion. I couldn't even see that they enabled Cleanliness to get within forty miles of Godliness. If a man has any powers of perception at all, in observing such contrasts as are presented here, he cannot help asking himself, of what good is religion, and of what use are priests?

To this question, on a number of occasions, I have received the following reply, "The human mind must form ideals and grow to ideals, and if for nothing else, Christianity is a necessity for the ideals it embraces."

Well, Christianity has surely had the opportunity to stamp its "ideals" on the people of Naples, and what do we see—general poverty, illiteracy, vice, crime, beggary and filth. One half of the great city is a slum, reeking with foul air and disease. Are these the "Ideals," which make Christianity a necessity? The facts are that as churches increase in number, they burden impoverish, and by keeping them ignorant, degrade the people. One day, while standing lookig at one of those virgins, in the Mother of Pearl gowns, I counted fourteen girls right near, selling wreaths of hay to the cab-men and other drivers. These girls were from eleven to fourteen years of age, and clothed in long dresses making them look like women. They were bare-headed and bare-footed and their slip of a gown, appeared to be the only apparel they had on. They looked in the faces, to be twenty-five or thirty years of age, and were wild creatures, and talked familiarly and saucily to the cab drivers, whose conversations were evidently of an insulting character. I looked at the cheap, flimsy gowns of these girls and at the Mother of Pearl robes of the Virgin, and asked myself, "Is the Blessed Mother, listening to the cry of the children? What is she doing for them? What has she ever done for them?"

I saw some old women standing in sloughs and back-water above their knees. The water was as black as ink, and stinking foul. Above the surface of the water, a sea grass protrudes for ten or twelve inches. The women reached down in the filthy water, and pulled it up by the roots, then laid it on the bank to dry. When cured, it was bound in wreaths, of various sizes, mostly the size of a holly wreath, such as is used here at Christmas time. The girls are sent into the city to sell these wreaths to the drivers, and this wisp of sea-grass constitutes a dinner for the burro, or cab-horse. Such exposures as this with many others of like character, lead to the degradation of children.

There are thousands of guides in Naples, all wanting to show you around. You cannot step out of your hotel but you are accosted by dozens of them, one after the other as you pass along. You are advised at the hotel not to get angry at them, or attempt to

moralize with them. If you do, they take delight in annoying you, and your life is made miserable with their solicitations to show you the sights. They are worse than the guides of Paris. If you will not employ them to show you the good things about the city, they are sure to propose the bad; and of all the depraved exhibitions, Naples leads in furnishing novelties. Paris is slow. Invariably, one of their many propositions is to introduce you to a beautiful girl, ten, eleven or twelve years of age.

And Christian missionaries, come back from India and tell us of the cruelty to the child-wives in that heathen land.

Naples has one of the greatest art galleries in the world, in many respects, the greatest that I saw. The majority of the art of course, is of a sacred character. This gallery is particularly rich in ancient Greek Sculpture. It is also the repository of all the art treasures, taken from the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. I was astonished at the display of art possessed by the people of those buried cities. Their bronzes are said to be the finest in the world. The many designs of their silver pitchers, especially of the handles of the pitchers alone would command the attention of the art lover for days. Every household utensil, of whatever nature was beautifully embellished, and shaped in most wonderful designs. I soon discovered that all or nearly all of the wonderful dishes and brick-a-brack in glass and china familiar in the American home, are of Pompeiian designs. All through this part of the Museum, were numerous artists copying the many designs. Nothing I saw in the art line interested me more than the Pompeii exhibit of bronzes, ancient crystals, cut glass and mosaics. In a large room of the Museum is exhibited numerous house-hold and other articles from the ruins. There were papyrus, containing treatises on history, music and art, and some of the writings of one of my favorite authors, Epicurus. There were grains and fruits of all kinds, parched and dried of course, but retaining their identity, such as wheat, barley, plums, cherries, figs, etc. There were jars of honey and preserved and canned fruits, fish-hooks and many other articles that I cannot now recall. There were numerous cakes, and loaves of bread, all of artistic designs. The loaves of bread were about the size of the loaf of to-day, but round, and fluted edged, and in the center of the top, was a dough button. This revealed that Pompeiians were artistic in everything. On some of the loaves was the stamp of the bakers' name, "Celer, slave of Q Verus."

It may not be known to many that modern fruit canning originated with the discovery of a can of cherries taken from the ruins of Herculaneum about eighty years ago, the fruit after 1800 years being in a good state of preservation. And it may not be known that the first attempt at modern canning was begun in Cincinnati, by two grocers, who experimented for three years, and announced

their success. It was rapidly taken up, and canning is today, one of the great industries of the world.

In another large room is the famous "private" collection of Pompeii art. To see this, one must obtain a special ticket from the secretary of the Museum. The objects to be seen therein would certainly shock the pure and spotless soul of Comstock. The Pompeians were Pagans, and Nature worshippers. The God, "Priapus" was one of their many deities, and a reverence for the principle by which we are brought into existence was typified in their art. It is altogether how you look at such things, whether or not they appear immodest. If you are ignorant of Phallic worship, of course you wont understand it, and it will be a case with you of "Evil to him who evil thinks." Some of the art is certainly vulgar, but it is hardly less suggestive than the nudity of Bible illustrations. I met a highly educated German lady from Berlin in the Museum. She was a delegate to the Congress, and I had met her in Rome. I told her about the Secret Museum, and she was anxious to see it. I went with her to the Secretary, and as in all other places, our cards granted by the Minister of Education at Rome gave us free passport. I accompanied her, and found her to be a wonderful woman, fully informed on all the many subjects presented there, both on Phallic and Solar worship. What company is more delightful than that of a broad-minded, free-thinking, sensible, well-informed, unprejudiced and amiable woman? But "alas! for the rarity!"

I spent a day amid the ruins of Pompeii and Herculaneum. I had always labored under the impression that both of these cities lay at the foot of Vesuvius, and on the banks of the bay. Herculaneum lies at the base of the mountain, a short distance only from the bay. Pompeii is situated a half mile from the bay, on a hill a hundred feet high, and about four miles on a bee-line from the crater of the volcano. A deep valley about a mile wide lies between Pompeii and the base of the mountain.

The great eruption took place A. D. 79. Heculaneum being near the base of the mountain, was covered with mud and lava, which is to-day so hard in places as to greatly impede excavation, and consequently the explorations in this city are not very extensive. Pompeii was covered with ashes, to the depth of about fifteen feet over the roofs of the houses which were only one and two story structures. The fall of the ashes must have been so great as to have covered people almost instantly. I saw bodies in their beds, or huddled in corners, where they had been asleep and evidently had not been aroused. These may have been sick or intoxicated at the time. One of the ruined structures, has been restored and converted into a museum, the most important objects to be seen in which, are the bodies of those buried, sealed in large glass cases. The bodies have the appearance of an ash mold, but even the expressions on their faces are discernable. Some have the expression of fright and suf-

fering, others are of a calm and even pleased expression, showing that death took place, possibly in sleep.

The body of one of the males sustains an "erection," showing that the individual was instantly submerged, and that the sudden fall of ashes must have been very great and heavy, and pressed hard and close upon the body, thus to have maintained the form.

Even the bay was covered to such depth with soot and ashes that the largest boats could not be propelled through them, for weeks afterwards and thousands of those who rushed to the bay and the boats to escape were lost. It was thus that the elder Pliny, the naturalist, lost his life, having ventured too near, and his boat, getting caught in the floating soot, he was quickly smothered. It is almost incomprehensible how such a storm of soot and ashes could come from that crater, and turn day into darkest night for many miles around, and completely bury this walled city, four or five miles away.

Two of the bodies exhibited are clasped in each others' arms, showing that they were either smothered in sleep, or that they clasped each other in the embrace of death. They may have been husband and wife, or they may have been sweet-hearts; anyhow they loved; and the clasp of their ashy semblances, tells a tale of the old, old story, ever old yet new. Even in death, they sought the paradise of each others' arms. Why talk of miracles, revelations and inspirations? Was not love always and is it not now, the great miracle, revelation and inspiration? On, forever on, it lives, still proving a blessing, even when lovers have long been hidden in the grave. "Rest in peace! Pompeian lovers," said I., "Ye lived not in vain; for down through the long, long centuries the sight af your loving clasp hath awakened hope, and constancy, and sweetened joy in many a human heart.

Most of the bodies were those of tall people.

About a mile square of Pompeii has been uncovered, and by the temples, theaters and palaces exposed, I judge that the principal part of the city has been unearthed. There is hardly a sign of an ash, the walls, streets, pavements and floor being as clean as if they had been thoroughly washed. There are no roofs, they having been of tile, and crushed in by the great weight upon them. All debris has been removed, leaving the naked walls and columns and arches standing. The walls are from ten to twenty feet high.

The streets are very narrow—only two of them allowing space for passing of chariots or wagons. The pavements are three or four feet wide. The stones in some of the streets show ruts five and six inches deep, worn by the wheels. The great majority of the streets are but narrow alleys, and far apart. Whole acres of houses seemed jammed together, adobe fashion, and I could not see how the people got to their homes without passing through other residences. It would be impossible to lay out a city worse. I have been told that

the houses were thus built closely together, because it made them cooler. But I do not think so. I have noticed in studying the architecture of all ancient people that they huddled together. As human beings advanced in civilization they began to widen their streets, and seek privacy. It is on the same principle exactly as sleeping together. Our progenitors used to sleep four to six in the bed—the old man and old woman at the head, with the baby between them, and two or three of the younger at the foot. They thought it the right thing. That is the way swine keep warm. Nowadays, civilized beings sleep to themselves. They have learned the value to health of repose and a perfect circulation. Likewise they desire wide streets and isolation of their homes. The closer people are crowded, the worse the sanitation, and Pompeii, like Naples, must have had its odors.

However it was only a small place of twenty-five or thirty thousand, and being on a hill the drainage was good.

I went in all the prominent houses, and was especially interested in that of "the Noble Glaucus," a character who figures so largely in Bulwer's novel, "The Last Days of Pompeii. As I wended my way through the narrow alleys and up and down stone stairways, I also thought of Nydia, the blind girl. The most pretentious house was that of Diomed, at the end of a long street, lined on one side with magnificent tombs. There is an immense wine cellar here running partly under the house and partly under an elevated garden. It is twelve feet high, fifteen feet wide, and extends in a square, two hundred feet each way. This palace was isolated, and must have been beautiful. There were bath pools and fountains in all of the larger houses, but they were not of the dimensions, I expected to see. Neither were the Mosaics as beautiful as I expected to see.

There were ruins of some splendid temples, those to Apollo, Jupiter, Mercury, and other gods. Speech and belief were free in Pompeii. There was a temple to Isis, in which was a statue which was thought to deliver oracles for the people. I had been under the impression that Pompeii was constructed mostly of beautiful marble. Instead its pillars were made of a cement which was polished, and the figure work done in stucco. The common house walls were of stone and brick.

There were two theaters built in the side of a hill, the Amphi theater constructed of marble steps rising one above the other to the height of forty or fifty feet. The theaters were near each other, and one was devoted to comedy and the other to tragedy. I judge their seating capacity to have been each 2,000. The stages were very narrow.

I saw a bank, a mill, a butcher shop, and a soap factory. Everything seemed crude as compared with modern construction. In one of the most prominent streets of the city, I was shown a large room

which is called "The Restaurant of the Prostitutes." It would appear that they confined this element to certain localities, as they do to-day in some American cities.

I asked the guide how he knew that building to have been a restaurant? He led me to the kitchen and showed me the ovens, and the kettles which still remain in them. There were eight or ten of these kettles, from the size of an ordinary pot to a half bushel measure. They are all made of lead. I whittled pieces off to make sure. It would seem to me that they would melt, and I wonder why they did not use bronze, as the Pompeians were up on the use of that metal.

I told the guide that it would appear from the ovens and kettles, that this might have been a restaurant. "Now," said I, "how do you know that it was a restaurant of the prostitutes?"

He then led me outside, and showed me, above the front door, a huge "phallus," cut in stone, fifteen inches in length. I was satisfied.

However, most of the ideas connected with all these places are mere guesses. The "phallus" above the door does not necessarily imply that it was a sign for an immoral place. A church steeple, as all students of sex worship know, has exactly the same significance. In fact, nearly all the symbols and rites of the Christian church are of Sex and Solar origin, and taken from the pagans. The only difference is that to-day, their significance is more artfully concealed. We must not forget that the cross itself is a sex symbol. The Maltese Cross is that of four male triads all pointing to a common center. I found the "phallus" in quite a number of places, even on the tombs. Here and there, at a street corner in the most prominent places stood the god Priapus. Those who have made a study of the Pompeian religions, know that the exposure of the "Phallus" was not for the purpose of exciting lustful ideas, but exactly the opposite. It was rather intended to avert the evil eye. It was a moralistic idea of theirs that association of sight with the sex organs had a tendency to lessen curiosity, and thus abate evil passions.

It was for this reason that the Greeks, in celebrating the feast of Neptune selected four or five hundred of their most handsome youths, and as many of their most handsome maidens, who, in a state of nudity, marched in procession before the people, to the seashore, and there sported in the waves. No less an authority than Aristotle approved of this ceremony, believing that familiarization of sight had the effect of adding to moral purity.

All the youths and maidens were selected by a committee consisting of the leading artists, and thousands of applications were annually made. Parents took a pride in this, even as mothers do today in exhibiting their infants at a baby show. Happy and proud were the Greek parents whose perfect daughters stood the test of

examination, as it was a sure guarantee that they would be sought in marriage by men of wealth and rank. Besides, it had the effect of teaching the young to regard health, and of taking the proper care of their persons. Those who have not read the rules of Aristotle, instructing youth, should do so. These rules were placed in the hands of all the young. Parents, to-day are far behind the Pagans, on this very important matter. From false modesty they allow their children to drift right into secret vices, which undermine health, unfit them for marriage and propogation and which often lead to consumption, degeneracy and the asylum.

It is altogether the way you look at such things. To the pure all things are pure. Evil to him who evil thinks. Wild naked savages are far more moral, temperate, virtuous and pure-minded, in matters of sex, than the most cultivated Christian community in all the world.

It was also this emulation of the possession of health and a perfect figure, which tended to develop not only the moral and intellectual, but the artistic sense among the Greeks. When and where at any period of the world's history, has there been such philosophers, such moralists and such artists? And notwithstanding, for centuries we have been taught that they were vicious, licentious and degraded.

Christians always see the immoral in Paganism. They have always taught that the destruction of Pompeii was a visitation of God's wrath upon the wickedness of the people. They now have nothing to say of the eruption of Mt. Pelee, and the destruction of the Christian city of St. Pierre. People who do not understand, or comprehend their own religion, and who do not even try to, are not expected to treat fairly, or see any good in an opposing religion.

Among the ruins, here and there, are houses which have been roofed and put in a good state of preservation, in order to preserve the paintings on the walls. To these houses, ladies are not admitted. The paintings cannot be described here. By all polite people, some of them would be regarded as naughty in the extreme. The houses are supposed to have been those occupied by the immoral elements. The pictures were not new to me, as I possess a large book in which they are illustrated, and each drawing is explained. Nearly all are of a religious significance. This book was published about twenty years a go, and is very valuable. Instead of being houses of immorality, they were probably shrines of Venus, and really religious in character. The religious ceremony of marriage also extended to the rites of Venus. At the sacrifice of Virginity, candles were lit, incense was burned, and servants stood by with libations of wine. The Christian church adopted some of these rites, and for a long time practiced them; and even to-day, the dedication of virginity to the church, in such rites as "taking the veil" and others,

are purely sexual in significance. Even the Christian marriage rite is a religio-sexual institution. If people would just stop to think, they would see through it.

Excavations are being made here continually. None of the newly discovered pictures are allowed to be photographed. A New York firm has contracted with the Italian government for possession of all new discoveries made in Pompeii and in a few years, there will be published a book, illustrating all these paintings, with explanations of their religious significance, and giving all that is known to date of both Pompeii and Herculaneum. It is expected that much light will be thrown upon the past. Some of the pictures I saw were immoral; and all would be so considered, by those who do not understand them.

In making the exploration of Pompeii, so far, there have been no manuscripts found, the hot ashes no doubt destroying them. But in the sister city, Herculaneum, the home of Greecian art, and literature, which was covered with lava and mud, 1750 papyrus were found while exploring one small villa. Pompeii added greatly to our knowledge of a remote civilization; but it is believed now, that a vast amount of learning will be restored to the world, in exhuming Herculaneum. It is to be hoped that the last books of Livy, giving the history of the Roman empire will be discovered. We have now only 25 out of 140 books known to have existed. The world is to be congratulated that no priestly hands have access to what is buried there, to manipulate in the interests of the church and a more modern faith.

I saw learned men, in the Museum of Naples studying the many paintings and inscriptions preserved there. Every stroke of the pencil and inscription is being carefully studied. I mention these matters, because it is generally believed that the Pompeians were the dissolute rich, who came there to indulge in gluttony and vice. There is no evidence of this except Christian testimony, based upon religious prejudice.

They were, no doubt, good and bad, just like people are to-day. They had their immoral classes, and what Christian city of to-day has not the same? If they were any worse than Christian Naples of to-day, they were indeed bad. I saw no pictures to compare, with the depravity of Naples or Paris. Worse pictures are to be seen in any American city. In Christian Florence, guides hang around, the church doors, and follow the visitor clear in the churches, and slyly exhibit pictures they have for sale, which are many times worse.

The Pompeii colors, especially the reds, cannot be reproduced to-day. Many of them seem as fresh as when put on. While the paintings are often delicate and exquisite, they do not compare in my opinion with the statuary and bronzes. Nearly every Pompeian house had a library, and they must have been a cultured and

educated people. There has never been very much difference in human nature. As far back as we have any history, human beings and nations have exhibited analogous tendencies. Pompeii was a summer resort of the rich, not unlike our Newport, and Atlantic city, or possibly Monte Carlo; and no doubt the morals of the community were no better, and no worse. They had money to burn, and no doubt indulged in some of the frivolities and dissipations indulged in by the rich summer resorter of to-day. The destruction by Vesuvius furnished an occassion for an illustration by the clergy of God's wrath; consequently the wickedness of the people have been measured by the Almighty's bad temper. Volcanoes have always been the chief guns of Christian theology. When they erupted, they furnished an object lesson of "Hell with the lid off." There was nothing in all nature, whereby theologians could so well illustrate just how mad and furious the Almighty was capable of getting toward the imperfect children of his own creation. The volcano supplied them with the best idea of the hell, which was conceived in their amiable hearts, and they used it for all it was worth. Christian theologians also used thunder and lightning and storm, as expressions of Gods' wrath, and to awaken fear; but these were so common the people grew used to them, and Christianity could never have succeeded by fear of these alone. Had it not been for Volcanoes, and earth-quakes, the upheavals, and submergings of the earth, the eruptions and destruction of cities, and the great column of smoke and continuous rumblings and quakings, presaging disaster, and the destruction of the world, Christianity would never have been able to establish the belief in a hell; and without a literal hell, that awful superstition, with all its wars and inquisitions, and massacres, and hates of the human mind, as volcanic in their action, as ever Vesuvius has been, would never have been able to have controlled, for so many centuries, the government of men. Now, that people uderstand volcanoes, now that they know that there is no Devil confined under the earth, raging and roaring and spitting fire, and continually feeding his ovens, to keep them hot for unbelievers, theology has had to give up its hell. Then, theology was able to locate its hell; now it cannot. And people have grown so wise, that they demand of the theologian, who knows so much more than other people about Heaven and Hell, to locate them—to tell where they are. No Hell, no Christianity. The Christianity of to-day is only the skeleton of its former self. To-day, it is being forced to turn moralist and by such change, it is fast turning back to Paganism.

Some Christians are moral and some are not. Men are fast learning that they can get along without Christianity, and without any other creed, but they cannot get along without morals. In another century, all that will be left of Christianity, in advanced nations, will be all of it that deserves to live—its morals. By that

time, it will have reverted back to the Pagan standard. Just as Paul and other Christian teachers recede, Aristotle, Plato and Aurelius will advance. When the conduct of life is based upon morals, instead of upon superstition, or religion, which are the same, then Christianity at last will be measured by the Pagan morality it sought to destroy. It must begin over again, just where it started, with morals for a foundation, leaving out the hell it conceived from the earthquake and volcano. Every opinion that cannot stand the test of scientific demonstration, must be abandoned. Every religion must prove itself. The world to-day is asking for facts, not faith. Miracles satisfy the child mind only. Men want the demonstrated truth.

I spent a day in cruising around the Bay of Naples, first going to Sorrento, twenty miles distant, and then to the island of Capri. Sorrento is a beautiful dreamy place, on a steep cliff four hundred feet above the bay, and extending up the mountain side. It is a resident suburb of Naples, as well as the summer residence of people of many nations. The roads are fine, and the myriad white walled and red-tiled villas, set among the oranges, figs and vines, are indeed a charming sight. But Capri is dream-land. It is an island two or three miles long, and from half a mile to a mile wide. It is situated most picturesquely in the middle of the strait, leading from the sea to the bay. Its general formation, is that of a saddle, the middle being a thousand feet above the sea, and the high points, at either end, two thousand feet above the sea. Its walls are so precipitous, that boats can land at only two places on the island. All the tillable surface is in orchard and vineyard. Like Sorrento, it is a summer resort for people of all nations. I saw some fine American villas built on a perpendicular cliff fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The town of Capri is in the center of the island which is half a mile wide at this point. I ate my dinner in the pavilion of the hotel, from which point on one side, I looked out on the mediteranean, and the ships coming and going, and on the other side upon Naples, Vesuvius, Pompeii and Sorrento, across the bay. In the beautiful terraced garden of the hotel, oranges, lemons, figs, grapes and olives were all growing, and ripe at the same time. The hotel was full of Americans, who were spending the summer, while hundreds came and went daily.

Before our boat landed, a visit was made to the famous Blue Grotto. This is a cavern under one of the mountain walls. Entrance is made to the cavern by skiff, through a hole and passage at the edge of the water. This passage is barely wide enough to admit the skiff. Only two besides the oarsman can go in a skiff, and all have to lie down flat. The entrance at first is dark, but as soon as the passage widens into the cavern, it begins to get blue, and presently we can see each other, and finally the cavern is lit up, the water, walls, ceilings and stalactites, the boats, the people all lit

with a glowing, indescribable blue. The greatest length of the cavern is 175 feet, width, 100 feet, and roof 41 feet. It required 60 skiffs to bring the passengers in, and all were in the cavern at the same time—and though it was not a case of the blues, all looked blue. Young boys from the island were swimming about, their bodies having a blue tint. They would dive for pennies we would throw in the water, catching them in their mouths or between their toes fifteen or twenty feet from the surface, at which depth we could see their blue tinted bodies.

The Blue Grotto is one of Nature's greatest wonders. The cause of the phenomenon is not known; but, since the most favorable time to see it is in the morning of a clear day, between the hours of nine and eleven, when the sun shines at a certain angle over the mountain, it is supposed that it depends, in some manner, upon refraction; but what makes the tint of blue is not known, as nothing blue has been found either in the cavern, or in the bottom of the sea.

The sea, here about, is rich with red coral, and the surface of the water swarms with gaily colored sea-stars and jelly-fish. Hundreds of girls solicit the purchase of trinkets. Strands of coral beads which sell for two and three dollars in America, can be had for twenty-five cents. Four or five times that much, however, is first asked. The people of the island are interesting, and seem to be happy and contented.

The road leading from the pier to the hotel, is a walled highway, zig-zag-ing up between the habitations, vineyards and groves, of orange, fig and lemon trees. Here and there it winds along a beetling cliff, and is picturesque beyond description.

It is like traversing a new world—stepping into a new life. When I had reached my hotel, up in the saddle of the mountain, I walked at once out in the airy garden, and gazed around upon the enchanting scene. It seemed, that at last, I had reached some vague spot that had ever been floating in my dreams.

Here, as Thomas Buchanan Read has said, "Earth and ocean seem reconciled." Far, far down on either side, motionless, stretched the crystal bay. The very air was lustful with languorous dreamy repose; and "The cooling sense of a joy intense, glided down my drowsy indolence."

I felt that I had traveled to the end of the world, and here I should like to dream life away—here, amid this miracle play of nature, where her choicest pictures are painted on aurorian skies and mountain walls; here where wrapped in a dreamy mist, rock and cloud, and sea and sky blend with the opal air; here, where Color, the sylphid queen, arrays herself in wonder shades of gorgeous green and mellowed grey; of fleecy white and pellucid blue; of amber sheen and dawning gold; here, where the restful breezes straying come, charmed laden with the soulful song of the swelling

surge; here, where the sinking sun, like a golden link, joins the purple heaven to the purple sea; here, where he steps from his saffron mantle, at the morning hour, and trampling down the lingering shadows of the night, spreads his ruby tinted tresses over the ambrosial branches of the orange and the vine, drying with laced kerchiefs of gold, Aurora's tears of mingled fire and snow; here amid the beauty and sublimity, amid the pomp and splendor of earth, and sea, and sun and sky—here, I felt that when I came to die, I should wish that the silence of eternity might fall upon me. And as I glance back, and recall the sights, and my impressions at the time, involuntarily I say with Read:

"No more, no more, the worldly shore
Upbraids me with its loud uproar;
With dreamful eyes, my spirit lies
Under the walls of Paradise."

CHAPTER XXI.

A Backward Glance.

I have now come to the end of my journey by land. It will be of interest to some to discuss, briefly the subject of travel. I will be asked, how did you get along, going it alone, and not being able to speak the various languages. As before stated, most of the employees of the leading hotels speak English, more or less perfectly; and you meet Americans and English everywhere to help you in matters of information. It largely depends upon your own personality and ability to make acquaintances. A cargo of cheek is the best thing to take along with you.

For one to see as much as I saw, in the short time allotted in the first place, he must have a vigorous constitution. You all know how tired you get at the exposition in just one day's sight seeing. In the second place, you must know just what you want to see, be systematic, on the alert and on the go, and have the faculty of finding your way in strange places, and among strange people, with none of whom you can converse. You must depend upon yourself and waste no time.

I am glad that I went alone. If your time is unlimited, it would be pleasant to have company, or even go with a crowd, but on such a mission as that of mine, I prefer to be alone. I might go with just one companion, but would be sure beforehand that he wanted to see just what I wanted to see. Otherwise, you kill half your time. I met Cook tourists here and there. Deliver me from them. My first experience was in Paris. An acquaintance, wanted me to join the Cook party going to Versailles. It was to leave the Cook's office, in carriages, promptly at 9 in the morning. I took a tram instead and was at Versailles at 8. The Cook party came rolling in at 10:45. I had nearly three hours on them. Owing to women and children in the crowd, and several aged people, it moved about very slowly. They get to see just what the guide takes them to see. Half that is shown is of no historic interest, and much of interest is passed by. The guide seldom speaks plain English, and if you don't crowd right up against him ,you miss half he says. If the crowd is large, half of them don't hear him.

You can't tarry and study objects, for you must move on with the guide. If you are alone you can take your time with objects which most interests you. I bought a book for a franc, which de-

scribed everything in the palace and grounds, and picked my own way. The Cook party left at 3 P. M. I left at 4, and was at my hotel when my acquaintance arrived. Thus, I gained four hours of sight-seeing on him. His expenses complete with dinner lunch, was $4.50. Mine complete with car fare, dinner lunch, guide book, and services of a special guide for two hours was $1.70. We compared items. He had seen some few things of importance that I had not seen; while I had seen very many things he had not. While he was tally-ho riding for two hours through the grounds, I was studying in the palace. The difference is that when you go with a crowd ,the whole crowd has to be suited, and generally two or three important personages have all the say. When you go alone, you don't have to leave an object that interests you, and you can please your own tastes.

I engaged to start promptly at 8:30 for a day's outing with the English party at Rome. I was on hand sharp. Several of them had just sat down to breakfast, and some had not risen. They had to be waked up, then they had to have a bath, then eat, and then several had to write letters to their wives, and finally at 10 we all got together. It then required a half hour to determine our route—some not wanting to go places where they had already been. The result was that nearly a half day was gone. No, deliver me from Cook parties or crowds of any kind—that is if my time is limited.

Before leaving London, I mapped out my route, bought transportation and hotel accommodation of the Cooks, and got as cheap rates, as if I had gone with a tourist party, with this advantage; I could divide my own time, and did not have to leave a city until I wanted to. With a tourist party, you are privileged to see only certain things. Thus you miss a lot of details, which if you want to see, will be extra; so there is not much difference in the expenses one way or the other. All these tourist parties are in reality, rush parties.

I was lonely at times, but rather enjoyed mixing in crowds, with whom I could not talk. I frequently got lost, but have the instinct of location, equal to some animals and worked my way out.

My worst mix-up was in Paris. There I got lost—badly lost. I wanted to go through the slums one afternoon and taking a tram, got off at the place to which I had been directed and scattered myself. It was out two miles or more in the old part. The buildings were high, the streets narrow, very short, and pointing every direction. I never say such irregularity. I wandered around for two hours, repeatedly entering streets I had already traversed. I saw tough sights and an awful lot of degradation and misery. It gave me the shivers passing through some of the streets. The people seemed to look at me like wild beasts glare at their prey. Finally I concluded I had seen enough and started to get back to the tram, but I was completely turned around. I seemed to be down in a

hole as it were, and could not see any high object from which to get my bearings. It was getting along toward five and it was time for me to be getting out of there, but each new course I took, led me back in a street that I had been in before. I stopped at the door of a baker, and inquired my way out. I told him that I was lost, and that I wanted to get to a street car. He couldn't understand, shook his head, and pointed to all the names above the doors, on both sides of the street, evidently asking if it were any of those people I was looking for. In a little while a crowd of fifty or sixty gathered round me, and I could see old women and children coming from every direction. All were talking at once, and staring at me most curiously. They talked and I talked, and we all talked and none of us knew what we were talking about. Finally I broke out of the crowd, and it was all I could do to get out, the children following me along the street for quite a way. I inquired of eight or nine others, in as many different streets, with the same result of gathering a curious crowd around me, from which I found it difficult to escape. Finally I began making the sign of wanting to speak by phone and was led to a little drug-store.

I looked through the book, found my hotel and called them up, and was answered in French. I asked for the porter, or any one who could speak United States. We talked and talked and talked, neither understanding the other. Finally I told him to go to "Le Diable," and dropped the phone, and waded through another big crowd. It began to look a little serious. The crowds looked dangerous at times. All seemed to think that I was trying to find some one, and pointed to the names over the doors. The worst was, they would follow me for a short distance and I didn't like that.

Finally I shot through a vicious looking street to escape a crowd, and came out on a street a little wider and longer than the others, and while standing on a corner, along came a cab with a passenger. I hailed it, but could make neither the driver nor gentleman understand me, except that I wanted to get in. They talked together and then questioned me, no doubt asking who I was, and what I wanted, and where I wanted to go, but as they could not understand me, they shook their heads, and moved on. I concluded, as the street was a little more respectable, I would wait there, and maybe another cab would show up, and sure enough, along came another which was empty. I hailed the driver, who drew up, quickly dismounted, and politely assisted me in. When he had gotten back to his seat, he turned and asked me, no doubt, where I wanted to be driven to? I told him my hotel and street—The Hotel Dominici in the Rue de Castiglione, but he couldn't tell where that was, by the way I pronounced it, and shook his head. Then I told him to drive to the Grand Opera House, and several other public places, but still he could not understand me. Then I told him to drive to a street car or tram, but he still shook his head; and there

we sat and talked and talked both knowing that we couldn't understand each other, still we talked.

Finally I got up looked around me, and motioned to him just to drive on the way he was going, but as the streets were short he only drove two squares until he came to a turn. He looked back, and asked for advice, and I stood up, chose the best looking street, and told him to drive on. Coming to a turn again, I motioned to him to drive on. Coming to another and another and a dozen more, I just motioned for him to "drive on." Half the time, I got into streets I had already been through, but at every turn, I just motioned to drive on. I knew we would get somewhere or other, after awhile, and I wanted him to keep going as it was six o'clock.

The driver saw I was lost, and didn't know where I was going, and possibly concluded that he had a crazy man aboard, and I saw that he was debating in his mind just what he should do with me. We came to another turn, and he pulled up and motioned to me what to do. I chose the street, and motioned to him just to "drive on." But he wasn't inclined to "drive on" any more, until he knew where he was going. He looked back and asked me a lot of questions, no doubt asking me where I wanted to go, and telling me that he wouldn't drive me any farther, I was in a quandary, but congratulated myself that I was getting into better looking streets anyhow. Once more, I bluffed him into driving on, but at the next turn he stopped and absolutely refused to proceed. We were evidently getting out of the slums. He wanted to know, no doubt, where I wanted to go, but how did I know where to go? He frowned, and was evidently mad, and when I motioned again for him to drive on, he let the French loose in a torrent, and got off the box, and signed that he wouldn't take me any farther. I suppose that he ordered me out, but I still sat there and insisted that he drive on. In the meantime a small crowd began to assemble, and I concluded to get out. I am sure the fellow thought I was crazy, and had told the crowd that he had a lunatic aboard, for when I stepped from the cab, they all shrank back as if in danger. I gave him two francs which satisfied him, and off he drove, no doubt relieved at getting rid of his crazy passenger.

I walked along for a few squares, and while standing on a corner, saw a tram dash across a street in the distance and I broke for it. This was just what I long had sought, and was getting uneasy at finding it not. I jumped the first car that came along, and it carried me right in to the Place de la Concorde, a few squares from my hotel. This is one of the many inconvenient, but amusing incidents of my travels, arising from my inabilities to speak the languages: but such difficulties help to make one a good traveler. After that I carried the card of my hotel in my pocket, and had no trouble in directing cab men to it. None of the cab men can speak

English. As soon as a Parisian learns to speak English, he turns out a guide, at which occupation he can make more money.

The cab men and omnibus drivers in London are but little better. They are even more vexing, for I could make out but two or three words in a sentence and would have to ask over and over again and then not understand them. Some of them, I could no more understand than Hindostanee. The majority of English can't speak English. They start off on a high pitch like the French, and you understand a word or two, and the rest is all Choctah to you. When you run across an Englishman who can talk English, it is charmingly spoken, and an improvement upon the American accent.

There are times when one gets very lonely traveling all alone. The continuous newness and change of scene cannot satisfy all the time. But it was only occasionally with me that I got lonely, for I kept busy. I regarded my sight-seeing the same as if I were in the employ of a mercantile house, and had a duty to perform in obtaining the best information possible for my readers. Another balm for loneliness was the tune of "Hiawatha," which took me back home. Bands and orchestras, everywhere, all over Europe were playing it, and boys whistling it. Occasionally I would hear the Star Spangled Banner, Ah! you don't know how that thrills, until you hear it in a strange country.

"There's nothing like an old tune when friends are far apart,
To 'mind them of each other; and draw them heart to heart,
New strains across our senses, on magic wings may fly,
But there's nothing like an old tune to make the heart beat high;
The forest where we used to roam, we find it swept away;
The cottage where we lived and loved, it moulders to decay;
And all that feeds our hungry hearts, may wither fade and die,
There's nothing like an old tune to make the heart beat high."

I find that I am putting a lot of poetry in this book. Some like it, and some do not; but in a book of travel, one should drift just where the fancy leads, and I write with the view that my own feelings will reflect those of the average reader. In this book I aim to take the reader right along with me from New York, and bring him back again, giving whatever thought, description or opinion, my brain impels me to express.

Traveling has the tendency to enlarge and make liberal the mind. However, it happens often that travelers fall in with one particular set, who reflect their own opinions, and whom they take to be the representatives of the whole nation. The people of a certain sect will fall in with those of the same sect, and see all the people from that view point, and so come away with narrowed views of a nation. In traveling alone and depending wholly upon

finding your way without help, and upon gaining information wherever it may be obtained, there is no likelihood of one falling into prejudices.

Were I asked what one impression of all received from this trip is most dominant, I should reply, "a disappointment in the wonderful." All through youth and on up, we are disposed to magnify our pictures of things ancient and beyond our reach. The past is always wonderland to us. But with every step of the traveler, the wonderful is diminished. Those beautiful picture dreams of the imagination, become dim shadows often, when imagination is regulated by reality, and instead of thinking of how things may be, we see them as they are.

America being so great in wonders herself, this tends to diminish like wonders in other lands, and lessen our surprise. Since all nationalities pass in review before us here in America they are not so much a novelty, when we see them over there. There is very little difference in the dress of the people of Europe and of America. Peoples are much the same. Europe is old. There is about the same difference between America and Europe as between youth and age. The smoke-stacks and school houses of America bespeak her might over all other nations.

I saw nothing in Europe on a larger scale, than is to be found in America, except their old time palaces and cathedrals. In factories and homes, and business buildings they are ancient and away behind. In their banks, business and office buildings, hotels and cafes, I saw no marble and mosaics to be compared with those to be found in such buildings in America. I make one exception, that of the Hotel de Ville in Paris.

Each nation excels others in somethings, and all excel us in some things, as the wisdom of age excels the inexperience of youth; but the wonders of America are of such grandeur and magnitude, both those of the works of nature and of man, that your pictured dreams of Europe are largely sobered down to the common place, when they become a reality.

The people of Europe are not so quick and active, not so hurried and ambitious as the Americans. They take life easier, and better understand how to divide time and enjoy life. They are more polished, and civil, especially the French and the Italians. The American's god, in their eyes, is the Almighty Dollar, and they have good reasons to so judge us. But were their opportunities the same to worship the golden god, no doubt they, too, would likewise be on their knees. Humanity's attitude toward the Dollar is universally the same. They all adore it, and all any of them want, is the opportunity to get on the right side of it. Those who have not the opportunity to make and acquire, cry out against those who have. The Almighty Dollar is the one God, and the only God, to which all nations alike are equally reconciled. America being a

new country, has more paths leading to him—that is all. After awhile, we will be like they are in Europe and not having any money, affect to despise it, and be sour at those who do have it.

As to buildings, exteriorly and interiorly, were I given the choice to see just one of them again, I would choose Westminster Abbey. As to countries, the most beautiful was England, the most picturesque Switzerland. As to cities, the greatest and most attractive to me was London, the gayest and most beautiful, Paris; the most modern and up-to-date manufacturing center, Cologne; the most quaint, novel and romantic, Venice; the most interesting and historic, Rome; the most picturesque, Naples.

While I should like to live awhile in all these cities and countries, especially England, I should not want to make any of them my home. Of all the cities I have seen, either in Europe or America, there is none gayer or more beautiful than CINCINNATI, the Paris of America. All cities are much alike. There is much of a sameness in streets and buildings, monuments, fountains and parks. But for a city to be indeed beautiful, besides having all these, it must have perspective, and diversity of landscape, and it cannot have perspective unless it has altitudes. Talk about Rome with her seven hills. Cincinnati has seventy hills, all twice as high as those of Rome. On the plateaus reached by incline railways 1500 feet in length, the residence portion of the city is built, I have seen no city, which affords so many points of beautiful view, and such variety of landscape as Cincinnati. Nor have I seen finer suburbs, or more beautiful homes. When we stop to consider that most of Cincinnati was a cornfield fifty years ago, then we wonder at the might of America. We wonder at a city only one hundred years old, surpassing cities of a thousands years existence.

Milan, Italy, has about the population of Cincinnati, 500,000. It is the richest city of that country and its greatest commercial center. It was once the ancient seat of the Roman Empire, and is about 2800 years old. While there I asked a gentleman if there were any millionaires in Milan. He said there was none. I told him that in my city, of the same size and only one-hundred years old there were over fifty millionaires, and some of them were worth from five to thirty millions. He whistled and said, "there are only eight or ten millionaires in all Italy. I told him that New York had 3,000 millionaires, many of whom are worth twenty-five to one hundred millions, and one was worth 500,000,000, and that all over the country, even in small towns, like Hamilton and Springfield, Ohio of 30,000 population, there might be found several millionaires. He was astonished and called several gentleman to the table and talked to them in Italian of what I said. I feared that they would think that I was spinning a big Yankee yarn, as I had found out that Americans disgust foreigners with their brag, and they were not inclined to believe half they heard, so I told them, that

I did not speak of this boastingly, as I rather deplored that the wealth of the country was so unevenly divided, and feared that it would invite trouble some day—that we were rapidly drifting into the European condition—the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer. I gave it only as an illustration of the agricultural, mineral and manufacturing resources of the country: I told them of an Italian who came to Cincinnati thirty years ago, and began business as a street peddler of fruit, and who had become a wholesale dealer and distributor, and is now a millionaire. At all of this, they seemed to wonder much, I talked to them several hours, giving the good and bad of America, as well as the good and bad of Italy. I did not hesitate to tell them, that they had too many soldiers and not enough machinists—too many priests and not enough schoolteachers—too many churches, and not enough factories—too many bells calling "come to Jesus," and not enough whistles calling "come to work."—too much religion, and not enough thinking for themselves.

I further told them, that from the top of the Cathedral, I had counted only fourteen smoke stacks all over the city, and that I could count that many in the space of three squares in Cincinnati, and here was where the difference came in.

Several told the interpreter to tell me that they recognized what I had said to be true, and that they had been interested and believed that I was conscientious and fair.

Thoreau has said, "Only that traveling is good, which reveals to us the value of home, and which enables us to enjoy it better." While the American traveling through Europe may have his conceit lessened about some things, he cannot but feel and perceive that his own country far excels in most things, and that here, at present, the greatest human opportunities abound.

At the same time, if he be a keen observer, he will perceive that the close intercommunication of nations is having the effect of bringing them all toward a common level. The business and social inter-change is now so close that all nations are borrowing ideas from each other. Commercialism is the great civilizer and peacemaker. Commerce defies every wind, outrides every tempest, invades every zone, and allies the remotest parts. It links all mankind in one common brotherhood of mutual dependence and interests. It distributes the gifts of nature, finds work for the wildman—work and speculation for the poor, wealth for the rich, and magnificence for the great.

Religion, rum and rebellion are the pests which follow in its wake, and give her trouble, but for all these, as Napoleon said, "Neptune holds the scepter of the world."

Religions divide nations, commerce brings them together. When men must depend upon and credit each other, then, mutual respect and civility follow. Commerce will never stop while one

man wants what another can supply. And credit will never be denied, while it is likely to be repaid with profit. Commerce and travel are making the world of mankind acquainted with each other. The languages are being more commonly spoken, and there are no greater missionaries of peace and good will among men, than the languages. Dress is becoming the same every where, and the physical likeness is growing more apparent. Each nation is eating of the others' products, and similarity of food gradually tends to similarity of ideas. Even cooking is beginning to have a sameness. All these material developments are leading to a general change—a shifting of the theories and conditions under which men have heretofore been governed. All nations are assimilating some of the characteristics of each other.

Europe having learned of America is turning toward Democracy. America having learned of Europe is turning toward Imperialism. While the governments of Europe are gradually freeing themselves from the embrace of the Christian octopus, America is gradually growing closer to its tentacles. The awakening which is taking place among the labor and economic elements has become world wide.

"International" has become the biggest word in the dictionary. To-day, we hear of International Peace Conferences, International Labor and Social Problems, and International Freethought Congresses. The heathen, so-called, are becoming, world powers. This is destined to be one of the most fortunate changes that has come to humanity. It will have the effect of checking the Christian superstition and thus sustaining the equilibrium of free-speech in the world. There could be no greater disaster come to humanity than the supremacy of a universal religion.

In all these shifting changes, there will be much misunderstanding, many hatreds, especially of race and religion, and the coming century will be fraught with mighty events; but men and nations will grow wiser as they fraternize, and profit by their mistakes. Mankind will gradually learn that those leaders are to be depended upon, who lead them to peace rather than to battle, and in the future their applause will be bestowed upon the benefactors of men rather than upon the destroyers of men. It will take a long, long time, and rivers of tears have yet to be crossed; but Commerce, the great equalizer and civilizer, in conjunction with Science and Free Thought, in time, will minimize national, racial and religious prejudice, and a broader humanity will make of all, a family of nations. Some will have their spats, as families do, but they will seldom be of the sanguinary kind.

Men generally, will come to know that "A man's a man for a' that," no matter what his nationality, color or creed. They will come to allow that every man is entitled to a just share of that which he produces. They will come to know that men cannot be in-

tellectually free, if the minds of the mothers who bear them are enslaved. They will come to know that their own liberties are not secure, when the liberty of the people of any other nation is jeopardized. There is soon to be a limit placed upon human cruelty. Religious massacres, and the extermination of the uncivilized will be stopped. The conspiracy of Altar and Throne must end. The people of all nations, through the press as in the Dreyfus affair, will have something to say about the injustices done the helpless, the ignorant and the innocent.

Public sentiment now belongs to the world—thanks to science, invention and discovery. Thomas Paine saw it coming when he said, "The world is my country, to do good my religion." Also he said, "Commerce is no other than the traffic of two individuals, multiplied on a scale of number; and by the same rule that nature intended the intercourse of two, she intended that of all."

As nations, through commerce approach each other closer, and grow in acquaintance and kinship, and depend upon and credit each other in business, likewise will they grow in respect for each other, and in mutual interests. All those principles, upon which, men, as the result of climate, soil, tradition, racial and religious differences, cannot agree, must take a back seat in human affairs. While such prejudices will continue to manifest themselves, spasmodically, their potentiality will be gone, and the attitude of governments toward wrangling creeds will be to allow them enough rope to hang themselves.

Some of my readers may conclude that I have not drawn the lines sharp enough between America and Europe. If a man be an enthusiastic and patriotic American, he is naturally expected on his return from Europe to exalt his own country high above those of the old world. It is good to be patriotic, but not at the sacrifice of fairness and the truth. As my travels extended over only a small part of the countries through which I journeyed and as my stay was short, it would be unfair for me to judge the whole by the small part I saw. I would rather err in their favor, than recklessly to misrepresent. However, the parts I saw, were the best parts, and no doubt, I did not see the worst. It has been my aim here, not to talk of what I have heard and read, but only of that I saw, and if my judgment is at fault, sometimes it is owing to the superficial glance I was obliged often to take of things.

Mark Twain, with a fine sarcasm, has said: "We love old travelers; we love to hear them prate, drivel and lie; we love them for their asinine vanity, their ability to bore, their luxuriant fertility of imagination, their startling, brillant, overwhelming mendacity."

Just how much of the above hits me, I will not attempt to say. But he is speaking of "Old travelers," and my little trip of two months will hardly admit me to that class. Anyhow, I have aimed at

the truth, and especially to impart information, and upon a few subjects to make this a book of reference. Above all, I have aimed that it shall be educative, and that it shall be the means of doing good.

Referring again to the contrast of countries, I will say that I saw no more evidence of beggary, child-labor, poverty, crime and vice in European countries than I have seen in America. There is no difference between a landed aristocracy, and a monopolistic nobility. In the social and economical conditions, there is little difference between nations. In these prosperous times the general condition in America is a little better, but any one with open eyes can see that the problems of Europe are at our door.

CHAPTER XXII.

Homeward Bound.

I spent my last half day in Naples at the docks, going from ship to ship, observing the Neopolitans, and other strange peoples, and their merchandise. The boat was to leave at 5 P. M. but did not get off until 10. Slowly we steamed down the bay, the lights of Naples gleaming in the distance, and the huge black form of Vesuvius, with her towering column of smoke, looming up like a monster in the night—on down past the dark walls of Sorrento, Capri and Ischia and out into the Mediteranean. The papers had reported a terrible storm off Spain with loss of several vessels and we were told that we would ride into it in a few hours. The ship on which I had embarked was one of the North German Lloyd's, the Hohenzollern, and nick-named, "The Rolling Billy." It is a very long, but narrow ship, and famous as a roller. By midnight we were plowing through the storm, the ship rolling and tumbling about like a chip. Such hurricanes, such thunder, lightning and darkness, made a fellow think a lot about dry land. The storm was attributed to the convulsions of Vesuvius. All the next day we weathered the storm, and I enjoyed it. Such sunsets, such afterglows which followed, were worth the danger. I was sick for two days, but kept on deck walking a great deal, and forcing my body to become accustomed to the ship's motion, and my eyes with the movement of the waves. I believe this to be the quickest remedy in the case of sea-sickness—exercise will power, fight it right from the start. Accomodate your body to the roll of the ship, and look at the waves, even if they do make you sick, eat and drink as usual and you will the sooner recover. However, as in nearly every other sickness, what will help one will not help another. Some had to take their beds and stay there the whole of the voyage.

Mr. and Mrs. Aleshire of Plymouth, Ill., were pleasant acquaintances. Mrs. Aleshire was sick the entire voyage, reclining all day on the deck, and at no time able to go to her meals. Mr. and Mrs. Aleshire had been to Greece, Egypt and the Holy Land. While in Jerusalem, they saw a Jew stoned to death in front of the Holy Sepulcher. This is the church built over the supposed tomb of Jesus, and for possession of which on Christmas and other feast days. Roman Catholic Christians and Greek Catholic Christinas fight like devils and kill and wound each other. Each want to

be first at worship, and as neither will give way, they come prepared to kill each other, on every holy Christmas morn. Upon such occasions, the heathen Turkish government, places a strong Mohammedan guard of several hundred soldiers at the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, to prevent Christians who have come to celebrate the birth-day of the Prince of Peace, from fighting and killing, but the battle always prevails.

Upon such festival days as Easter, Good Friday, and others, a Jew is not permitted to pass along the street in front of the church of the Holy Sepulcher. An old Jewish patriarch, a pilgrim perhaps, who was ignorant of the law, as well as of Christian brutality, passed along the street in front of the church. A demonical howl was raised, and soon a holy Christian crowd was pelting him with stones. He fled, but was pelted to death. And Christians to-day illustrate how good they are, and how bad heathens are, by holding up the story of St. Stephen the martyr.

On the third morning out the Mediteranean was gloriously calm and we were passing the Balearic Islands, on the promontories of which, here and there, were old whitewashed Spanish towns and light-houses. One of these light-houses, on a bleak-rock, was pointed out as having been the abode and last residence of Swedenborg. Strange that this strange mystic and spirit-monger, should seek such a solitude to live and die in.

It was from this place that he announced the great conflagration of Stockholm, ten days before it was possible for the news to have reached him by mail. This was before the days of steam and electricity. On the very night of the conflagration, he told the people of the island all about it, and several captains of ships as well. The information was believed to be due to spirit communication. Swedenborg, himself so construed it. When the facts were verified, the teachings of Swedenborg took a sudden bound forward; and ever since then, this instance has been cited as proof of the power of spirit communication. He didn't know anything about mind-reading and telepathy at that time, and quite naturally attributed every mental mystery to the influence of spirits, just as the world has always done. Swedenborg was a mystery to himself. He did not understand the workings of his own brain. For that matter, none of us do; but there was as much difference between his brain and most brains, in sensitiveness and power of receiving impressions as there is difference in the inventive brain of Edison and that of a Fiji Islander; or of the musical brain of Mendelsohn, and that of a wild indian; or the poetical brain of Shelly and that of an Eskimo.

This faculty of telepathy excelled in his brain, just as music poetry, mathematics, mechanism, and language excel in others. The musician and poet and mathematician do not understand, nor can they explain their powers, which are just as wonderful as tele-

pathy; still we do not attribute them now-a-days to the control of spirits. There is no longer any great mystery about telepathy. It is a fact and a natural fact, consequent upon attraction, affinity and other natural and sympathetic waves of communication not fully understood, but which will be developed.

The test of telepathy made by Swendenborg is of incalculable value, and demonstrates what may be accomplished by the development of this faculty. As previously stated, the coming science will be mental science. Men, at last are beginning the study of mind, and the supernatural must go. I do not wonder that men like Buddha, Christ and Swendenborg, abnormally endowed with mysterious mental powers, should become befuddled by them, and gradually imagine themselves superior creatures and finally rank themselves with gods. The great trouble with all those divine (?) personages, Christ, Buddha, etc., admitting that they lived, was that they were so grossly and densely ignorant of general science in all the departments of nature, they got completely lop-sided in their own estimation of themselves. They exhibited their wonderful knowledge and tricks to the ignorant people, who began, at once, to regard them as divine, and finally they came themselves to believe in their divinity. They were all either half crazy or the sleekest kind of impostors. Their whole lives were inconsistent and impracticable, and such as no sane man of to-day would follow. There will never be any more saviors,—no more gods, unless the world of humanity retrogrades.

I will not say that there are no such things as spirits; but I will say, if there are such, they are natural, developed out of, and subject to matter. We cannot declare upon the mysteries hid from our eyes, and which we do not now even dream of. If the earth with man continues to exist for another million years, continuous will be the mysteries unfolded to his eyes; but so far as we now can perceive and judge, those revealed will be natural, just as those of the present and past have been proven to be natural. Science, then as now, will make them all plain.

At 1 P. M. on the third day out, we steamed into the harbor of Gibraltar, circling half way around the great island. The highest point is 1439 feet above the sea, and is surmounted with huge cannon. At various other points from the top, cannon point in all directions. I was told that cannon on a ship can fire effectively at objects, at no higher elevation than 300 feet. To point them higher, would have the effect of tipping or careening the vessel; consequently, the guns on the top of Gibraltar, and those concealed high up cannot be reached. The whole inside of the mountain, it is said, has been honey combed, and the position of the cannon cannot be located. Here and there may be seen a hole or a group of holes in the rocks, but these are only a few of them all. Immense rooms,

for provisions and war materials are cut in the mountain, at the height of 1000 feet.

I had always thought the Strait of Gibraltar to be about six miles wide, and was surprised to find it eighteen to twenty miles wide at this point; and that war vessels may easily pass the strait by hugging the African shores. I believe it to be the general impression that the rock stands out in or near the center of the strait, thus commanding a full sweep of the passage. Not so. It is only a half mile from the Spanish coast, with eighteen miles of water on the other side. A wide viaduct connects it with the Spanish shore. From the lower point across the bay, to the Spanish coast a huge sea wall has been erected, having gates through which war and other vessels may pass. In case of war the English marine can run in behind this wall under the guns above, and all the navies in the world couldn't get at them. Gibraltar, therefore is not so powerful after all. It is too far to one side to wholly command the straits. Its principal advantage is, that English vessels may run under its walls for protection, and that it commands a harbor and navy-yard in this part of the world that cannot be molested, or taken. The French have powerful forts on the African shore opposite, under the guns of which their marine may also find safe shelter. The island is three miles long, and from one half to three quarters of a mile wide. This, with Ceuta on the opposite side, formed the Pillars of Hercules, which the ancients long held to be the western boundary of the world.

The town of Gibraltar strings along the mountain on the Spanish side, and has a population of 20,000—a motly conglomeration of English, Spanish, Jews, Algerians and Moors. They have a Coliseum here and bull-fights, and it is rather a lively place. I looked about from one to five, and saw many interesting things which I will not attempt to describe.

Anchored in the harbor were three large steamers just in from America, with seven or eight thousand Italians in the steerages, returning to Naples and other points. For some, the winters of America are too severe. Others acquiring a few hundreds or thousands of dollars return to live in Italy; but most, having experienced a touch of American life, return again to stay. The great majority are not the kind of citizens we want. But it is not their fault that they are as they are. They are what their religion and State made them. The only consolation we may find in their coming is that they go back their minds more or less, or altogether freed of their superstition, and they influence the opinions of the home people, and consequently help to extend the principles of democracy, as well as to weaken the power of the church. There is nothing like travel to level opinion, and remove prejudice.

But we are taking them in faster than we can assimilate them, and the foreign element is becoming a menace. The majority do

not come here of their own accord, but are brought here. Capitalists and politicians are exploiting this cheap labor against American labor. The object is to undermine labor influence and organization and perpetuate party corruption. People who cannot speak English, who cannot read and write, and who have only been here a year or two, carry the balance of power in many of our great municipalities. Corruption is general and labor and morals are being depraved. Were I president, I would fight to limit emigration, and to raise the term of citizenship to fifteen years. While helping the foreigner, we are corrupting ourselves and that is poor policy.

As we steamed out of the strait into the ocean, the great red sun sank low behind the western horizon, streaking my beloved America with the golden glory of his morning light. And, as I saw him drawing the water out of the crystal sea, I knew twas to freshen the flowers, that were growing at home for me. At last I felt that I was homeward bound, and I looked forward to my ten days journey on the ocean with a joyous content and expectancy.

On the third day out we passed the Azore islands, and of all the beautiful sights I witnessed, these were the lovliest. They are a combination of English landscape, the Rhine, Switzerland, and Capri. They have several volcanoes some higher than Vesuvius and their color at a distance is exactly that of the rich purple of a plum. Great hills and mountains are cultivated to the very tops, and they are so planted with grasses, in small square fields, that at a distance they look like checker-boards. On other mountains of a conical shape, beginning at a point on the top, they are planted in sections, running downward, just like the sections of an orange the colors of the grains, grasses and vineyards, varying, and making a motly, but regular patchwork that is wonderfully picturesque. The people thus adorn their landscape, no doubt, for the effect it has upon the traveler, as well as from their own innate love of the beautiful. I never looked upon land that impressed me with such a sense of cleanliness and purity. Here it is perpetual summer, and the earth is ever green, and luxuriant. As we sailed around and between the islands, at whatever point of vision, there could be seen from twenty to fifty huge wind-mills, with their wheels all spinning. It seemed that every farmer possessed a wind-mill. Many were less than a half mile apart. Here and there, the waves, through many centuries, had beaten out great caverns in the cliffs, and looking upon their wonderful formations, I recalled that exquisite word-painting of Bryant's which ends with:—

> "And oft we trod a waste of pearly sands,
> Spotted with rosy shells; and thence looked in
> At caverns of the sea, whose rock-roofed halls
> Lay in blue twilight."

Leaving the Azores, we rode into a storm which prevailed for three days. It was frightfully grand. When the waves strike the ship directly in front, then you experience the worst sea-sickness. If they are very high, the motion acts on your diaphragm and gives you the feeling, not unlike that you experience when you shoot up an elevator right suddenly. You may imagine how woozy you would get, after a whole day's continuous sensation of that kind. If you have ever experienced the same, you will appreciate my parody on Tennyson's "Break, Break, Break! in the first chapter.

I saw waves rise over the front of the vessel, and sweep the decks a hundred feet back. Sometimes the stern of the vessel would rise clear out of the water, and it looked in front as though it was going to make a dive for the bottom. When the screws, twenty feet beneath the surface, were lifted out of the water, and full steam being on, and no resistance they would spin around like an electric fan, and send a whir-r-r-r-r-r! and a shiver clear through the ship. They would wake you up in the night, and inform you how things were going on outside in the pitch darkness, and make you think of all your meanness. I went on deck at different hours of the night, and it was just so dark that I couldn't see anything. Ah! it was something fearful and sublime to see the great ship split that inky darkness at the rate of eighteen miles an hour, speeding through stormy night, reckless of danger and unswerving in its steady course.

But the most danger appeared when the waves struck the side of the ship. Then, how the Rolling Billy did roll. About every fifth wave was the largest. Though frightful, I liked to see them coming, and when they struck amid ships, they would often dash clear over the great ship, almost drowning the Italians in the steerage who ventured to stay on their decks. It was astonishing how quickly the water would be swept from the decks by the rolling of the ship. The ship would tip so far to the side, that it would seem impossible for it to regain its equilibrium. We were frequently ordered to the cabins and locked in. The greatest consolation at such times is gained by observing the officials and sailors, who go about their duties, as though nothing unusual was happening. I like the German better than the English sailors. They were far more social accomodating and watchful of the comforts of the passengers. The captains, and other officials were big shaggy sea dogs, of the New Foundland type, very agreeable and impressed me with confidence and safety.

For the rest of the voyage we had pleasant sailing. At no time did the sea grow tame and monotonous. Whether black with storms the ruffled ocean rolled, or whether quieted to a glassy calm, as I gazed upon its immensity, its beauty, its varying moods and changes to me, it was ever a soource of wonder—an inspiration for ecstatic thought. Like gazing upon mountains, it has the effect of lifting

high the mind, and making it big with ambition. At the same time, it leads to comparisons.

My thoughts traveled far, and once again I beheld the spring that bubbled beneath the bank in the wild-wood to which, in boyhood days, when toiling afield, I'd oft repair to slake my thirst. I felt again the cool shade. I heard its ripple and the songs of the birds o'er head, and saw the wild flowers and ferns that fringed its pool. I remembered the cooling sense of relief, as I lay on my breast and drank of its crystal fountain. I was filled with content, and felt again the glow and exultation of youth.

And then I looked out upon the great wide bounding sea, and said—Not all the waters of this mighty ocean can quench my thirst. And then, I thought, how unsatisfactory oft are ambition, wealth and fame; how powerless like the sea, with all their immensity to quench the cravings of the thirsty soul; to give the happiness, peace and joy, that spring from the rills of affection, embowered amid the shades of love and tenderness.

The constant change of the sea, the sun rises and sun sets, the moon dimpling it surface with her wizard gleams of gold, the contemplation of the starry night, the awakening and cheer at passing of a ship of the line, the interest in the stately sails as they gloriously sped across our path, or rose above or sunk below the horizon, the study of the passengers, and crew and the social pleasantries of new made friends, all were sources of interest and delight to me, and of which I did not tire.

I might dwell at length upon some pleasing personal reminiscences, but it has been my object in this book, to write of conditions and things rather than of persons. The most notable people aboard were Marion Crawford, the novelist, Trenatove, the Florentine sculptor, and the American minister to Morocco. The latter two were very agreeable and entertaining. Crawford plainly showed that he didn't want to make acquaintances and crawled off to himself. When he wasn't swilling beer with the Captain and other officers, he was tilted back on the deck, asleep, with his red face shining, and his mouth open a yard wide. Between his beer and his naps, he managed to put in the time, I didn't make his acquaintance, and am glad I didn't. Every person on ship-board ought to have at least "a good morning" for everybody. I have no patience with a man, who, happening to enjoy a little transitory reputation, as the writer of books, especially books of no conspicuous merit, sets himself up as an object to be gazed at from a distance. What sense is there in any one trying to make himself believe that he is some one in perticular? What sense in any one getting an elevated opiion of his own quality and goodness?

There are none so wise, but others may be found wiser. There is no blood so aristocratically blue, but a bluer tint may be found flowing in vulgar veins. There are none who profess to be good,

but others may be found better. The facts are, that none of us have any brains to spare, and the best of us are never any too good; so what's the use to have big feelings?

From Naples to Gibraltar, I had for my state-room companion a baron—a Real Live Austrian Baron. He was about thirty-two, tall, spare, and very blonde. Neither could speak the others language. I regretted this, as I should have liked to sound him. For all I know, he may have been scholarly and wise. While he plainly assumed a superiority, and the right to occupy the whole room, he was not offensive in manners—just politely indifferent. He had so many trunks, clothes and papers scattered around that there was no room for me, so I kept out most of the time. I liked the ozone of the sea, better than his cigarette smoke. He changed his apparel three or four times daily, at each change, coming upon the deck, walking around a few times and generously permitting all to gaze upon him. As I possessed no change, and was wearing the same blue serge suit in which I started, he must have regarded me as a barbarian.

No doubt my presence was intolerable to him; and as for myself, I wished instead, that I had for a companion, an American farm hand, with whom I could swap stories of forest and field, and of youth's halcyon and distant days. It is just as we are raised, and I didn't blame him for indulging the high ideas of importance he had nursed from his mother's milk. There is where most people get their religion. You do not have to reason either to be a baron or a bigot. Such things are suckled.

I felt that his presence all the way over would somewhat spoil my sea-trip; but when we pulled out from Gibraltar, I missed him. My room was barren of the baron—all except the many perfumes he left behind—musk, attar of roses, Cologne, and a dozen others, which lingered with me the whole of the voyage, being ever a precious reminder of the dainty darling, who dissipated the days, dallying with dandies, and dreaming of dress.

Besides all these diversions, I spent many a quiet hour going over again the scenes of my travels, and in looking forward to my welcome home. I found a world of entertainment, in just lolling over the rails, and looking down into the sea, at which times, as I watched wave after wave displace each other, and break and curl into whitened foam. I would catch myself saying:—

"Here lies one whose name was writ in water."

And again:

"Nothing of him doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange."

And backward my fancy would take me, and again, I was standing under the laurels, by the old Roman wall, reading the inscription of the one, or down in the neglected corner of the graveyard, reading the inscription of the other. And thus musing, I wrote:—

NOTHING OF THEM DOTH FADE.

I stood by the grave of a poet,
In the midst of mighty Rome,
Who had died in his youthful promise,
Far from his country and home;
Oppressed with disease and heart-broken,
Disappointed in every aim,
He believed that only in water,
He'd been able to write his name;
Let no other words be engraven,
On my tomb-stone when I am dead,
Except, "Here lies one, who, in water,
Wrote only his name," he said.

Nigh to his grave lay the ashes
Of another bard who had died,
Far, too, from his home and country,
And in manhood's youthful pride;
I stood and read the inscription,
Which a brother poet had made,
With prophetic fervor declaring,
That nothing of him shall fade;
But forever through all the ages,
He will only suffer the change,
Of the sea's quick transformation,
Into something rich and strange.

To-day, far out in mid-ocean,
As I gazed at the changing sea,
I thought of those youthful poets,
And of their graves in Italy;
Oh! the sea is a thing of beauty,
Which time nor change doth destroy,
And Beauty's a joy forever,
Be it rich or strange in its joy;
On each smooth surface there written,
The name of Keats I could trace,
An on each changing wave engraven,
Was Shelly's beautiful face.

Nor writing nor picture was fading,
But only suffering a change,

As the sea, with its lights and shadows,
Turned to colors rich and strange,—
To crimson, purple and sapphire,
Blent with the sun's silver beams,
Their lovliness ever increasing,
Like a sleep full of sweet dreams;
Rest in peace! Poet soul of Beauty,
And who Freedom's standard unfurled;
Tho' your names be written in water,
They are written around the world.

There is no saying more true than that of Keats—"A thing of beauty is a joy forever." If you would have the music of the universe, touch your heartstrings with the harmonies of life, then have an ear for melody and an eye for the beauty all around you.

"To him who in the love of nature, holds communion with here visible forms," beauty spreads out before him, like the sunlight down a valley. It is everywhere, even where nature is most forbidding, solemn, stupendous and uncouth. Down by the babbling brook, sweet violets spring, and in the wooded nook, and by the sunny hillside, the harebell lifts its timid face. In dim old forests, tiny masses grow, and far up the canyon's scarred and gloomy sides, the graceful fern-leaf nods and bends. Mid desert sands, the cactus blooms, and against the pale cold cheeks of the highest Alps, clings the strange, sweet, loving Eideleweiss. From the blackest soil, spring pure hyacinths and fair asphodels; and far under the salt sea waves the ocean flowers bloom.

If we but look, more and more must we stop to marvel at, and admire the fine and delicate work of the monstrous and ponderous forces of nature. From iron one of the hardest and most stubborn of metals, comes that most delicate of all tints, the blush in a modest maiden's cheek. From the interminable, infinite air, comes the pale, mystic blue flash of the unknown ray; and from the grimy coal, deep hidden for centuries in the mighty mountain's heart, a spirit bursts into dazzling light. The same monstrous hand that tints the deep sea shell, tips with fire the butterfly's wings and rainbows them all over with shimmering shades of glistening gold. The thunderous cataract weaves the gossamer iris from the sun-kissed mist, and traces fairy etchings from the freakish frost. The storm elements pile high the snowy blanket, which warms the sleeping blossoms beneath and awaken them to dreams of the far June sunshine.

Yes, there is beauty everywhere, to make us forgetful of age and ill health, and of the sorrows and disappointments of life. Those only who look for it, will see it, and those who see it, and who learn to delight in it, as Keats has declared, "Are wreathing a flow'ry band to bind them to the earth;" for, in spite of poverty

and gloom, "in spite of all the unhealthy and o'er darkened ways, some shape of beauty is ever moving away the pall from our dark spirits."

Were I asked what one personal benefit, above all others, I derived from my trip. I would reply—the impressions which things beautiful left on my mind—that of landscape, architecture, art, mountains, and especially the sea. Of the latter, I could not get enough. As I neared my journey's end, I felt that I would like to repeat my sea trip, or at least remain on the water a few days longer. But as evidences appeared of nearing land, as the ships, coming and going, grew more numerous, high rose the patriot feeling in my breast, and as I came in sight of shore, exultantly, with Goldsmith, I exclaimed:—

> "Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
> My heart, untraveled, fondly turns to thee."

America! To me, the best country in all the world, with the best government, which has its enemies inside and out, but still a government which has a mission for all mankind, and over which the angel of Freethought will ever protectingly hover. The freedom planted here by Paine, Washington, Franklin, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, Hancock, Randolph, Ethan Allan, Putnam, Marion, Greene and all their comrades in arms and state, will live—will survive the intrigues of enemies, and rise pure and serene out of present degradations.

Slow are the steps of freedom, but her feet never turn backward. No power can exterminate the seed of liberty when it has germinated in the blood of brave men. Liberty is not the right of one, but of all. Freedom is, alone, the unoriginated birth-right of man. It is freedom (so far as it consists with every other person's freedom) the liberty to form and the right to deliver an opinion—it is this that makes a people moral and great, that makes a country strong and progressive, and which fills it with men of ability in all the stations of life. As long as the names of Paine, Washington, Jefferson and Franklin—the incarnate spirits of Freethought and Free-speech survive so long will this government stand; and I believe their names will live as long as civilization lives.

The two good friends to wave me adieu, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Gardner, of New York, were first to greet me on my return. Their welcome and hospitality both going and coming, I gratefully remember—their cheerful home being "a way-side inn' of rest and content, and old association.

A day spent with Dr. E. B. Foote Sen, at his home at Larchmont, and my journey among both strangers and friends ended. This was one of the particularly bright days of my travels; inasmuch as I enjoyed the company of one of the sages and honored

pioneers of Science and Freethought, and within a mile of the grave and monument of Thomas Paine. I had promised on leaving New York, to report the proceedings of the Congress, in person immediately on my arrival, to Dr. Foote; and I am sure, by the light in his face, the report was such, as to make him feel that his long life of devotion to the cause of mental emancipation had not been in vain, and I hope these pages will have the like effect on all the aged warriors in the cause of intellectual freedom, who may read them. I hope they will prove a pleasure, a profit and an inspiration to all my many friends. As stated in the preface, I wish them to regard this book, as a letter to each, describing my trip; and to all my friends, I again return thanks for their assistance in making this long letter a possibility.

We may travel far and tarry long away; we may meet with the great and famous; we may see sights new, wonderful and strange; but after all, there is no home like the old home, no friends like the old friends. We can see and meet with nothing that satisfies, nothing that gives such cheer and repose, as meeting old friends, in the dear old places. And too, there is nothing like friendship to improve happiness and abate misery. It doubles our joys, and divides our griefs. It is firmest and truest in mutual adversity, even as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

To the religionist who may read this book, I want to say a few more words. I feel that I have touched upon subjects here, which should add to your information and lead you to investigate, inquire and think for yourself. All your dignity lies in your thought. It is your first faculty. To express it should be your desire. To spread it should be your dearest privilege and right. To resign your right of thought is a base abandonment of reason. If you permit another to do your thinking on any disputable subject, you immediately become the instrument of that person, to wield as he will.

We may divide thinkers into those who think for themselves, and those who think through others; the latter is the rule, the former the exception. Only the light which we have kindled in ourselves can illuminate others.

Can you not then, perceive that as long as you permit others to do your thinking, that you, yourself, must remain in the dark? This is just the condition in which you must forever remain, as long as you employ a man, and put him in a pulpit to do your thinking for you. Upon theological subjects you must remain forever a child, believing at sixty the same as you believed at six.

Is not the rugged thought of the moral hero and scientific investigator, worth more than the simple, unquestioning belief indoctrinated into your helpless childhood? Is not the massive strength of a soul that has conquered truth for itself, worth more than the soft peach-bloom faith of a soul that takes truth on trust.

You may inherit a mansion and broad acres, but you cannot

inherit knowledge and wisdom. You must acquire these for yourself. You may pay another to do your work for you; but it is impossible to get your thinking done for you by another. If you would be a thinker you must exercise your own thought, and your thought must be free. You cannot purchase self-culture of any kind.

People who abandon reason for faith, become fixed and obstinate; and the deeper they are in error, the angrier they become when the error is pointed out. They bcome as cold as ice to truth, and hot as fire to falsehood. There is no condition of the mind so servile and pitiable. If you would arise to the dignity of the individual, you must acquire a government over your own ideas, that they may come at call and depart when bidden. You must be free to think, question and dispute. You must peep beyond the common belief inculcated before your years of discrimination and understanding. You must look from each window of your soul, if you would see in all directions.

The only thought in the world that is worth anything is Freethought. To freethought, we owe all past progress, and to it we must look for all hope of the future. Is the word "Freethinker" just a little forbidding to you? Do you still associate it, from thoughtless habit, with things evil, and deserving eternal punishment? Stop a moment and think. Do you really believe that shackled thought can get on better than that which is free? Do you think that the imprisoned brain can progress as far and fast, as the brain that is free? Do you think that the bird in the cage can soar as high as the bird in the tree top? Do you think that it is as joyous and happy? Can you conceive of a greater misfortune, that could come to any man, than to have brains, and not be free to use them?

But you say that you "must have faith in something." You are right. But you can have faith without pinning it to another man's sleeve. Have ye not eyes of your own? You are not required to have faith in anything that you do not know to be a fact. To repose faith in anything which you do not submit to your reason, is to surrender judgment and inquiry, and to place yourself in a class with the child. Is it to your interest to be a boy all your life? Have faith then, in Justice, Truth, Reason and Humanity, instead of the mysterious and the unknowable.

Again you say, "The church is the conservator of morality." Is it? Think again. Did not morality exist before the church? Have you never read the great moral philosophers who wrote centuries before the establishment of Christianity? Do you not know that morality is a principle of nature the same as evil, and that it has always existed among all people? Do you still imagine that without the church there would be no morals? How incredulous! Is not the law here, science, freethought, the press, public sentiment, and human self-interest? Would men cease to be imbued with his-

tory, biography, poetry, fiction, invention, discovery, charity, fraternity, and all the high and noble aspirations of well being and progress upon which all morality is based? Do you not perceive many other factors which are the conservator of morals besides the church?

There are many religious men, who are, indeed, exemplary and moral—grand noble, loving men, whose conduct is worthy of general imitation. But did you ever stop to think how much of their morality may be due to breeding, food, hygiene, parental love, and many other influences and circumstances outside of their religion? Again there are many men thoroughly imbued with the religious instinct, men who would fight for their religion, but who are not moral—who are positively dishonest, licentious and even vicious. Do you not perceive then, that the church is the conservator of both morality and immorailty? The church evades taxation, and the bearing of its just share of the public burdens and by so doing, establishes inequality and class privilege in government. Do you think that this evasion is moral? This violation of the very first moral principle of just government? Would you take a man in partnership with you, who would act likewise? As an honest, moral man, do you not, yourself feel morally obliged to pay your own way through life, and sponge on no one. Then, why not the church? Observe this matter closely, and you will perceive that all religions disintegrate, and even hate and fight each other, and therefore cannot be the sole conservator of peace and morals. Do you not know that a maxim in law, is worth more than any article of faith? Would you loan a brother of the faith money without note and security, any quicker than you would to me?

Look deeply into this subject, and you will perceive that many moral people may be religious, but that many religious people may not be moral; that morality belongs as well, to all progressive ideas —to science, freethought, literature, invention and discovery, and the church is its conservator, only so far as it is progressive, yields to the truth, ceases to misdirect the human mind and pays its own way.

Again you may say, "If I believed as you do, I would not be a responsible creature, I would have no conscience, and I would plunge into crime." What an awful judgment you place upon your own moral integrity. Do you not know that belief or disbelief in a thing never alters the nature of a thing; then, why should your nature suffer such change? In making such a statement, a very common one with Christians, cannot you perceive, that you are confessing that crime is innate in you, and that, in reality, it is less your religion, than fear of the law, that prevents you from indulging it right now?

No! If you believed as I do, you would not plunge into crime, unless by nature, you are a criminal. People of my belief are not always good. Most of us were reared Christians. Many are not

able to throw off their Christian habits. They are only Freethinkers in degree, and Freethought is not responsible for them, as it did not have their early training. But that men of my belief are less liable to sink into crime, I point you to the prison statistics of all civilized countries, which show ninety-five per cent. of the inmates to be Christians. Believers in the faith are daily plunging from the scaffold into glory. The statement that you would fall into crime if you believed as I do, is a confession that unrestrained by law, you are a dangerous man. You cannot be truly an honest, moral, just and safe man, unless you are hospitable to all thought and opinion and good under all and any conditions. The trouble with most of you is, that owing to the religious compress placed on your brains in childhood, you never learn how to think and discriminate.

You continually pray to God to change conditions, to avert his laws, ad to make things different from what they are. You never stop to ask yourselves, could things have been different from what they are? If so, why are they not? You do not perceive that the hundreds of billions of prayers to God, have never altered, or in the least affected a principle of nature. You are trained to believe, not to think.

No, if you believed as I do, you would not plunge into crime. You would not take from, or hurt anybody. You would get out of the ruts. You would think for yourself. You would not permit any other man to fix your latitudes and longitudes. You would submit all speculative subjects to the bar of your own reason. You would step out of the past, be guided by the present, and permit your mind to stretch into the future. Instead of singing praises to the Highest, who needs you not, you would be singing heart songs to the Lowest, who does need you. Your ear would be tuned to the mournful music of humanity. You would be fighting the battles of the ignorant, the weak and the helpless. You would want to lift them to your own level and give liberty and light to all. You would not want to go to Heaven, and leave them behind. Your mental horizon would not be the boundary of any creed, or state or country. Only the limits of infinite space could confine your mind, and you would become a citizen of the illimitable universe. No! you would not plunge into crime, if you believed as I do. You are in far more danger, right where you stand.

You ask "what have I to give for the faith I take away? What do I propose to build in the place of that I tear down? If I free you of disease and restore you to health, should you not be satisfied? Is not life then sweeter and are you not better able to provide for yourself, and direct your affairs, and be a help to others? Have you become so accustomed to disease, that you would wish to be re-inoculated? You wouldn't want the Yellow Fever twice would you?

"What do I propose to build in place of that I tear down?" That is a fair question? Remember, however, that I do not tear

down anything that you, yourself, have built. The structure of your faith was built by others, not by you. They sank the foundations in the helpless, defenseless brain of your childhood. They are the tenants, and not you, of your own house. If I clear them out for you, so that you, yourself may become the rightful possessor of your own property, should you not be satisfied? If I tear down the blind obedience to an unreasoning faith, which has made you a servile, tool of designing men, what more should you ask or expect? But I give you more. I put much more in its place. I build your foundations, upon which, you, yourself, may erect the structure of your own faith, out of the free, unprejudiced reasonings of a mature and capable mind. Is it not enough to stand upon your own premises, and be the proud possessor of yourself? When I take your superstition from you, I give you freethought, which leads you to reason, which makes you a free man, which broadens your mind, starts you on the path of progress, which better helps you to understand your relations to other men, to feel the pulsation of surrounding hearts, and to adapt yourself to the life of to-day and to the existing reality of things. Do you prefer living in one of the ruins of antiquity, rather than in a modern house finished and complete with all the improvements of the science of to-day?

Oh, my brother, get this theological twist which was imposed upon your infant brain, out of it. Stand forth in the path of progress a free man. A crown of glory on the outside of your skull, is of less honor to you than a grain of reason, and a competency of common sense inside.

This book has been written in my busiest hours. I have had to snatch the time between many duties and the calls of many patients, which accounts for its many imperfections, and for the introduction of many strange subjects. I have been at the disadvantage of not having that leisure essential for putting soul, enthusiasm and my best efforts in its pages. I do not remember of any one time longer than ten minutes, while writing it, in which I was not interrupted. The thread of thought being snapped so frequently, I am sure my readers will expect no better results, and excuse all lapses, repetitions and irregular stitches. I have not re-written a single page, and give it just as it came from my pen. That it needed careful revision, I am well aware, but I had not the time.

Beside the entertainment which this book may afford in description of places, and narration of incidents of travel, and criticism by the way, it is intended to impart, to the reader, some information upon the origin of Christianity. It shows how this cult was founded and became a world power, not by reason logic, peace and love, but by the imperial sword of Constantine. It gives an insight to its early history and to the monstrous character of its founder. It shows how Christianity, starting out, meek and humble, itself fell into crime, as soon as it fell into political power, and

then plunged the world into intellectual darkness, and beastly barbarism, for a thousand years—a chapter in its history, always carefully concealed from its devotees. It shows also the evolution out of those terrible conditions, through the heroism and sacrifices of leaders of Freethought, and Science, like Galileo and Bruno, who single handed, opposed the conspiracy of State and Church against humanity.

It gives a glimpse of the mighty changes that are taking place in Science, Religion, Government, Sociology, Economics and Public Opinion in all the affairs of life. It reveals to you the progress and triumph of Freethought, whose mission is the mental emancipation of the human mind; whose teachers are not the paid hirelings of any creed; which asks nothing for what it gives, which aims only to make men free, that they may be capable of self government; of arising out of their present debasement and ignorance, and bettering all the conditions of life; which aims that woman shall have equal rights with men, and that the child may develop its natural functions, and thus, instead of creating conflicting divisions, bring all humanity into a closer brotherhood. By thus freeing the mind of man, we elevate him in every other principle that leads to health, home, peace and happiness. Can men have a purpose more righteous and just?

"The times that tried men's souls" have not passed away. The future is pregnant with mighty problems of government which demand for solution, the calm, free independent and unbiased judgment of every man. The physical force which has ever put down free inquiry, and which has been the main bulwark of the autocracy, monopoly, superstition and illusion of past ages, is still strongly intrenched in all governments and is growig daily stronger in this, the land of liberty. It is a time for the serious thought of every lover of freedom. Kingcraft and priestcraft are still united with monstrous armies to enforce their commands. Emperor William, backed by his clergy, and encouraged by their prayers, would be willing to-day to sacrifice a half million of human lives that he might have the brutal satisfaction of handing his name down in history as a war lord, and a mighty conqueror.

Of all the thoughts of men, there is none so brutal as the frequently heard assertion, that a war is a good thing now and then, just to wipe out the overflow of humanity. This is a belief and assertion, instigated by the powerful and mighty. As previously stated, all wars are rich men's war's and poor men's fights. The poor man is slow to learn this because his brain is not free. He is controlled by his preacher and priest, and they are always on the side of might. Kingcraft and priestcraft seek their victims among the innocent and the unoffending. The ignorant and poor are made to suffer and die, to satisfy the blindness of bigotry and the madness

of ambition. The cottage is plundered and depopulated in order to maintain the glory of altar and throne.

Should such things be? Will men forever go to swell great armies to protect their destroyers, and to glorify their executioners? Yes, such conditions will continue to exist as long as State and Church together stand, to prejudice and imprison the mind of the child. Not until the great majority of minds are made free, will rulers and statesmen and bishops of the church become the servants of men, instead of their masters. Not until then will we cease to have class privilege, religious strife and war.

Freethought then, is a consummation, devoutly to be wished by all humanitarians, be they Christian, Heathen, Jew or of whatever party or faith. Among the Christian clergy, Catholic and Protestant, there are thousands of noble, good and great men. They realize that Christianity has had the test of 1600 years and has been proven a failure. They know its history. They realize that it tends to disintegration, jealousy and strife, and that there can never be any unity of purpose in it, that instead of being a peacemaker, it is a bone of contention. They are weary of the effort. Not a day passes but some of the clergy are either dropping away from the church, or openly joining the Freethought, or Newthought ranks. Thousands more would like to throw off the yoke of superstition, but this they cannot afford, as it would deprive them of the means of existence; and they have now reached a time in life, when they are disqualified from competing in the business world. Thousands secretly regret that they ever entered the ministry. The young men of to-day can hardly be coaxed in. Those who are in, have no other choice but remain where they are, and secretly stifle the spirit of liberty within them. They cannot be blamed. Self interest is the most common and imperious force in our natures. But few men have the courage of their convictions, when put to the test of self interest. All cannot be strong alike. If the minds of the people were free, the clergy would quickly join them.

Courage is the foundation of manliness, and manliness is the perfection of human character. Men will confront death in a bad cause; but it is only the few who have the courage to face even obloquy in a good cause. The world is now in need of men—courageous, incorruptible, free men, to solve the mighty social problems that now burden it. An undertone of discontent with existing conditions is murmuring mournfully through the world. Men can no longer stand the injustices, the corruptions and impositions of those in power.

Observe the mighty changes being made in human history. With all these material changes which have come to stay, should it not be plain to any one, that they must be met with change of thought, and change in the application of thought, as well as change in the modes of living?

Look at the mechanical and scientific changes which have been produced within the last hundred or hundred and fifty years. Think of the mighty inventions, greater than all produced in the millions of years preceding, clear back to primeval dawn. In the methods of thinking, working and living, mankind has been startled, stunned at this sudden change. It has disorganized society as never before, and man finds himself puzzled, perplexed, unable to organize his life, so that all might share in the benefits of the new inventions. So far, he has been powerless to adjust himself to the new conditions. Every man of conscience and feeling perceives that the present system of government must undergo a change. Labor, like a blind giant is pitifully feeling its way into the right path. All elements seem to be stumbling, groping for the solution. Thinkers, great thinkers, at much sacrifice, are at work observing, weighing, comparing. The opposing and retroactive forces, those of religion, monopoly and aristocracy, are preparing to maintain the old conditions.

This sudden change in invention has called into existence immense factory communities, that were not known before and which have affected commerce, agriculture, the labor of the sexes, marriage, the home, in fact all organized society. Men and women too, have been rapidly forced into new relations; aye, even child-life, has become a different existence—even its play-time has been converted into toil. Man has become a part of the machine, a product of things, a commodity to be bought and sold. The old economic order and social basis of life has been swept away.

As the result of these changes and inventions, a new social organism is in the process of evolution, and a reorganization of society must take place upon the basis of new achievements. Other great inventions will be added to those we now have. Since men will not give any of these up, what then? What does all this change imply? Simply this: since the new order of things will not adjust itself to the old, the old must adjust itself to the new. All those powers, which heretofore have controlled conditions—religion, aristocracy, land-lord-ism, militarian and monopoly, must become producers—must themselves become a part of the machine. It must come to this: for growing, rapidly growing is the consciousness of the people, of the right to do their own thinking, and of their power to apply their own thoughts, and to control their own conditions.

These are conditions that look every thinking man square in the face. It is no use to avert your gaze, for no matter in which direction you look, it is still staring you straight in the eye, and saying to you think! give these questions your calm, considerate judgment. Think wisely and think freely; for the solution depends upon the individual responsibility of each woman and man. Do not forget that this, too, is a Woman's question. It is no use to ignorantly rant against economic organizations, socialism, labor unions,

etc. These of course, have not solved the question. They are only in the process of evolution. They are groping, feeling their way, doing the best they can with the light they have, just as all the rest of us are doing. Since they are to figure mightily and possibly dominate in the solution of these problems it is the part of wisdom for all to study their side of the question.

Every new order of things, affecting man's freedom, religiously, politically or economically, is sure to bring upon itself the contempt of the bigoted, the prejudiced, and of those accustomed to luxury and ease, and who have grown used to command.

But it is no use to rant and call names. That solves nothing. It is far wiser to study, investigate, think, and feel yourself a part of common humanity, that you may qualify yourself for becoming a factor in the solution of the great problems now confronting humanity, and which the new order of things has forced upon us for solution.

Every man who has the love of humanity in his heart, owes it to himself, to give a large part of the best of himself—the best of his thought, the best of his kindness and love, and labor and cheer, to those beneath him, whom Nature has not so bountifully endowed, and whose environments have placed them at unequal advantages in the race of life.

These new conditions may be adjusted peaceably, justly and wisely if the minds of the majority of the people are freed from the old and established prejudices, which still so powerfully exist, and which chain men and governments to the past. Otherwise there is bound to be intemperate speech, many divisions, and the commission of crime and injustice by all factions alike. It is the first duty of every man, then, to clip his chains, and become a Freethinker, which is the opposite of Blind Believer andFollower.

The sun is dawning upon a new era. Every one feels it. It is in the very air. This is the day of organization, and at last labor is organizing. The question of Economics is taking its place beside those of Religion, Militarism and Government. It wont down. What are you going to do with it? Shall you treat these questions philosophically, or will you decry them and attempt to howl them down? The bark of all the dogs in the universe can not stay the moon, nor divert her from her scintillant path. Principles in course of evolution cannot likewise be diverted. The old order of things is changing. The economic changes wrought by invention and discovery are affecting all life, society and modes of living. They are affecting home, marriage, male, female and child labor. They are affecting education, religion—every feature of our social organism. Blind, indeed is the being who is blind to these facts, and who cannot see that these changed conditions are in the process of evolution for adjustment. With such changes, has come a general change in opinion. College faculties are delving deep into these

subjects. But few preachers believe as they used to. Notwithstanding they have not the courage of their convictions, four out of five who think and investigate, are at heart, Freethinkers.

Freethought, being the most advanced thought, is necessarily of slow growth and expansion. Because it is the most advanced thought, all should be taught to aspire to it. There can be no greater crime than that of directing thought from its natural channels by the inculcation of superstition, sophistry, prejudice and blind obedience to all those self-proclaimed powers, that pretend to be the repositories of all wisdom and goodness. The majority of minds in civilized countries to-day are qualified for freedom. It is far better that those not qualified, should be guided, and directed by those who are humanitarians, than by the selfish powers of kingcraft, priestcraft and monopoly, who exploit them for war, and for their own aggrandizement.

The secret of the power of the autocrat, ecclesiast and monopolist has always depended upon their scheming ability to keep the laboring classes and the masses generally ignorant and thus incapacitate them for organization. It is thus they are able to keep them divided and in conflict with each other. With such division and lack of organization among the majorities, the ruling powers become more strongly fortified, and better able to conceal their mercenary designs. When this time ceases to be, as it surely will; when the masses refuse to fight the battles of the ambitious and greedy; when they refuse to be led to the slaughter at the command of Houses of Lords, and of millionaire senates; when they can no longer be deceived by the false cry of patriotism; when they come to realize that they are not secure in their own liberty, when the people of any other nation or race are enslaved; when they refuse longer to be led backward by the clergy; when they set their faces toward the future, and begin to reason and think for themselves—what then?

Since this time is surely coming, and not so very far off, it is the part of wisdom in every individual to study, think and freely investigate for himself, and so qualify himself for becoming a factor in the solution of the great problems, which the new order of things will impose upon him. The first duty of every man then, is to clip the chains which bind him to party and creed, and declare himself a free man. Let him remain with an old party, when, in his judgment, it represents the greatest liberty and good; and with equal freedom, attach himself to a new party, when, in his judgment, it represents the greatest liberty and good.

To prepare the mind for the freedom of thought, the present entire system of education must be greatly modified. Development must begin with knowledge of selection, breeding, feeding and physical and mental training. Most vital it is, that the brain of the mother be free, if the instincts of liberty be imparted

to the child. The infant brain must not be fed with either physical or mental meats that are only fit for mature digestion. In the years to come, mankind will stand amazed and find it hard to believe that the people of this apparently enlightened age, instructed their infants in the gloomy, depressing mysteries of an unknown future life of the unknowable Heaven, and the equally unknowable Hell, even before they instruct them in the fundamentals of this existence, They will wonder what manner of civilization we really possessed when we instilled unexplainable prejudices in the minds of our children, and placed a padlock on their infant brains.

The developmet out of these deplorable conditions is all a matter of evolution. The governments of the earth, have ever been guilty of cruel heartless, designing wrongs, against the ignorant, and the church, their ally, is the prop that upholds and sustains them all. Russia is to-day the most pronounced type of the tyranny of all the past. In thirty years, Russia will be one of the most liberal, progressive and prosperous nations of the world. She is now in that stage of evolution, which presages the reign of Freethought. Her people are beginning at last to think and speak for themselves. All the reforms and reformers that have ever come to men and nations have sprung from the common masses. When have gods, saviors, kings, priests, nabobs, land-owners, monopolists and aristocrats ever inaugurated a reform or stood for common fairness and justice to humanity?

Superstition and political tyranny are natural. They begin with the primitive conditions, and are born of wonder and fear, and are nourished and sustained by the selfishness and greed in human nature imposing upon the ignorance and credulity in human nature. Like all other evils and conspiracies against humanity, they must be fought by the humane, sacrificing, fearless few, who always win in the end. The only solution is the freedom of the brains of the majority of the masses, so that they will have the courage of their convictions, and the will to apply them. The trend of all progress is toward this end.

With Freethought comes the exercise of reason, and with reason comes the ability to smooth and adjust—a higher civilization—more equity, justice truth culture, content, peace and happiness among men. There is no higher, no nobler, no holier cause.

If we would discover—Infinity, Nature, God; if we would hear the deep harmonies that pour around the Eternal in triumphant strain; if we would pluck the amaranthine flower of virtue, and seize upon the everlasting truth; if we would not have error sit in the seat of power and authority, and rule mankind by the sway of bigotry and the blindness of ambition; if we would cease the employment of physical force to put down free inquiry, and to sustain the superstitions of past ages; if we would purify legislation, and direct the eyes of mankind forward and upward to the summits of

science, peace and progress; if we would have government rest upon the consent of the governed—which includes woman-kind; if we would lift the lower orders of mankind to our level; if we would have a pride in the propagation of a superior race of beings; if we would establish a common brother-hood among men of all nations—then, we must see to it that the mind of the child is left free to exercise its reason; for without the full and free exercise of reason ,there can be no reform, no peace, no liberty, no progress, no moral stability.

"An original sentence, a step forward is worth more than all the centuries." Every age has had its problems by solving which, humanity has been helped forward; but they have only been solved as the mind of man has been liberated from the errors, superstitions, and tyrannies of the past.

The time has come when we should speak out boldly, fearlessly, freely—when we should stand severely for the right; when we should cease our lip—loyalty to ancient lies; when we should cease "smuggling new meanings under ancient names;" when the errors of past ages should be sifted from the truth and cast away; when it should be regarded as a crime to engrave hateful and unreasoning prejudices upon the plastic mind of the child.

Yes, the time has come when the bright feeling of progression should animate each new-born mind, to shape a shining pathway by new risen stars.

THE END.